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100 terrific fall looks

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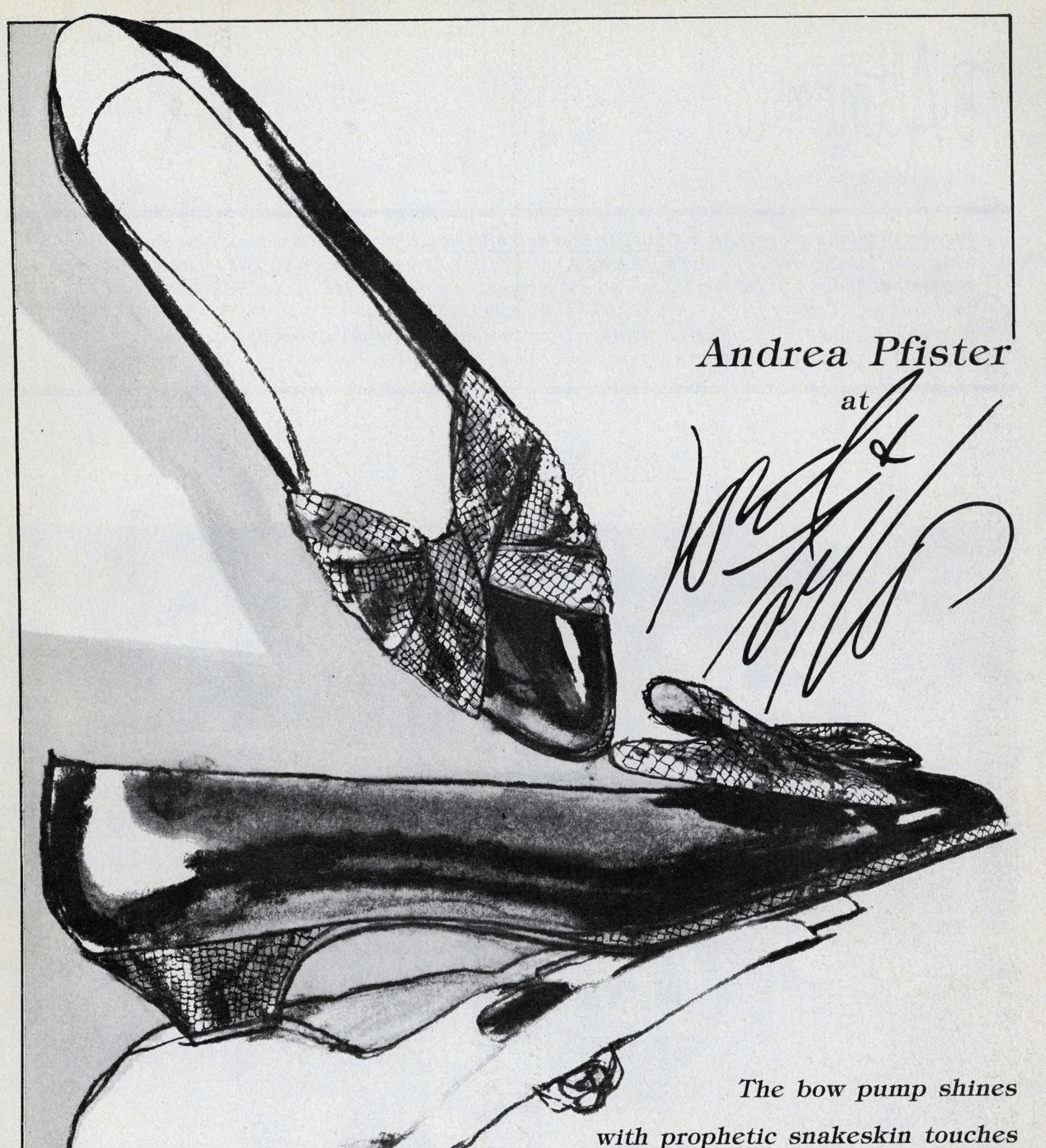

*Andrea Pfister*

at

*The bow pump shines*

*with prophetic snakeskin touches*

*Andrea Pfister interprets the bow pump we love*
*in black patent leather—highlighting*
*its new tuxedo bow, narrow platform and courtly little heel*
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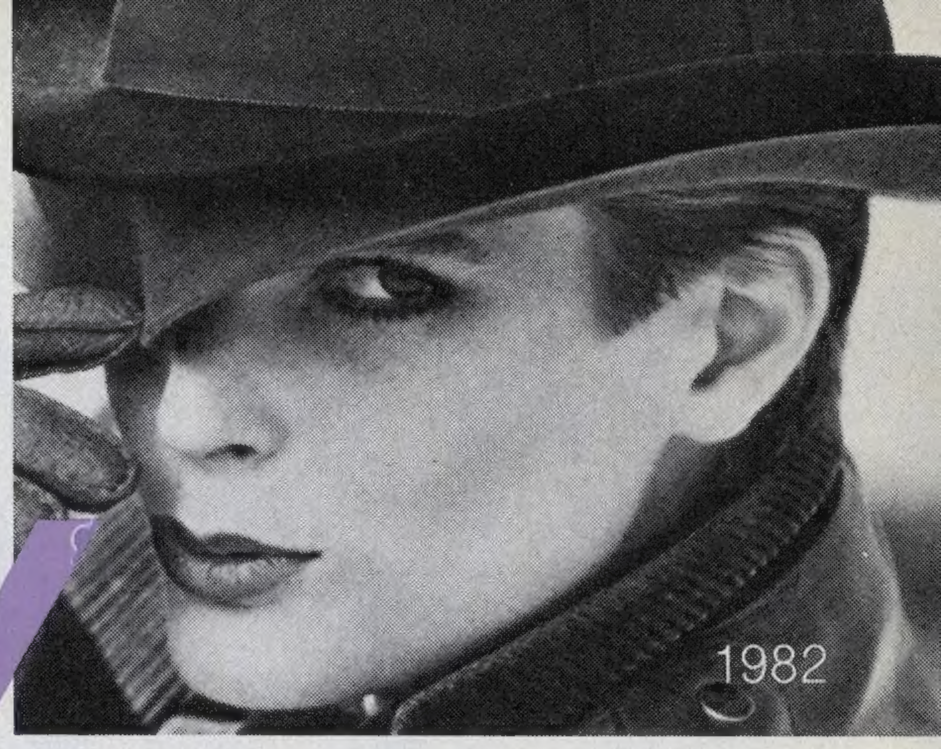


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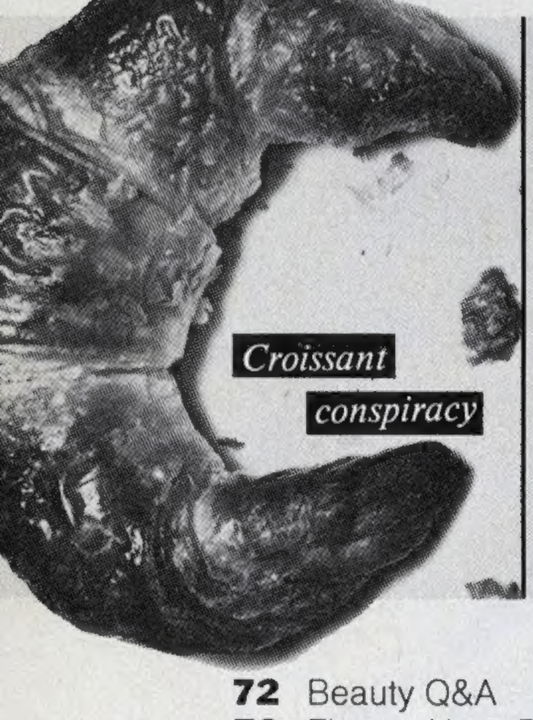

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# The Twenty Four Collection 24

MIAMI-BAL HARBOUR-BOCA RATON

From the Fall/Winter 1982 Collection of Gianfranco Ferrè the block of color architectural dinner suit in black and yellow wool flannel. Underneath, the striped tuxedo blouse. To be worn with the shoes designed by Gianfranco Ferrè produced by Guido Pasquali.

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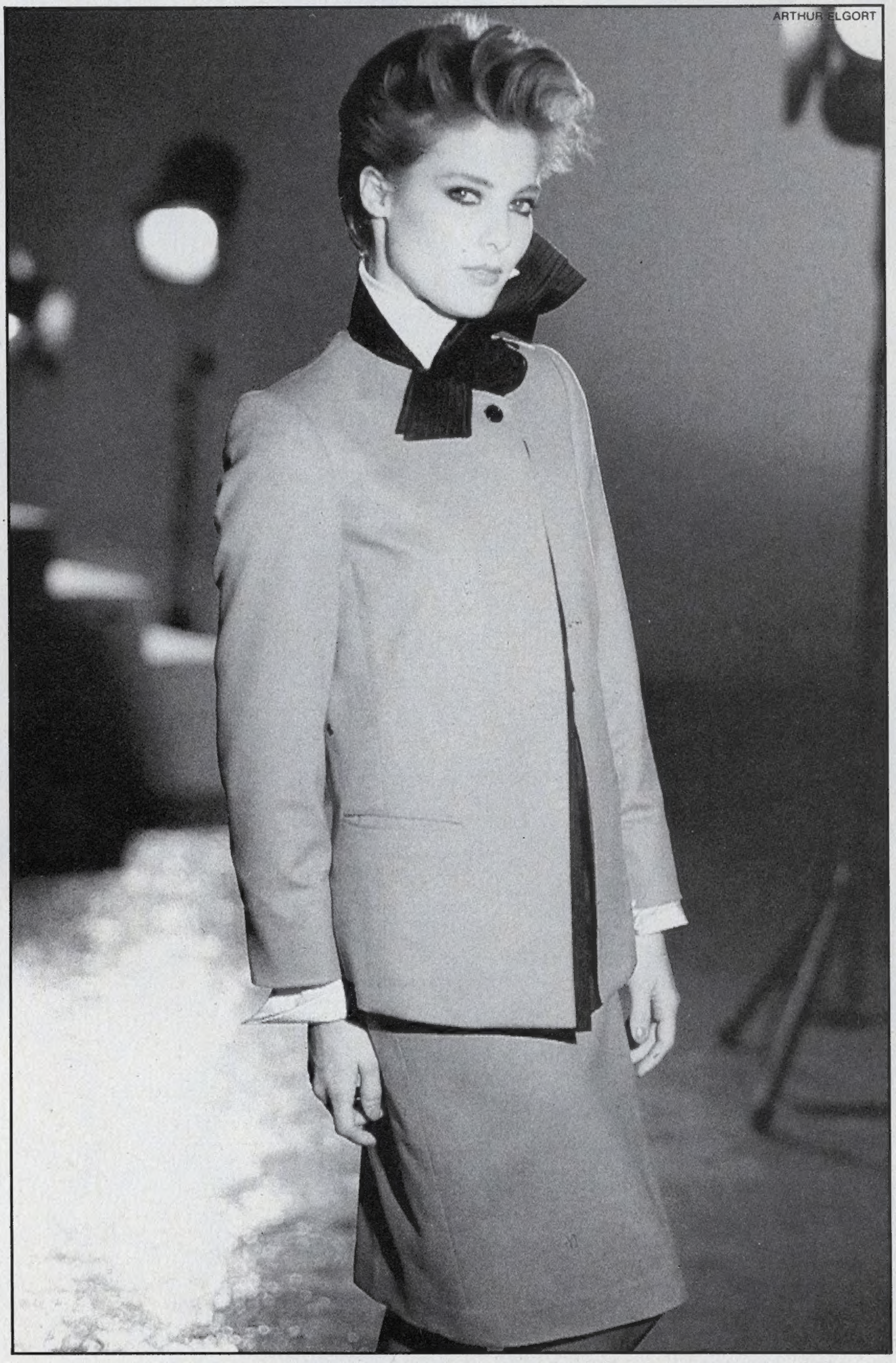


From the Fall/Winter 1982 Collection of Gianfranco Ferrè the architectural dinner suit in red flannel trimmed with satin. Underneath the white satin tuxedo blouse softly bowed in black satin. To be worn with the shoes designed by Gianfranco Ferrè produced by Guido Pasquali.

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# Your Letters

**Work and marriage**
Betty Friedan's attitude in "Value of Love" (March, 1982) couldn't be more appropriate. Isn't it by either extreme we find the balance between? Women's lives and the women's movement went from radical to radical; isn't that what Betty has done in her own personal life?

I didn't understand, until I had "a boy who liked me best" that I needed "a work to do," too. So ten years married we see each other weekends, as I commute, gaining skills for the work I've always wanted to do. It's change, which is never easy, but we've both worked at it and gained invaluable insight as to why we are married—we *do* want to be. I look forward to when we will again share the same house—all week—and we will *both* have a family and career. Let's work together! Cheryl Griffin
Portland OR

**Footwear fancy**
I can't tell you how happy I was to learn that jogging shoes are the proper footwear for my "silk, satin, organza peplum" clothes! When I saw the Nikes in tandem with the Halstons on page 321 of the March, 1982 Vogue, it made my day.

I'm thinking of trying Hush puppies with my St. Laurent. Karla Pate
Atlanta GA

**Success story**
I applaud Patricia O'Toole's article "Working Papers: Success Mania" (April, 1982) because it refutes the basic idea that in order to get ahead professionally, women must play the same power games of intimidation and an "eye for an eye" that *(Continued on page 66)*

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CHARLES JOURDAN chaussures

For BONWIT TELLER

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# What's News

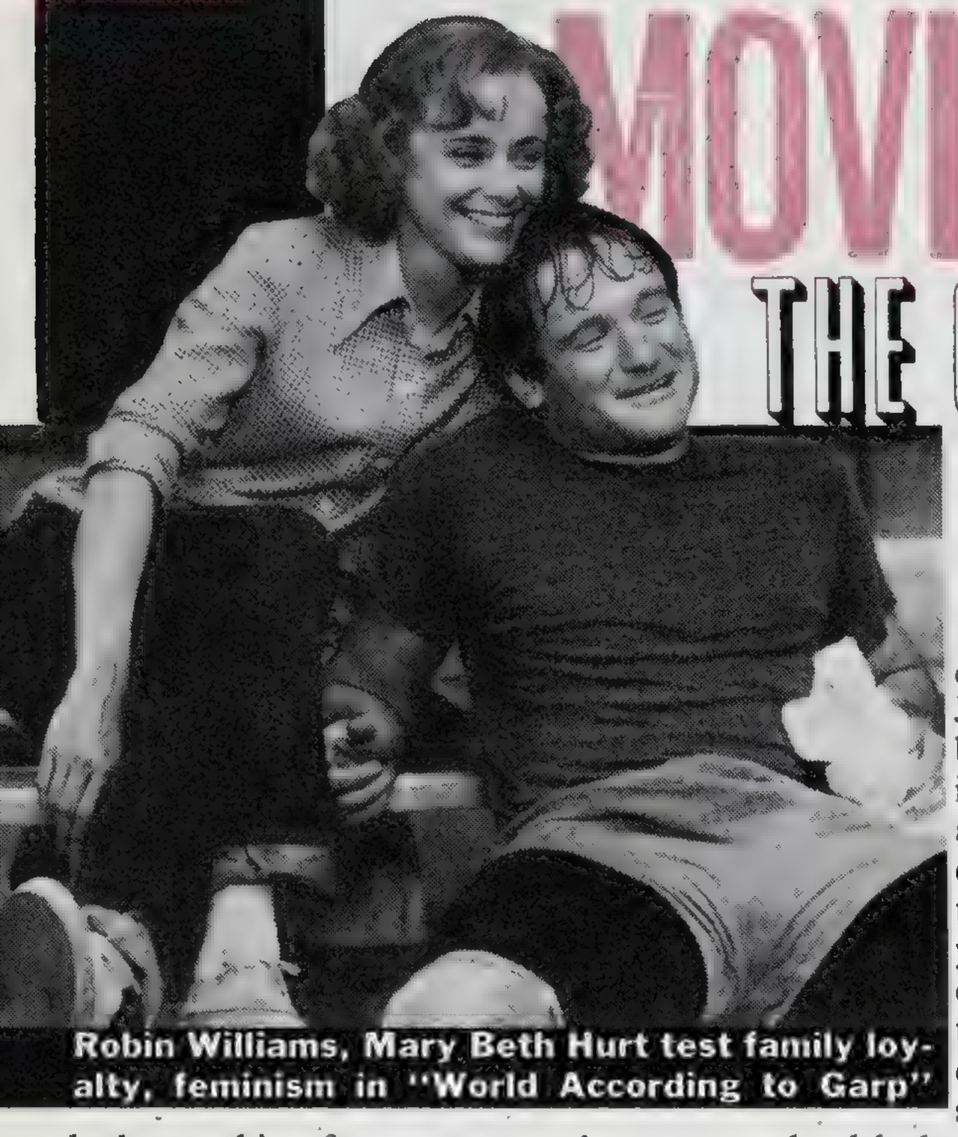
## WHAT'S COMING

## eople are talking about...

Hits and highlights—the newsiest and most noteworthy in movies, books, art, music, restaurants, television—on these six pages

MOVIES MOVIES MOVIES

## THE GREENING OF "GARP"- THE NEW ANDROGYNOUS HERO?



Robin Williams, Mary Beth Hurt test family loyalty, feminism in "World According to Garp"

*The World According to Garp,* John Irving's best-selling comic epic, became an instant cult classic—one of those books young people carry next to their hearts and quote whole passages from. It had something for everyone: a bear, prep-school lechery, hijinks, good feminists, bad feminists, and, at the center, a gentle hero trying to protect his family in the midst of encroaching mayhem and violence. T.S. Garp was a Tom Jones of the 'seventies, an illegitimate son craving legitimacy—in love, in fatherhood, in writing—and finding only chaos.

Not many directors would even attempt to adapt this massive work of many moods. But George Roy Hill and screenwriter Steve Tesich have wrestled and subdued Irving's novel. The result is an extraordinarily fine film, a quieter, more centered vision of Garp's world that loses little of the quirky humor of the original and gains in emotional depth by adhering more closely to the central characters. Robin Williams plays Garp, writer-wrestler, son of the militantly prudish nurse Jenny and the World War II bomber pilot of whom she "took advantage" on his deathbed. Jenny overshadows her son by becoming a best-selling author and feminist heroine. She is played by Glenn Close as an unsmiling woman with the face of an angel. Mary Beth Hurt, achingly real as the intellectual daughter of the wrestling coach, is the girl Garp loves, marries, betrays, is betrayed by, loses a son over, and loves some more.

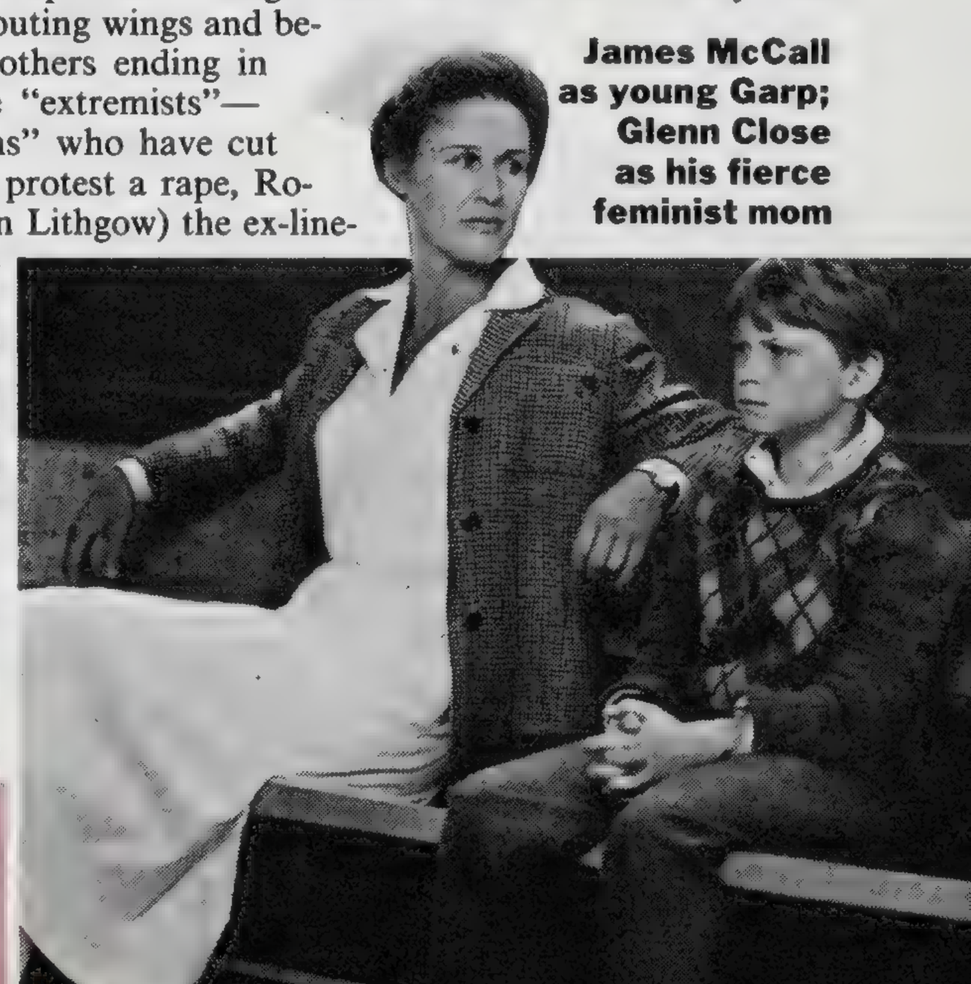
"I like to see the arc of my life," says Garp midway through the movie. And it is this arc that the movie illuminates so movingly. From the opening credits, when the baby Garp is thrown in the air, then thrown again, and again, to Garp's death, also in the air, above a green and indifferent New England, we follow the trajectory of this singular fellow through a time and space he never quite makes his own.

Casting Robin Williams in the role was a stroke of genius. Stocky and serious, he plays the role straight, with no trace of the manic mannerisms of the comic. Yet beneath the surface, we sense a disorientation, as if he really were a creature from another planet in the body of an earth man, yearning only to be one of us.

By virtue of his peculiar heritage and indoctrination at the hands of Jenny, Garp becomes the first androgynous hero—victim (or victor?) of changing roles and attitudes. He stays home while his wife works, cooks and takes care of the children, whom he loves rapturously.

The zaniness of the novel gives way to a kind of gravity in the film, in which even the children's gaiety is overshadowed by doom. Themes, characters who should be kept at arm's length meet and cross like so many lines on a map, some sprouting wings and becoming butterflies, others ending in freakish death. The "extremists"—the "Ellen Jamesians" who have cut off their tongues to protest a rape, Roberta Muldoon (John Lithgow) the ex-linebacker transsexual—seem less grotesque, more poignant in the movie. Time has done its work: we seem to be looking back on the wars and casualties of the 'seventies with a measure of sympathy rather than floundering in their midst.

—MOLLY HASKELL



James McCall as young Garp; Glenn Close as his fierce feminist mom

MOVIES MOVIES M

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# MOVIES

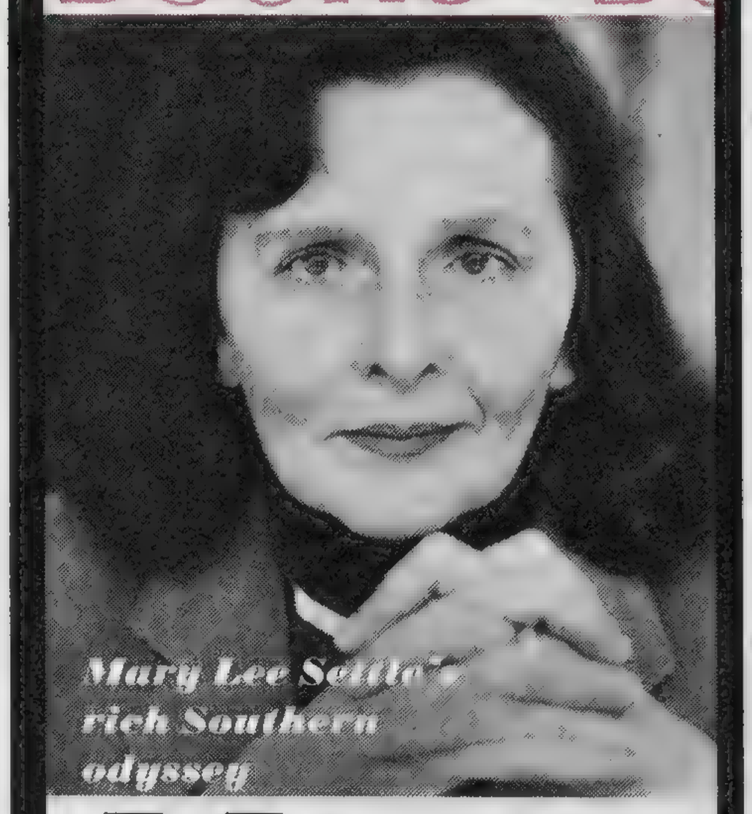
## PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

### The Bright, Brassy Boys from "Diner"




*Diner* is a quiet little gem of a film that has roared into America's consciousness in a big way, taking the critics by storm, enticing a rabid cult of *Diner* devotees. Reason? Its wryly compassionate and convincing portrait of "male bonding" in the sex-fraught 'fifties—five prankish, *Angst*-ridden post-high schoolers squirming in the shoal-filled waters of early adulthood. Reason Two: the brightest and most appealing blast of young film talent. *From the top:* **Daniel Stern (1)** is Shrevie, selling TV sets by day, struggling to talk to his high-school-sweetheart wife at night. Stern first shone in *Breaking Away,* then the original Off Broadway *How I Got That Story.* Now, he's filmed *Blue Thunder.* Snubnosed **Kevin Bacon, (2)** *Diner's* caustic, self-destructive Fenwick, is a soap-opera heart wrencher, *Animal House* starrer who sparked Off Broadway's *Poor Little Lambs.* Next: *Enormous Changes* and *Reckless.* Genial actor/academic **Steve Guttenberg (3)** auditioned for his role as manic marriage-jittery Eddie on his UCLA break. In the fall—dental school. Quirkily compelling **Mickey Rourke (4)** show-steals as Boogie, honey-talking hairdresser/ladies man. Rourke drew raves as *Body Heat's* bizarre arsonist and just wrapped *Eureka.* *Diner* may be **Timothy Daly's (5)** first film (he's preppy grad student Billy) but he was weaned to theater by father, actor James Daly. Tim's onstage latest: *Fifth of July.* No star-hopefuls these boys: soaring on the strength of *Diner,* they are sure bets.—D.M.

# BOOKS




*Manifest destiny—a concept that can apply as readily to American writers as to the country that inspires them. With the publication of "The Killing Ground" (Farrar, Straus & Giroux), the fifth and final novel of her magnificent Southern odyssey "The Beulah Quintet," Mary Lee Settle comes (as explorers will) full circle, keeping the promise of her earlier books, enlarging their dimensions, linking the present with the past. Settle here establishes herself as one of the most powerful, eloquent writers we have; and, in a culture that tends to undervalue sincerity, one of the most resolutely sincere.*

*This "Quintet," as narrator Hannah McKarkle—a Settle alias—tells us, maps its author's twenty-year search for direction, an "archeology of memory" that hinges on a single harrowing event: the murder of Hannah's brother Johnny, her spiritual twin. Obsessed with discovering the meaning of her brother's death, Hannah is really tracking her own destiny and, in the process, charting the dangerous new boundaries of the American dream.*

*Hannah becomes a pilgrim in her own homeland—Beulah, the promised land, the land of disappointment, nostalgia ("a backwards kind of hope"), and rage. A territory of "genteel murders." Settle, with the primeval lyricism that is a hallmark of her style, shows us Southern women, "aging, dry and complicated girls"—their most telling gestures are feral. (Witness them eating almonds: "There was only the sound of chewing like the crunch of tiny bones.") But it is these very women who, with their wary brutality, hold vital clues to the past.*

*For Hannah, self-discovery is rich and perilous, "a shame of joy." The book is mounted on just such ambiguity—as all fine novels are—an "ambiguity of steel." There are flaws: Settle's version of her younger self is a shade too apologetic (sincerity has its dangers); but these are subsumed in the remarkable whole. "The Killing Ground" is, finally, a classic novel of conscience. That is the American novel at its best.—C.M.*

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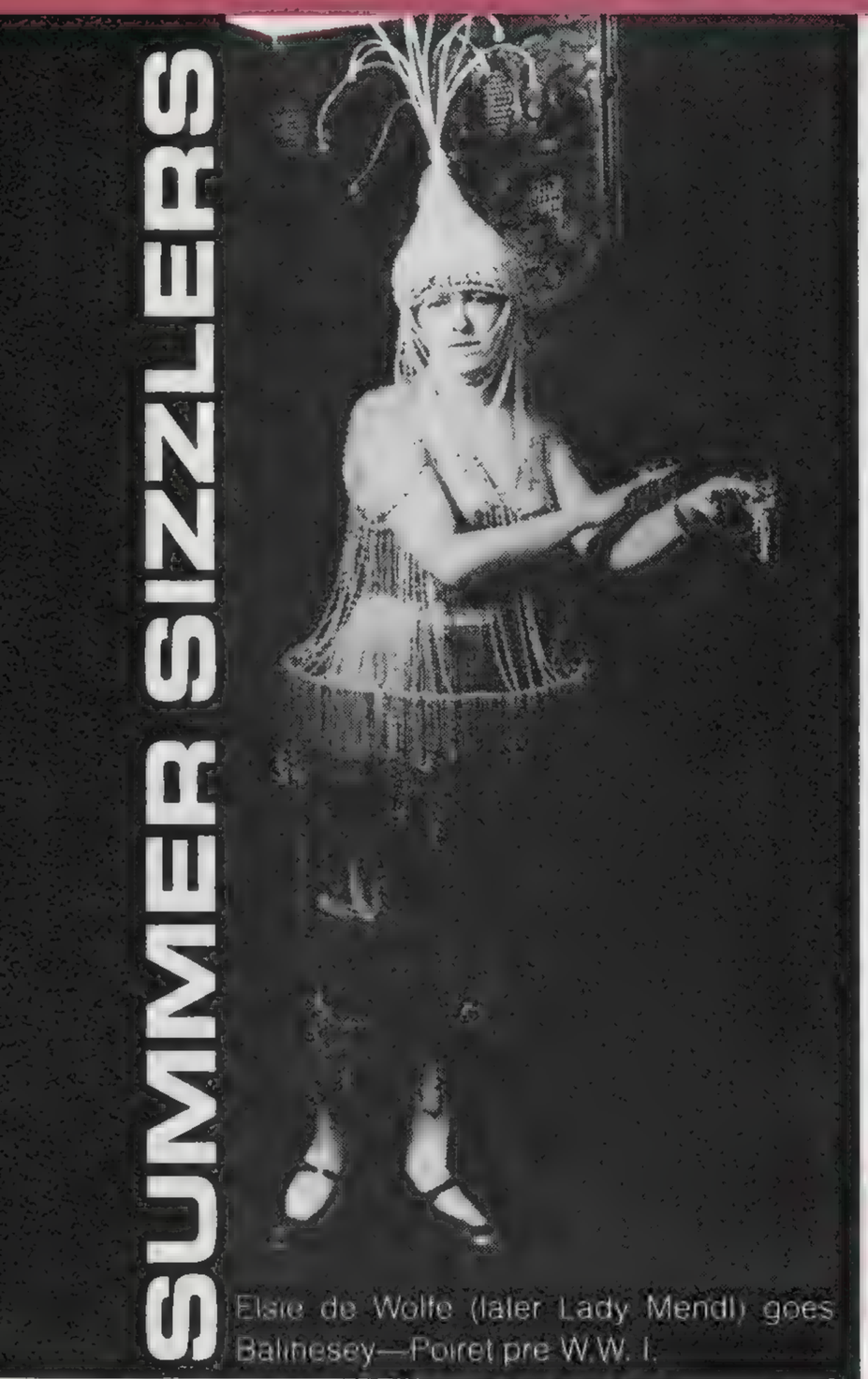
# BOOKS




Elsie de Wolfe (later Lady Mendl) goes Balinesey—Poiret pre W.W. I.

MUSEUM OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

● **Cry of De Wolfe** *Elsie de Wolfe was a one woman evolution. Quintessentially American, relentlessly international, she was born into the New York City world Edith Wharton memorialized; took to the stage where her French dresses got the reviews; became the "bachelor-girl chum" of powerful Bessie Marbury; became our first pro interior decorator, sweeping Victorian dark and clutter into oblivion. Elsie gave us Fine French Furniture and lighted the way to Café Society and a let-'em-eat-caviar-if-someone-else-pays-for-it attitude. She added seriously to the gaiety and comfort of life, almost all of her eighty-five legendary years. And Jane S. Smith, in her "Elsie de Wolfe: A Life in the High Style" (Atheneum) gives us the complete sacred monster—the good and bad of her, and the heady delight.—L.L.*

● **Short but sweet** *One day, as they sat around the kitchen table talking over a marvelous little tale by Mishima, Irving and Ilana Wiener Howe were pleased to discover a literary sub-genre: the astonishingly short story. Thus the evolution of "Short Shorts: An Anthology of the Shortest Stories" (Godine), edited, with obvious pleasure, by the two Howes. No second chances here—the writer of the "Short Short" has to risk everything on a single fabulous effect. Some of the risk takers: Tolstoy, Joyce, Lawrence, Lessing, Marquez. The effects: superb. Mishima's "Swaddling Clothes" is as haunting, in its few pages, as is—in an entirely different way—Grace Paley's "Wants." Proving small can also be great.—C.M.*

● **Hell's angel** *In New York, in the 'sixties, it was Edie Sedgwick, vamped-out queen of the dark Manhattan underground—androgynous stringbean Edie with her little-bird face, her kohl-lidded black eyes. Hair cropped and bleached dead-white, she looked like a paper-doll version of Andy Warhol, the perverse Prince Charming who merchandised this WASP heiress into a tricked-out camp movie siren set on self-destruct. In "Edie, An American Biography" by Jean Stein, edited with George Plimpton, (Knopf), family, fellow denizens of limbo chronicle Edie's tortured childhood and the insatiable vortex of the 'sixties that claimed Edie as saint, then victim. A dazzling textbook for any serious student of that darkly exuberant decade.* —DEBORAH MASON

## WOMAN IN THE HOUSE

**When Millicent Fenwick speaks—people listen. In *Speaking Up* (Harper & Row)—excerpts from newsletters to New Jersey constituents, the *Congressional Record*, and taped interviews—this outspoken Republican representative offers her straightforward, shoot-from-the-hip views on the state of the Union, and the state of the world. Deeply concerned that we have "worked our way into a veritable web or cocoon of rules" where common sense no longer prevails, Fenwick tackles—among others—the problematic IRS marriage tax and the evils of both big business and big labor. Strong-minded, clear-thinking. Fenwick offers an eloquent, encouraging voice from Capitol Hill.—ALLENE TALMEY**

## Power plays




Paul Foster, billionaire-hero of Michael Korda's *Worldly Goods* (Random), has jetted silky P.R. priestess Diana Beaumont to his lush Virginia estate for lunch. The couple sip champagne and nibble at quails' eggs but their verbal foreplay has the ring of two corporate lawyers circling each other for the kill. More than occasionally Korda's character sketches sound as if he lifted them from his diabolical bestseller, *Power: How to Get It, How to Use It.* Foster had learned the hard way that only the strong survive. Those who lack discipline died, to be disposed of with brutal, sordid efficiency." Diana is beautiful but savvy. She understands The Way The World Works. For Diana, talking business with the boys takes on near-orgasmic dimensions. Ultimately, you forgive Korda—his characters may be cardboard, but they are deliciously so. And the darkly compelling tale he spins has it all—Nazi intrigue, corporate skulduggery, and finally, fairytale romance—when Paul and Diana reveal hearts of solid, bankable gold.—D.M.

MILTON H. GREEN

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# The discreet charm of Dutch bourgeois art

*auritshuis: Dutch Painting of the Golden Age from the Royal Picture Gallery, The Hague; National Gallery, Washington, DC; through September 6.*

The Mauritshuis is a very special museum. Its quintessential grandeur has nothing to do with overwhelming scale, everything to do with the quality, range, and coherence of the collection housed within the elegant but modest-size Baroque mansion which was originally the residence of Johan Maurits, son of Prince Willem the Silent. Despite the presence of such famous canvasses as Rembrandt's "Anatomy Lesson" or Vermeer's "View of Delft," the collection itself is unique because of the engaging presence of many more modest, less familiar works from the Low Countries.

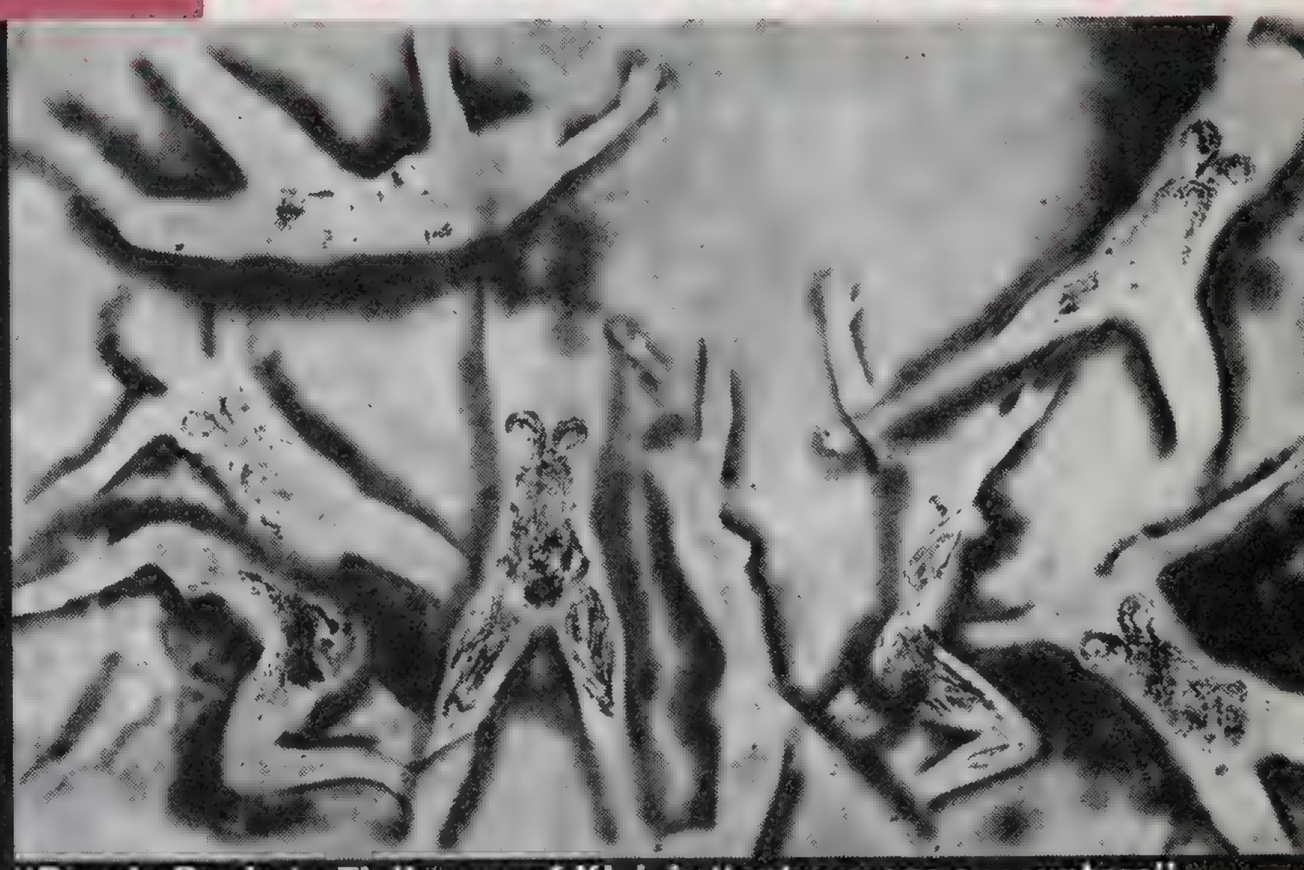
Indeed, the knockouts of this show of forty works of seventeenth-century Dutch art are mostly small in scale, often by unknown artists. A stunning still life by one Pieter van Anraadt endows the humblest objects with a down-to-earth monumentality. An earthen jug, pearled with moisture, a glass of beer, a few clay pipes, are transformed into elements of extraordinary formal and expressive potency in the hands of this forgotten magician from a provincial backwater. Carel Fabritius' "Goldfinch," small-scale, perky, bold in its brushwork—a real portrait of a bird, if such a thing is possible—is a little masterpiece of refined visual sensibility.

Yet other works in the show, if estimable, are far less endearing. Holland was a prosperous, Protestant republic in the seventeenth century. As is the case in our own bourgeois republic, there was a tendency to emphasize the contradictory virtues of conspicuous consumption and moral righteousness. Abraham van Beyeren's "Banquet Still Life," for example, piles up all the elements of high living—peaches, plums, grapes, wine, and ostentatious silver, most notably a huge tankard reflecting the image of the artist himself. But Van Beyeren feels it necessary to insert a warning note in the form of a watch, a symbolic reference to the transitoriness of life's pleasures.

Gabriel Metsu's "Musical Company" is slick, superficial, and eminently decorous. Its refined, sensuous textures and apparently uncomplicated theme of music-making are heavily charged with moral admonition beneath the unproblematic, glossy surface. The young woman in the center keeping time with her hand symbolizes moderation, the lute played by the woman on the left is an emblem of temperance, and even the little lap-dog is probably a reference to the importance of marital fidelity.—LINDA NOCHLIN

**Gabriel Metsu's "Musical Company" *(right)*: beneath its sensuous, glossy surface—moral admonition**





**"People Begin to Fly"—one of Klein's "outrageous encounters"**

# YVES KLEIN'S LEAPS TO THE UNKNOWN

*ves Klein (1928–1962): A Retrospective; Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art, through August 15.*

My first encounter with Yves Klein was a window full of blue sponges on Paris's rue des Beaux-Arts in 1959. There were lots of them, a real forest of sponges, all abrasively, relentlessly blue, carelessly impaled on metal rods and thrust into roughly painted stone bases. Clearly they called into question all the vanguard cliches of the time about painting's being self-expression, about art's being an arena for the soul in action. What the blue sponges communicated above all was a heady sense of risk, of a strong and idiosyncratic personality ready and able to take on the world.

And take on the world Yves Klein did. Part mystic, part dandy, maybe a little bit of a charlatan, Klein traced a path of scandal through Paris. In 1960, he established himself as an impresario of the void by leaping into space from a roof ledge and documenting the deed in a mock newspaper; in the same year, he began to create his outrageous Anthropometries, challenges to conventional easel painting combining the strategies of performance, conceptual art, and print making. For the first, Klein, in full evening dress, conducted a twenty-piece orchestra while directing three naked young women drenched with blue paint—his "human brushes"—in imprinting their bodies on paper. Meanwhile, he established a more conventional reputation with his monochrome paintings, especially those in International Klein Blue, a color patented by the artist in a proto-Warhol gesture of commercial crassness. Paradoxically, the monochromes revealed Klein's mystical aspirations, his first for a spiritual absolute.

The exhibition, commemorating the twentieth anniversary of Klein's death, is a success of intelligent coherence and completeness; but lost is that original sense of outrageous encounter. By being categorized as art-in-a-museum once-living works have been transformed into well-preserved corpses rather than open-ended leaps into the unknown.—L.N.

MAURITSHUIS, THE HAGUE

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# MUSIC MUSIC MUSIC

## IS IT TIME TO TAKE THE TANGO "SERIOUSLY"?

BETTMAN ARCHIVES

**Two for the tango: Suddenly, Latin rhythms are luring classical musicians such as Placido Domingo and Michael Sahl**

From its birth in the bordellos of Buenos Aires at the end of the last century to the salons of chic in Paris before World War I, to Vernon and Irene Castle, Rudolf Valentino, Carlos Gardel, and *Evita*, the tango has remained a part of Western popular culture. And this year, a fresh interest in the tango has been taken by two disparate kinds of "classical" performers: the opera tenor Placido Domingo, on one hand, has made an homage to Gardel in a disk called *Placido Domingo Sings Tangos* (Deutsche Grammophon), and the pianist/arranger Michael Sahl, on the other, has come forth with a *Tango Project* on Nonesuch, produced by his compositional partner Eric Salzman, which affectionately re-creates the instrumental "orquesta típica" of the 'twenties and 'thirties.

The tango was the first and most powerful of a series of Latin dances that have enjoyed periods of fashionable approval throughout the century—the rumba, the conga, the mambo, the samba, the cha-cha-cha, and more. Latins themselves, in their homelands or in America, have long enjoyed these dances and rhythms as the basis of their social life, and this music and its African antecedents have had a wider impact on jazz, rock, and all sorts of non-Latin popular music.

What is unusual about the Domingo and Sahl disks is the interest now being shown from the classical side as well. To be sure, the motives are different. For all of Domingo's scrupulousness and sensitivity as a musician, his disk is part of a personal career campaign to broaden his audience. Sahl and Nonesuch no doubt hope to sell records, but the very use of the word "project" suggests motives halfway between the academic and the hobbyistic.

Domingo's tango record has been a big hit already in Latin America, and its American pressing will further expand his audience in the way his previous pop disks (especially *Perhaps Love* with John Denver, CBS) have already done in the popular market. Recorded late at night after Domingo had finished the enormously demanding role of Verdi's *Otello* at the Teatro Colón in Buenos Aires, the disk offers Domingo singing tango songs over the characteristic lilting beat of a tango orchestra. This is not an occasion for ringing high notes; the effect is more like darkly baritonal balladeering, and Domingo heightens the authenticity by affecting a Buenos Aires Spanish accent.

The result is very appealing; but for non-Spanish-speakers, Sahl's effort may prove more accessible. Arranged for accordion, piano, and violin, with occasional extra instruments, this record is bouncy, cheery, and quaintly old-fashioned.

The tango itself will never be confused with "serious" music, nor should it: it is too bright and romantic and unself-conscious for that. But the fact that "serious" artists are becoming involved with the form in such a public way is refreshing. These records suggest that the older, stuffier barriers that divide styles may be eroding. Meanwhile, they provide an elegant, classy good time for those unconcerned with categories. —DAVID SARGENT

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*—LEO LERMAN*

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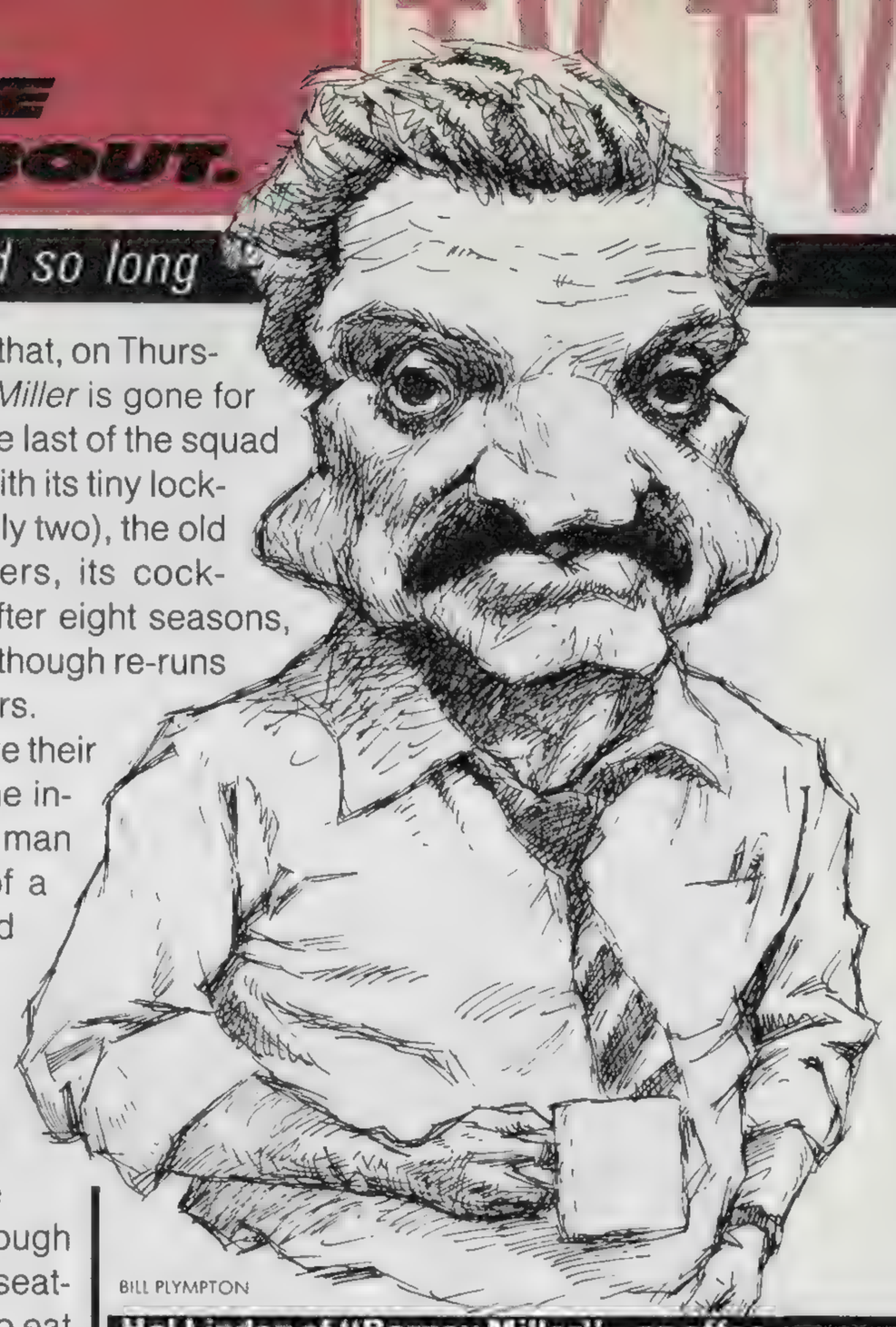
# PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT.

## Why Barney Miller lasted so long



BILL PLYMPTON

**Hal Linden of "Barney Miller"—an affectionate view of human beings in trouble**

It took me a while to believe that, on Thursday nights, ABC's *Barney Miller* is gone for good, that we have seen the last of the squad room of the 12th Precinct with its tiny lock-up (a cell big enough for only two), the old desks and lame typewriters, its cockroaches and dusty files. After eight seasons, the program is off the air, although re-runs will probably go on for years.

All *Barney Miller* fans have their own favorite episodes: mine involved a short, nondescript man who attacked the owner of a restaurant near the salad bar. As were most of the apprehended citizens brought into the 12th Precinct, the fellow was in a crazed state, nearly overcome by his grievances, a final injustice inflicted on him. He had gone to Le Beau Monde for an omelet, the man said, but although there were empty tables he was not seated. Only pretty people were allowed to eat there. The supercilious owner of the restaurant arrived to press charges, and his attacker cried out: "Your people made me feel ugly and insignificant!" Replied the owner with great *hauteur*: "They were only doing their job."

When things got out of hand, which was often, Captain Barney Miller, played with adorable melancholy by Hal Linden, would try to sort things out but the detectives often took sides. Harris, the soigné black detective who was a writer, a literary man so to speak, disliked the restaurant owner so intensely that he looked directly at the man's nose and said: "Is that a pimple?" The owner looked aghast; Le Beau Monde people never have bumps on their faces.

You could always count on Harris or Dietrich, the one with the high IQ, or dear Wojo—kind and a bit slow to be sure—to involve themselves. All three were bachelors, and loneliness rose out of them like steam. They were very susceptible to pretty women. "Eyes like that don't lie," said Dietrich mooning over a female amnesiac in one episode.

There is nothing amusing about crime or prostitution, about violence or mental illness, but somehow the offender taken to the 12th Precinct—even a KGB agent who planned retirement in Florida—never seemed malevolent or dangerous. There was the gypsy who vandalized a shop he believed was owned by a war criminal which so deeply affected Wojo that he telephoned Poland for incriminating information against the shopkeeper. There was the housewife who tried to work the streets to spite an indifferent husband, the librarian demanding quiet with a gun.

*Barney Miller* was the opposite of NBC's raw, violent, more realistic *Hill Street Blues*. It was sometimes sexist, or predictable, but because of the cast, the gentle wit and mockery of the episodes, and a particular affectionate view of human beings in trouble, people no longer able to work things out, we were lucky to have had it for so long.

—GLORIA EMERSON

**DO CLOTHES MAKE THE WOMAN?** *Seduction, the eighteenth-century woman's surest route to power, required provocative packaging, wit, charm, and most of all, fashion. In "The Eighteenth Century Woman," an opulent documentary for cable television, narrator/actress Marisa Berenson traces the "careers" of the dynamic women who not only defined fashion for all the world—Marie Antoinette, Catherine the Great, Abigail Adams, Madame de Pompadour—but whose beguiling influence stretched from the boudoir and the salons all the way to the throne. (June 27, 30, July 1 on ARTS cable, check local listings for time.)—A.H.*

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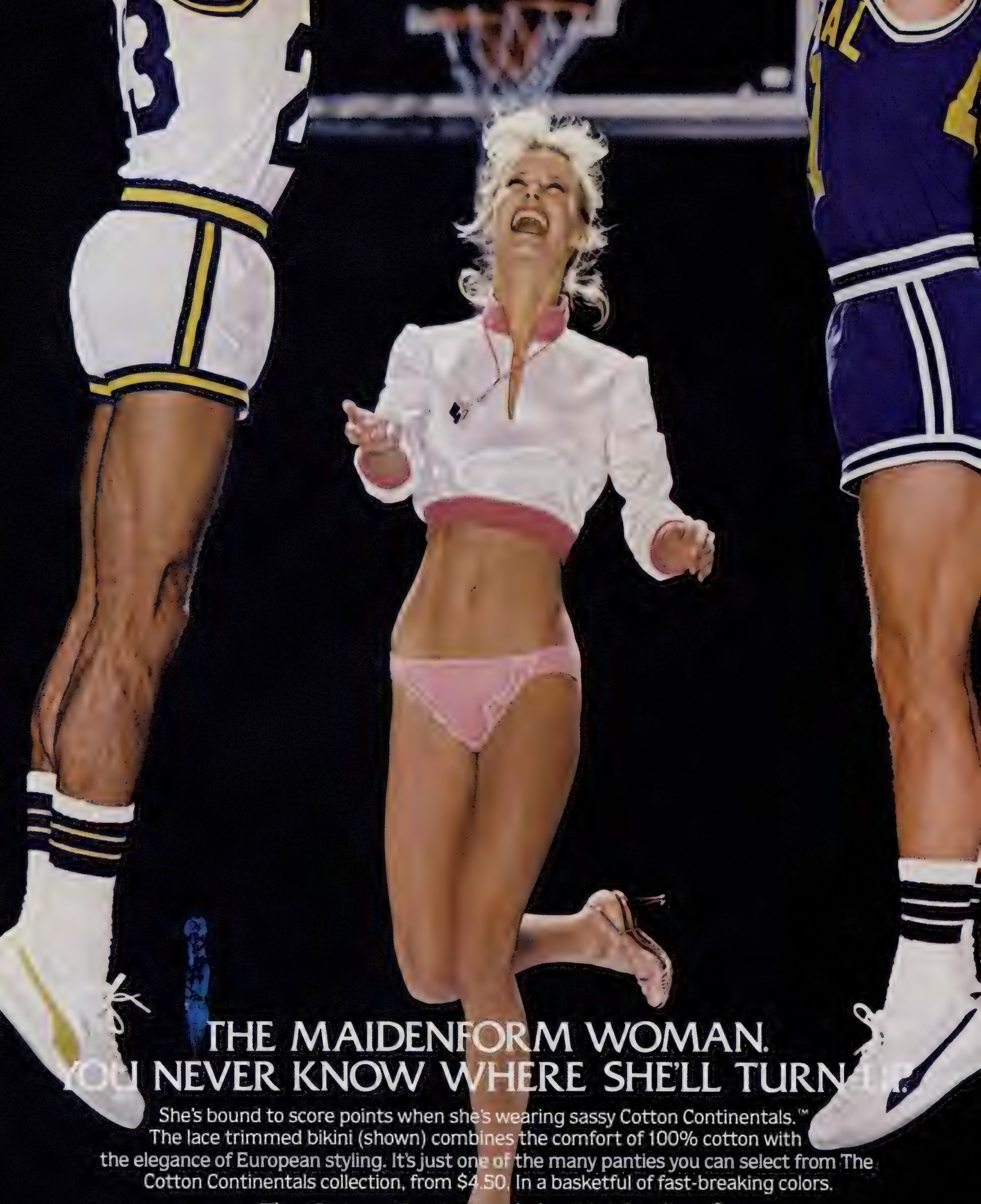


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Newton: Hesse Mens Wear
Urbandale: Geysa's Tailors
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Wichita: Brick's
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Louisville: Carroll Reed of New England, Especially For You, M.C.'S, Rodes, Tweed and Tartan
Peducah: Lane & Co.
Shelbyville: The Country Lady
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Wenham: Wenham Exchange
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Ann Arbor: Hutzel's, Marty's
Beula: Depot of Harbor Springs
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Boyne Falls: T.W. Ellis of Boyne
Charlevoix: Mettlers By The Bay
E. Lansing: Pappagallo
Fenton: Tartan and Twill
Eaton Rapids: Horner Woolens
Grand Blanc: Shop For Pappagallo
Grand Rapids: Shop For Pappagallo, Mays of Michigan Horner Woolens
Grosse Pointe: Lilly Pulitzer, Miner's of Grosse Pointe, Shop For Pappagallo
Harbor Springs: The Depot of Harbor Springs
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N. Muskegon: The Yankee Peddler
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Eden: Mabe's
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Greenville: College Shop, Certain Things
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Pinehurst: Razook's
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Rocky Mount: Campus Room
Wilmington: Gingham Peddler
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Cleveland: Carol Lindemuth at Shaker Square
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Lancaster: Highland House
Salem: Shop For Pappagallo
Waterville: Barbara Brown's
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El Paso: Shop For Pappagallo
Houston: Wolfmans
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Midland: Christy's, Julian Gold
Richardson: Lily Dodson
San Angelo: Gilded Cage
San Antonio: Julian Gold, Wolfmans
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Irvington: The Dandelion
Lexington: Shop For Pappagallo
Lynchburg: As You Like It
McLean: Orchard Dress Shop
Middleburg: Scotland House
Newport News: Betti Paige Shoppe
Petersburg: Wices
Richmond: Boutique, Inc., Carroll Reed of New England
Virginia Beach: Morgan Taylor
Warrenton: Charlotte
Williamsburg: Binn's, Unicorn
Winchester: Oxford Shop
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Friday Harbor: Casa San Juan
Issaquah: Calico Cat Ltd.
Seattle: Littlers, Nordstroms, Puella
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COVER LOOK

BEAUTY NOW

# glowing looks

*Color news: subdued shimmer... summer vs. winter scents... makeup tips for every skin tone*

A look ahead, a first look at fall makeup: softer, with a subtle touch of shimmer and new emphasis—a paler lip . . . a softer cheek . . . a deeper eye. On actress Nastassia Kinski, *left,* and on our cover, a balance of matte/shine—sparkle on cheeks, lips, a dot of iridescence on eyelids. A look to get with Elizabeth Arden's Midnight Shadows on eyes, Stormy Blush/Highlighter on cheeks, Night Fever on lips, and Shimmering Star powder dusted to an allover glow (on counter next month). Bright blue suède dress by OMO Norma Kamali (about $825), earrings by Marieluisa Stern for Stigi (about $60). Hair, John Sahag; makeup, Alberto Fava. Fashion details, stores, last pages. Photographed by Avedon.

Now in New York: two Paris-based skin-care lines prescribed in salons--Dans un Jardin's ''botanicals'' with plant/flower extracts to care for face/body skin. At Jean Louis David (Henri Bendel), Ingrid Millet's marine-rich products. To try: ''caviar'' facial.

**Basic Makeup For Oriental Skin** *FROM GLENN ROBERTS, DIRECTOR, CREATIVE TRAINING AT ELIZABETH ARDEN.* ● *FOUNDATION: "CHOOSE BEIGE OR IVORY SHADES."* ● *BLUSHER: "GOLDEN TONES WORK BEST."* ● *LIPS: "IF YOU WANT TO MINIMIZE LIP SIZE, CHOOSE A COLOR CLOSE TO NATURAL LIPCOLOR."* ● *EYES: "PLAY UP DARKNESS WITH SMOKY MUTED BROWNS, BRONZES, PLUMS, GREYS, NAVY BLUES, GREENS. APPLY SHADOW LIGHTEST AT INSIDE, DARKEST ON OUTSIDE LID CORNERS TO COMPLEMENT ALMOND-SHAPED EYES. SMUDGE PENCIL LINER ON UPPER AND LOWER LIDS, MEETING AT OUTSIDE CORNERS IN A LIFTED 'V.'"* ● *EYEBROWS: "FOR MORE LID AREA, TWEEZE UNDER BROW, NOT ABOVE."*

**Sunburn soother: mix three teaspoons baking soda in cool bath and soak; for eyes, a damp teabag compress. . . . Pre-party eye brightener: apply milk-soaked compresses, relax for ten minutes. Tips from Lia Schorr Skin Care, Inc., NYC.**

FRAGRANCE NOW

**Summer versus winter scents: "Warm weather doesn't make fragrance disappear, but perspiration can alter fragrance. If your skin becomes oilier in warm weather, it may hold a scent longer, so you'll need to wear less or lighter scents," according to Jean-Pierre Subrenat, chief perfumer, Florasynth. Perfect for summer: Myrurgia's Natural—a clean, green citrus—and scented body creams, like Oscar de La Renta's . . . New, exotic scents: Ming, a lush Oriental, steeped in jasmine, orange blossom, vetiver, patchouli, sealed in a Chinese snuff bottle . . . Parijat, the essence of India's rare flower . . . British-based Penhaligon's—a royal family favorite—comes to U.S. stores.**

Tips for Latin women--or any woman with olive skin, dark hair--from Nilo Viyella, author of *Latin Beauty* (with Linda Fine; Crown) and hair/makeup artist (Giardino Salon, NYC) for the book's cover model, Pilar Crespi Echavarria, *below*. ''Reddish highlights brighten dark hair. For the right foundation, I mix two shades, both a bit lighter than skin tone. For eyes: violets, blues lined with charcoal. Corals for lips, cheeks.''

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# LOVE AND RAGE

## THE THREAT OF MALE VIOLENCE

*What happens to men—nice men, successful men—when they get angry at their wives? What happens to their wives?*

**BY LAURA CUNNINGHAM**

"You're cute when you're mad" is a sentence that is addressed only to women. The reason: Men are not "cute" when they are angry. They are frightening. The benevolent lover-husband, whose features were formerly so dear, can in a fit of temper be transformed into something closer to *The Incredible Hulk.* Any woman fortunate enough not to have seen such an apparition in her own home should catch Albert Finney's performance in *Shoot the Moon.* Finney undergoes the entire metamorphosis, from craggy, sensitive husband to blooming idiot and madman, before anyone can whisper "Sweetheart . . .?" The film offers a cinematic lesson in the pattern of male rage: an orchestrated series of events that can escalate to a terrifying conclusion.

The Finney character, a literate man, quite capable of love, is shown at the prescribed stages. He begins by thumping around his kitchen, complaining of a lack of orange juice; before the film ends, he has driven his car into the new tennis court and almost murdered his entire family.

At an early stage of the marital breakup, there is a prophetic scene: Finney arrives at his former home, a charming if slightly wan Victorian farmhouse, to collect his books. He is escorted by a policeman, at the advice of counsel. The presence of the policeman seems silly, Finney says to his wife, played by Diane Keaton. The two estranged mates smile, nod, joke, and agree: What could be more foolish or unnecessary than an armed officer in their bedroom? Yet, before too long, it is apparent that these attractive people require an armed officer. As a discordant couple, Keaton and Finney crisscross indefinite borders that may exist in most marriages. They walk a broken line between cordiality and barbarism.

*Shoot the Moon* is a shocker, on several counts.

People like "the Dunlaps" aren't supposed to do things like that; the antique windowpanes are not supposed to shatter, the children are not supposed to scream. Wives are not supposed to look quite so pale and shaken, and husbands are not intended to go on rampages at home. Tradition has long dictated an unwritten etiquette: rage should be as discreet as sex.

The subject is unpleasant—the truth often is. Yet, *Shoot the Moon* may well be a social breakthrough in confronting a profound and common problem. The film certainly gives a cinematic *coup de grâce* to the notion that such traumatic scenes are a lower-class phenomenon, evoking only tabloid images of raccoon-eyed "battered" wives fleeing tenements en route to shelters. Now, we publicly acknowledge that social standing and income have no bearing on how a man behaves in the risky privacy of his own home. "Nice" husbands traumatize their wives as often as blue-collar men.

Women are not exempt either—some women hit, scratch, and bite their husbands—but somehow, the effect is not quite the same. While there may be a modern Medea here or there, the number of truly violent women is small, and most enraged women are simply not taken terribly seriously. It is almost impossible to imagine a wife creating the kind of havoc that the Finney character does in *Shoot the Moon:* Diane Keaton, berserk in her own Victorian house? Come now . . . Finney is believable, because we sense he portrays an all too possible personality: at the center of most domestic melodramas, there he stands, the anti-hero, the anti-husband. And there is violence even in his stare.

*The only difference between social classes on this issue has been the silence. . . .*

In the past, the only true difference between social classes on this issue was the silence: a well brought up woman would keep quiet to preserve the fiction of domestic tranquility, the *status quo.* A wife also remained silent out of uncertainty: perhaps her friends all coexisted with Cary Grant equivalents, and only she suffered sporadic incidents of husbandly ill temper. Then came the revolution and the candor, the mass clacking of tongues. In many female circles, the stories unfolded. By verbal legend, we have been gradually reintroduced to our friends' husbands. Formerly innocuous men, encountered in the tepid calm of dinner parties, now emerged as demi-Beowulfs—the psychiatrist who once kicked his wife in the shins . . . the Nobel Prize winner who threw cups of not-quite scalding coffee, not-quite directly at his wife . . . the philosophy professor who would harangue his wife for six hours at a stretch, then poke her awake, to croak his complaints long after he had lost his voice.

All manner of odd behavior has come to light: these "civilized" men played the brute with more nuance than their lower-class counterparts.

"It was ludicrous. Martin came at me with a *fork.* I almost wish it had been a knife. That would have been somehow more . . . clear cut, then I would have been sure: He *is* crazy. But a *fork.* A fork is farcical. If he had actually *used* it, and not just waved it at me, I would have been the victim of a *forking.*"

The woman who told this tale laughed as she told it: She is still married to Martin. When the actual event—the near-forking—was underway, she was far closer to crying or screaming. Although she now dismisses the incident ("How could I have been frightened by a securities analyst with a fork?"), she admits that the incident left both her and Martin extremely ill. "We took to our bed, with cold compresses and hot toddies." In the aftermath of the Fight, they lay on separate sides of their bed, vanquished as if by some third party.

This woman's story elicited the laughter of catharsis among the four other women who heard it. There was a kind of release in knowing that "Martin—who looked so meek" had, like their own husbands, lost control in a way that was, yes, ludicrous, but also depressing. Through rituals of female confession, the stories multiplied. It seems that every wife had a story to tell; for who, in the privacy of her own mind, could not recall an incident, or perhaps a series, of marital confrontations?

(At this point, at least a dozen readers will write letters that begin "My husband and I have been married for forty years and have never exchanged so much as a harsh word or a thrown potholder. We live in perfect bliss. . . ." The response: *Congratulations.* There are, no doubt, many men who have not ever lost their tempers, but this article is not about them. We are concerned with those husbands who *have,* and with the wives who have felt alarmed, witnessing that red-hazard light flame behind their husband's eyes.)

Perhaps because we sought out such histories, we found many. Some husbands were reported to be more explosive than others, but they varied only by degree. Among the wives questioned, the least violent husband mentioned was the man who would occasionally give his wife's upper arm a slight *squeeze.* The resulting impression—his white handprint, outlined in red—might well have become the symbol for the problem: Male rage —no matter how mildly expressed, still contains the threat of force upon women. Even the most charming husband accounted for was reported to have once shaken his wife by the shoulders, and thrown her checkbook against the wall.

While the husbands' actions varied in intensity, their wives' response did not: They were intimidated. From vague unease to outright fear, with a vast middle ground of depression—the women felt the effects, as they anticipated and reacted to the threat of a blowout, and the consequences of a Fight. How should they deal with their husband's anger? Many women complained of an inability to do anything but compromise. No matter how minor the tempest, it left damage in its wake. From the moment a husband shouted or even glared at his wife, to a certain extent, the couple ceased to be "we" and became "you" against "me," which led, at least psychologically, to the lonely, only "I."

In extreme situa- *(Continued on page 62)*

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## LOVE AND RAGE

*(Continued from page 60)*

tions, women became paralyzed by disappointment or depression. In the more ordinary situation, the wife lives in a state of subtle intimidation—restrictions may become internalized. "We edit ourselves," admits one wife. "I pull my punches." Many hedge — avoiding potential blowups by sidestepping the land mines that they know are buried in their own marriage: "I *never* ask Bob to spend Christmas at my mother's." What would happen if she did? Bob would not smack her, he would not even shout: he might sulk. "And he would do what he did the first year we were married—drive to Connecticut in silence, at eighty miles an hour, coasting through every red light."

No matter how minor the adaptation in a marriage, the wife is entitled to wonder: how much is one supposed to "take?" What constitutes abuse, how much is merely normal irritability? Why should *I* be the one to adapt? Why should I dread his disapproval, more than he does mine? What will my resistance and insistence lead to? A divorce? A distance? The loss of love, and approval? And, which is worse—to lose your husband or to lose yourself?

Marriage is accommodation, and women still tend to do more than their share. It isn't fair, but the fact is that women defer; they placate and cajole. How traitorous we feel—betraying our best selves, no doubt, when even in small ways, we acknowledge some superior power in our mates ("There's a dinner next week at the Hackmans—and I know you don't like them much, but I'd like to go . . ."). How soft, how tentative even ostensibly forceful women can become.

"I can't quite explain it," says one exurban wife, "but before he comes home, I have this almost nightly sensation of panic. I *scurry* from room to room, looking for something out of place . . . the children's toys . . . something not right. I don't know why: he wouldn't shout; he certainly wouldn't knock me about like some Stanley Kowalski, but he would find some way to register displeasure. I can . . . it sounds silly . . . feel it in his footsteps as he sort of thumps about the house. It gets me *here.*" She holds her stomach.

If so many women complain of the same condition, we are left with more questions and few conclusions. Must we live alone or pair off in inequality? Does unanimity of the verdict that most men "acted out" mean, perhaps, that as individuals, our own husbands are less culpable? The fault, it may appear, is in their chromosomes, not their characters. (It is a permissible generalization that males *are* more aggressive.) Conditioning has enhanced whatever the genetic tendency is: men have been taught to be authoritarian, to be dominant. Our own "enlightened" society may help change our sons; it is more difficult to alter the behavior of grown men. "You always had a terrible temper," Diane Keaton says to Finney in *Shoot the Moon,* and, one senses, he always will. The question is: should Diane Keaton accept him, take him back, after all? (The question of the "other woman," another character in the film, is secondary—Finney's primary allegiance seems to be to his wife; and, should the marriage end, he may well repeat his behavior at his mistress's beach house. He's unlikely to become docile—an outbreak of anger is only a matter of time.)

It seems obvious that violence should not be tolerated: people should not abuse other people. There are no excuses for male rage, but there may be explanations. New findings, for instance, reveal three stages of marital confrontation: buildup, blowout, and makeup. The typical pattern: husband lashes out; wife responds in the extreme; there is strong language, expressions of disgust, contempt.

"Look at yourself, just look at yourself," is a common taunt of soon to be put-upon wives. And indeed, there seems to be something in the sight of an enraged husband that inspires an equally irrational attitude in his wife: goading. How far will he go? Will he cross new boundaries and come out howling on the other side? Some wives report they experience a kind of primitive interest, similar to bear baiting, bullfighting. What *will* he do next? Perhaps some women test a man to discover his limits and find reassurance. Or, less optimistically, a wife may taunt her husband to find confirmation for the case already closed in her own heart: he is too violent to live with—"I knew this was the real you."

While we resist the popular notion that wives are "asking for it"—first, because hurt women deserve sympathy, not condemnation; and second, if we *were* masochists, there'd be no problem—we do have to examine the ways in which women may, unwittingly, up the ante in a fight. Studies confirm what husbands have claimed all along: wives *provoke.* To say "you're crazy" may well be satisfying, even accurate, but it will also be a self-fulfilling prophecy. It is just such name-calling and ridicule that nudge a man, whose hormonal level is already at high tide, over the divide. The lower the wife can set her own emotional thermostat, the more likely the husband will respond in kind.

Few sensitive men truly want to run amok. "It's so draining" complains one husband, "and there are often costly household repairs." As well as women, men are their own victims in these marital wars. Think of poor Finney once more: undoubtedly, he will pay for his gesture by having to rebuild the tennis court. The man who loses his temper also loses a measure of self-respect, and certainly all of his dignity. There is a statistic on men who actually injure themselves during their days of rage, often in attempts *not* to hurt their wives: they fracture their fists on tabletops, bang their heads against walls.

Men can stop having temper tantrums, and many good men have. They stop for several reasons: they become so violent, they frighten themselves ("My God, I didn't even realize I'd hit Diana, and she blacked out," reported one reformed husband). Or, more happily, the husbands achieve a deeper understanding of their wives; John Lennon was an example—having metamorphosed from a self-confessed "hitter" to a beacon of gentleness in his union with Yoko Ono. Not only did Lennon become a loving husband, he publicly apologized for his earlier relations with women.

Sometimes, an impromptu psychodrama can work as effective shock treatment. A story recently told: a husband shook his wife by her shoulders until, she, frustrated by her own helplessness and rage, began pounding him with her fists.

"It isn't fair. You're taking advantage of your strength . . . it isn't fair. . . . It isn't fair . . ." she said.

He stopped, and hasn't shown physical anger since the incident. He must have agreed: It really *isn't* fair. ▽

Photo: Trudy Schlachter

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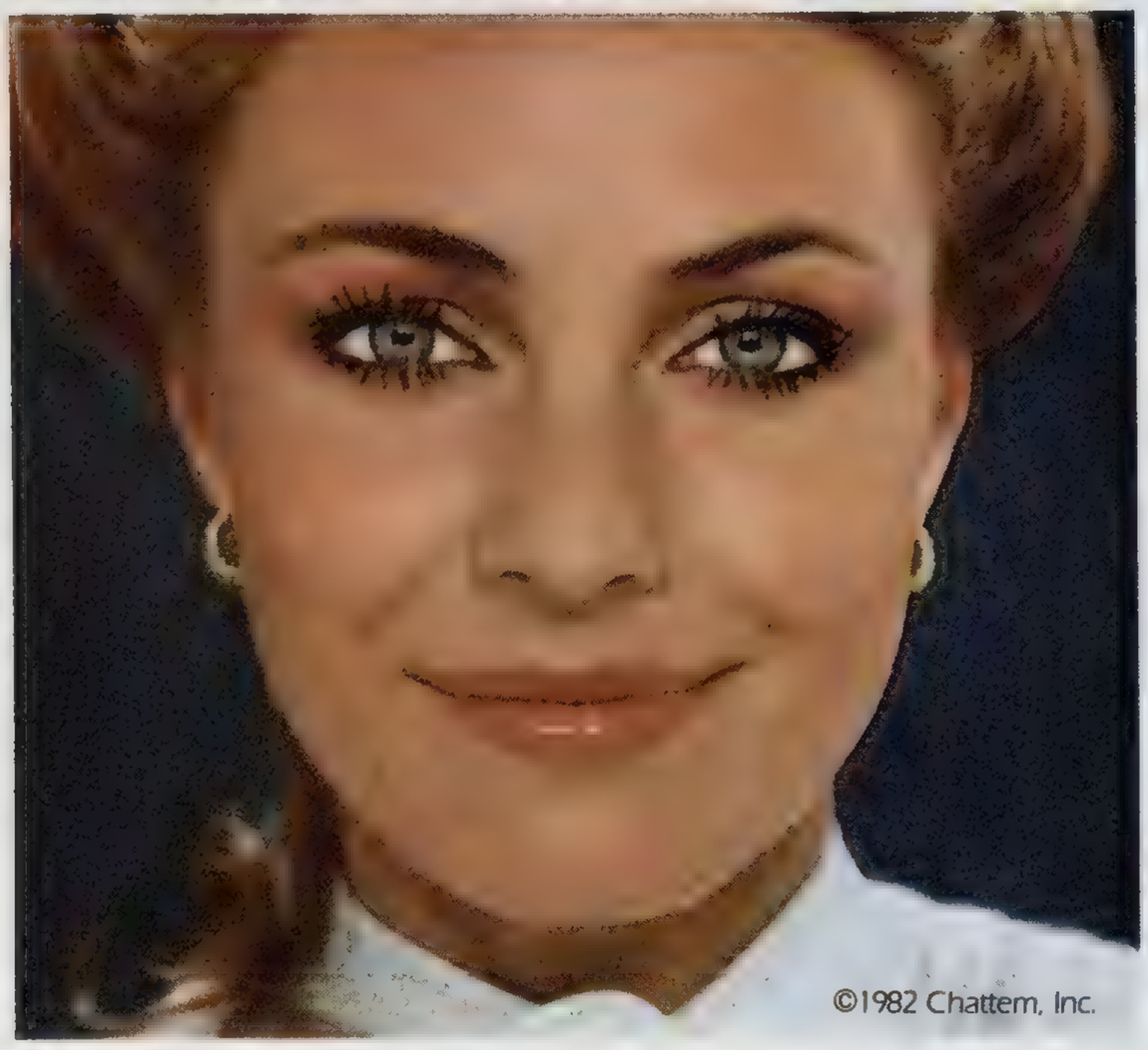


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# YOUR LETTERS

*(Continued from page 18)*

men have always chosen to employ.

I strongly agree that women's strength lies both in our ability to accomplish through cooperation rather than combat, and in our capacity to use our emotions (previously called intuition) as well as our brains, in a constructive manner. Women who get caught up in competitive traps of "self-improvement" as described in success manuals, are often in danger of losing touch with their natural strengths and ability as women, because self-improvement is too often translated as teaching women to "fit better" into a man's definition of the business world—a world that could stand a great deal of improvement indeed.

I believe that women's increased participation in the work force provides us with an opportunity to show how much we have to contribute *as women,* just the way we are.

Laura Finkelstein
Albany NY

**Fit to be praised**

We would like to commend Vogue for the article entitled "Have We Become Fitness Crazed and Fatness Crazy?" in the March, 1982 issue.

Our organization, in existence for five years, was created to educate the public about anorexia nervosa and bulimia and to assist anorexics and bulimics and their families in finding help in combating these insidious eating disorders.

Articles such as these provide a great service to the reading public by further exposing the potential dangers of this problem.

Estelle Miller, M.S.W., Executive Director
American Anorexia Nervosa Association, Inc., Teaneck NJ

The integrity and good sense of your editorial policy in support of the ERA and other programs, procedures and life styles beneficial and supportive to and of women again scored—this time with the article "Fatness Crazy" in the March issue.

So many young women—and some not-so-young—are sacrificing health in the "thinner is better" craze. Is it possible that Vogue, in its leadership position in the fashion world, can contribute to a decrease in our "obsession with slimness" which "dominates present-day living," to quote from the article?

Alice W. Gee
Milwaukee WI

**Reds' raves**

Thanks and applause to Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., for his "personal response" to *Reds* in the April issue article "The Passions of Warren Beatty." I found *Reds* both inspiring and informative, with tremendous political and social aspects. Warren and Diane both won my respect and admiration in this one! A fabulous movie!

Sheryl Fowler
Lincoln NE

**Improper props?**

Too bad you felt you had to dramatize the fashions featured in your April, 1982 issue by throwing cats around in the air. The cruelty and poor taste evidenced by this silly gimmick contradicts Vogue's growing sensitivity to some of the complicated ethical issues we confront in the world today. Please don't condone animal abuse in your attempts to entertain. You don't need to pull stunts like that to attract our attention.

Mary L. Azoy
Washington DC

**Lessons—Kundera style**

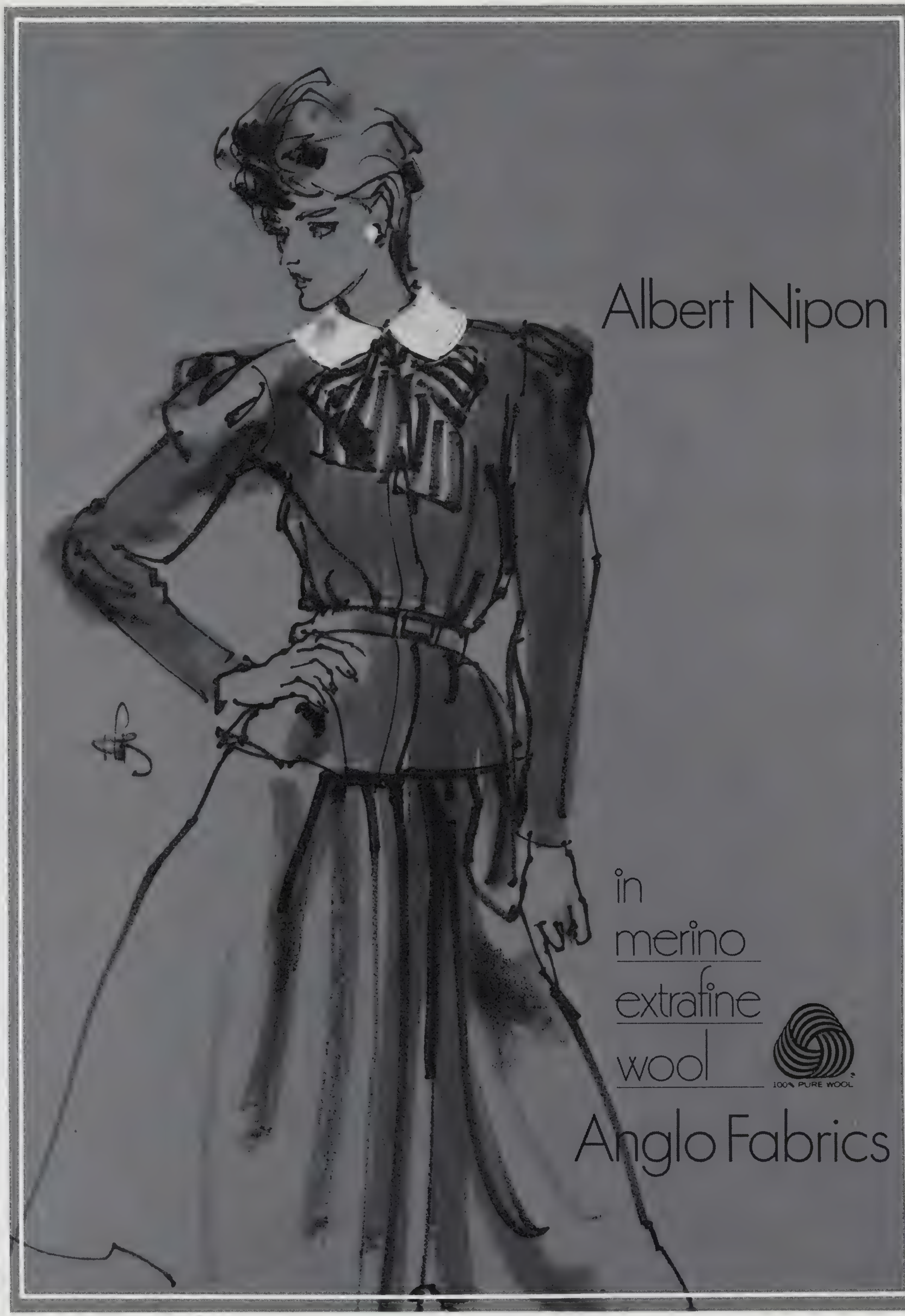
I just read, and re-read, the article by and the interview with Milan Kundera (February, 1982).

I first learned of Kundera during a college modern German literature course when the professor, a German himself, read to our class some insightful remarks Kundera had written regarding Franz Kafka, whose novel *The Trial,* we were then pursuing. I remember approaching the professor, asking the source as I wanted to read it for myself. It turned out, to my disappointment, that it was from some scholarly European journal in a language with which I wasn't familiar.

So I really rejoiced when I saw the February piece—imagine Kundera on Kafka! I have read that Kundera is a professor in addition to being a writer; if his Kafka essay is any indication at all of his abilities to expound, I know I'd sit in his classroom absorbed and astounded if I had the privilege of being one of his students.

Gail Habbyshaw
Mercer PA

**Correction:** *The luster-glazed earthenware plate, page 347, April issue, incorrectly attributed to Beatrice Wood, was by Skip Esquierdo.*

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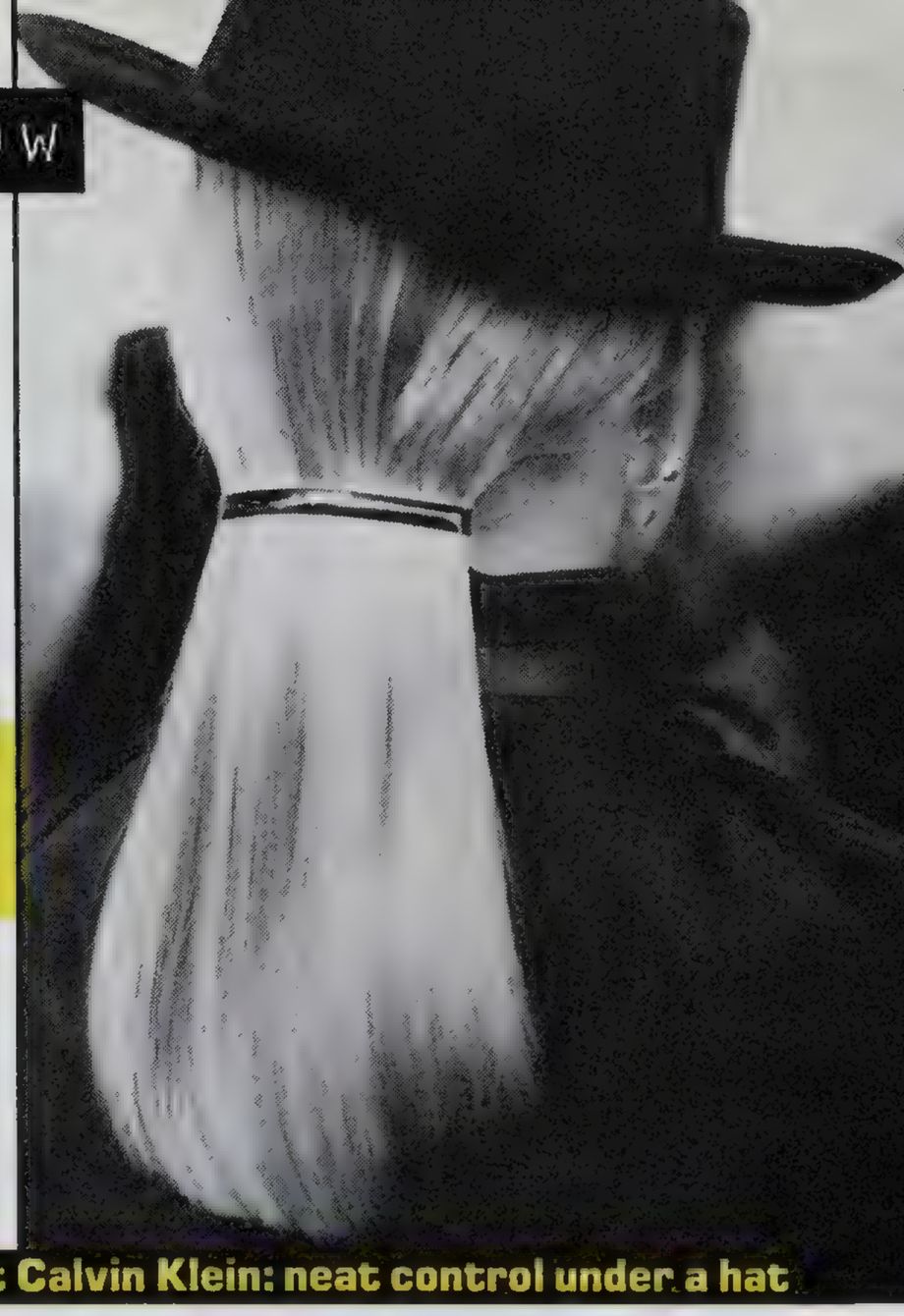
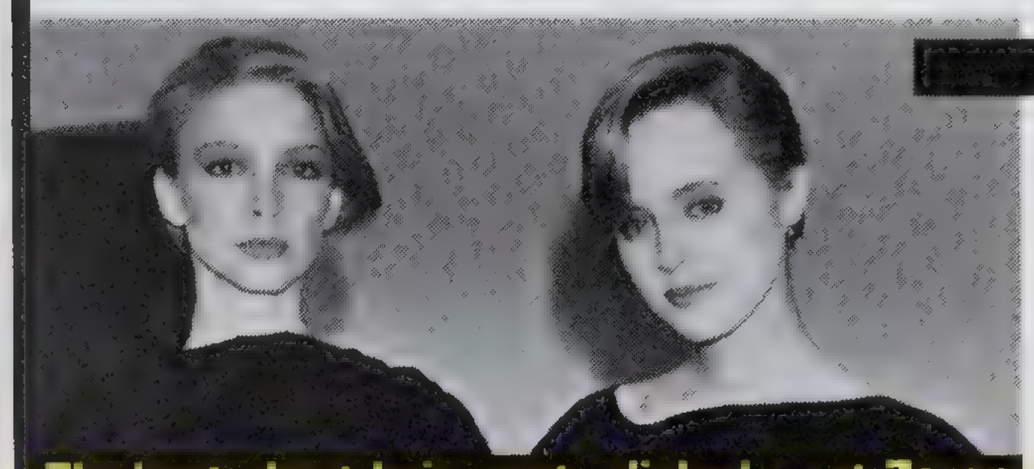
# trends

## On the NY-collections runways: a new look to hair—shorter, controlled...

*Seen at the fall fashion collections: hair that was neater, shorter, with a more defined shape. The means of getting it: the cut, the use of styling gels, or accessories. . . . The most charming one: the hat! It was everywhere, from soft over-sized fedoras to berets. Says Christiaan, who styled the hair for the Calvin Klein show, "Clothes this fall have sharp, defined lines; and shorter—chin length—hair gives a clean look. Slightly layering the top and leaving a blunt edge in the back gives hair more shape. A new quick trick to create volume: brush damp hair back, secure a wide elastic headband along the hairline. After hair dries, remove band; you have volume with staying power—without the use of styling gels or sprays." . . . How to wear a hat—and keep hair attractive? The secret: "smoothed on top with bangs—or some softness—peeking out from under the brim," according to Gerard Bollei, who did Perry Ellis' show.*

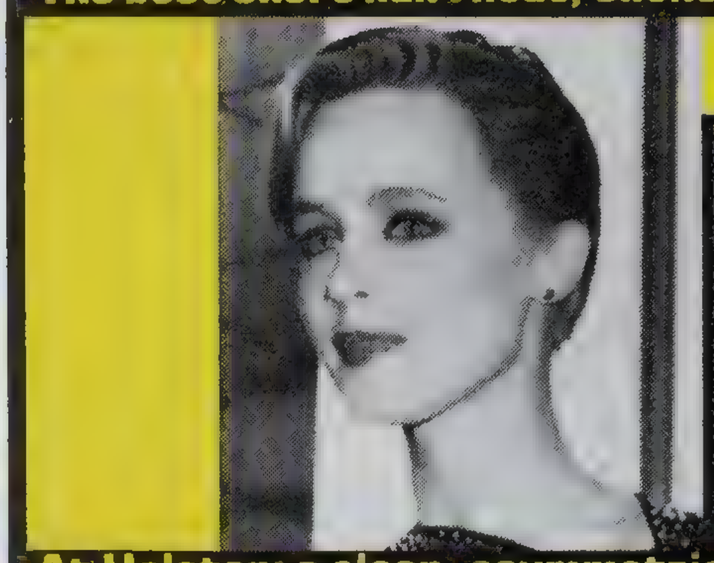


At Calvin Klein: neat control under a hat



The best short hair: neat, slicked . . . at Zoran

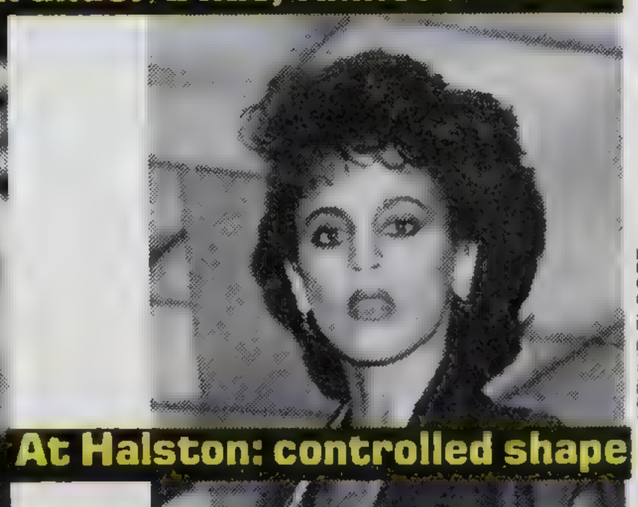
You know shorter hair is a genuine trend when top models—whose image is their income—start cutting theirs . . .



At Halston: a clean, asymmetric cut

At Calvin Klein: under a hat, fullness in back

"Texture-y" short hair at Calvin Klein



At Halston: controlled shape

ARTHUR ELGORT

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# Health

One-dose cystitis cure…antidotes from your kitchen cupboard…why new Moms feel sad…drug safety and birth-control pills

**By Melva Weber**

## QUICK REMEDY FOR CYSTITIS

**Good news for cystitis sufferers—a study at the University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, revealed that almost all acute cystitis attacks (urinary-tract inflammation) can be cured with a single dose of antimicrobial medication, instead of the conventional seven- to fourteen-day treatment.**

**In a study group of women cystitis patients, the research team led by Frederick J. Buckwold, M.D., (now in San Antonio, Texas) compared single-dose treatments of sulfisoxazole with combination trimethoprim-sulfamethoxazole, found both medications highly effective with greater antibacterial activity in the combination drug.**

**Women whose bladder infection is complicated by kidney infection have lower rates of cure and may need further treatment, but 95 percent of other patients were successfully treated.**

**More research is needed, said the University of Chicago's Stephen A. Lerner, M.D., and Thomas Fekete, M.D., in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, to determine whether the single-dose method is acceptable for men and for pregnant women.**

## "BABY BLUES": A WORLDWIDE SHADE

**Why do many mothers feel depressed just days after childbirth? It happens so often in this country that it's almost predictable. Is this emotional misery psychological in origin, socially induced, caused by hormonal or metabolic upset? Does it happen only to the modern women of our comparatively affluent society? Such questions were subjects of investigation by Dr. Brian Harris of Cardiff, Wales, who studied women who gave birth at the Muhimbili Medical Centre in Dar es Salaam, Tanzania, East Africa. Reporting in *Archives of General Psychiatry*, Dr. Harris said that these mothers, in one of the world's poorest countries, are our emotional sisters. They get tearful, worry about their babies, feel angry, sad, confused, and develop unexplained symptoms—the classic picture of our well-known "baby blues." Since mothers anywhere may suffer the disorder, it's doubtful postpartum depression is a "career vs. homemaker" crisis.**

## SWEET SALVE

*From Argentina—a report on successful treatment of wound infections using ordinary granulated sugar. Doctors Jorge Chirife and Graciela Scarmato of the University of Buenos Aires describe in "The Lancet" an experimental method in which infected wounds in 120 patients were opened, blotted with gauze, and packed full of sugar. The bacterial infections cleared up in 99.2 percent of the cases, in periods ranging between nine days and seventeen weeks.*

*Explanation? Infectious organisms require water; and, when body fluids in which they live are occupied by molecules of a dissolved substance such as sugar, bacteria cannot grow and will eventually die. Staphylococcus aureus, the microorganism most resistant to this kind of water deprivation, stops growing when "water activity" (an index of availability) drops below 0.86—a condition that can be created by packing sugar in the open tissues, adding more as body fluid is drawn into the solution.*

*The Argentine scientists believe the clinical use of sugar for infections may be helpful on a broad scale, since it can work against many kinds of organisms that occupy body water and is a safe, cheap, and available method for emergencies and disasters.*

## ADD SPICE TO YOUR TRAVELS

Powdered ginger—used since ancient times to relieve gas pains and as a stimulant—may help prevent motion sickness, according to a report in *The Lancet*.

Daniel B. Mowrey, Ph.D., of Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah, and Dennis E. Clayson, Ph.D., of Mount Union College in Alliance, Ohio, tested ginger root (using gelatin capsules each containing about one gram of powdered ginger) against Dramamine, the antihistamine widely used to prevent airsickness and seasickness. Their subjects, student volunteers, were tested in a rotating chair device mimicking a choppy ride on a plane or boat. Clearly superior in blocking the stomach upset and nausea of motion sickness was *Zingiber officinale*—the familiar powdered ginger root of the kitchen spice rack, also available in capsule form in health-food stores.

## DIABETICS AND IUDS

*Warning for diabetic women who use intrauterine contraceptive devices (IUDs): at The Royal Infirmary in Edinburgh, Scotland, clinicians found that 36 percent of insulin-dependent diabetic women fitted with IUDs became pregnant within a year; failure rate for non-diabetics is 4 percent.*

*Examination of IUDs removed from both diabetic and non-diabetic women revealed that deposits on the devices were more likely to contain sulfur and chloride if the wearer was diabetic. There was also more copper erosion in the copper-bearing devices—a process linked to contraceptive action. Significantly, non-diabetic women whose IUDs failed also had high deposits of sulfur and chloride.*

## IS ALFALFA AN ANTIDOTE?

***Some herbal enthusiasts recommend alfalfa pills for treating asthma and hayfever; not a good idea, says Irwin J. Polk, M.D., of the American Medical Association. Alfalfa seeds contain canavanine, which does lower blood cholesterol levels but has also been associated with pancytopenia (aplastic anemia) and enlarged spleen. Because alfalfa is a grass, and grass pollens are known to induce or aggravate allergy symptoms, taking alfalfa pills for allergies seems more likely to cause problems than to solve them.***

## PILL-TAKERS' PRECAUTIONS

**Women who take birth-control pills need to be especially cautious about taking any additional drugs.**

**In Boston, a study backed by the U.S. Public Health Service found that women on low-dose oral contraceptives took significantly longer to clear diazepam (Valium) from their blood than other women—they had as much Valium left in their blood after seven days as had nonusers only two days after dosage. Such slow clearance may increase the effect of Valium.**

**The study group, headed by Darrell R. Abernethy, M.D., Ph.D., reported their test results in *The New England Journal of Medicine*, suggesting that physicians should monitor patients being given both diazepam and oral contraceptives to watch for increased effects. Also a good idea: When a physician prescribes a drug for you, be sure he or she also knows if you are taking the Pill.**

©Jaf 1982

# SUNDOWN VS. SUN DAMAGE.

Every minute you spend in the sun is another minute you spend prematurely aging your skin. The makeup demonstration above shows what the long-term effects of sun exposure can look like. And that's just one of the not-so-beautiful effects of the sun. Another is skin cancer.

That's why it's so important to protect your skin with Sundown® Sunscreen from Johnson & Johnson.

Sundown is made to help prevent permanent sun damage as well as sunburn. And its water-resistant, non-greasy formula makes it perfect protection for the whole family.

Use Sundown today. Your skin will thank you tomorrow.

## FOR HEALTHIER SKIN, DON'T GO OUT UNTIL SUNDOWN

Johnson & Johnson

# I love salad bars, but wonder which salad dressing to use. Do they all have the same number of calories? How fattening are they?

"Salad dressing can be a trap for the unwary dieter, as most commercial dressings are quite high in calories, sodium, and fat. Few women pay very much attention to the amount of dressing they use, turning an otherwise low-calorie salad into a high-calorie dish," says Elizabeth D. Munves, Ph.D., professor of medicine and director, nutrition division, University of Medicine & Dentistry/ New Jersey Medical School.

Dr. Munves notes that one tablespoon of most bottled dressings—creamy or oil/vinegar type—has between sixty-five and seventy calories, which means that using two tablespoons of dressing is equivalent to eating an eight-ounce container of plain or vanilla low-fat yogurt. Roquefort and blue-cheese dressings are, however, the highest in fat content; surprisingly, most bottled Italian dressing is almost as high.

All bottled dressings are high in sodium. Prepared Italian is usually highest, with as much as 293 milligrams per tablespoon; creamy French can have 193. A tablespoon of plain mayonnaise, in comparison, usually has 101 calories and 84 milligrams of sodium.

"If you are serious about cutting down on calories, fat, and sodium, the best solution is to eat your salad with no dressing at all, with just a sprinkling of lemon juice," Dr. Munves notes. "If you feel you must have dressing to enjoy your salad, then ask for oil and vinegar in a restaurant, and mix one teaspoon of oil with one teaspoon of vinegar, for a total of forty-one calories. At home, add herbs and just a touch of Dijon mustard for additional flavor. The herbs add no calories at all; the mustard is only four calories per teaspoon. Mixing *poly*unsaturated oils such as safflower, corn, or sunflower, which helps to lower the body's cholesterol level, with olive oil, which is *mono*unsaturated and has no effect on cholesterol levels, will make your dressing an even more healthful blend."

**Q I try to protect my skin from the sun as much as possible, but find applying sunscreen, then moisturizer, then foundation too heavy. What can I do?**

A "If your skin is exposed to the sun only briefly, on trips in and out of your office at lunch hour, for example, then look for a moisturizer formulated with sunscreen to apply under your foundation each morning. A product that has an SPF of at least 8 in an emollient base is a good choice for this time of year. Whatever sunscreen you choose, be sure it goes onto your skin first, *before* any other products," says Victor H. Witten, M.D., clinical professor, dermatology, University of Miami School of Medicine.

"If you have extremely sun-sensitive skin, or will be playing sports or spending a more extended period in the sun, you will need a higher degree of protection, which must be reapplied during the day.

"Women who have oily complexions or a tendency to acne breakouts may find most moisturizer-based sunscreens too occlusive for their skin. For these women, an alcohol-based sunscreen or an oil-free moisturizer made with sunscreen applied under foundation is best.

"If you are in doubt as to whether the sunscreen products, moisturizers, or foundation you use are compatible with your skin type and with each other, take the products, with packages bearing their ingredients, to your dermatologist."

NOTE: One oil-free moisturizer that protects skin from sun, too: Clientele's Daytime Moisture Concentrate, SPF 12.

**Q I recently developed dandruff after returning from a vacation in the sun. A friend said it could be a sunburn. Is this possible?**

A It certainly is possible—and common—for a sunburned scalp that is peeling and flaking to be mistaken for dandruff. "Wherever the hair is parted or thin, the scalp will be exposed to sunlight, and even thick hair will not totally block out the sun's rays over several hours' exposure," says Paul Lazar, M.D., president, The Dermatology Foundation.

"The simplest way to protect your scalp is by wearing a hat," he notes. "If you are playing sports and find wearing a hat inconvenient, apply a high-SPF sun product to any exposed scalp areas, being sure not to overlook the hairline. Using an alcohol-base sun product will avoid leaving a greasy residue on your hair. (Do a patch test before using—some sunscreens could alter hair color.) While a hair-conditioning product that contains a sunscreen may be fine for preventing your hair from drying out, these products usually do not contain a sufficient amount of sunscreening ingredients to protect the more delicate skin of the scalp.

"If dandruff persists, bring it to a dermatologist's attention." ▽

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*The Poetry Society of Great Britain presents*

# *The Poetry of Love*

## *PORCELAIN PLATE COLLECTION*

*By John Speirs*

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# *To collect and display . . . to enjoy in your home for all the years to come*

Issued in Limited Edition.
Limit: One collection per subscriber.
By advance subscription only.
Deadline: August 31, 1982.

During recent years, the reputation of John Speirs as one of the most gifted artists of the day has grown rapidly. His paintings and etchings have won the highest praise wherever they have been shown, and his work is to be found in the collections of prominent galleries throughout the world.

Among the most distinctive qualities of his art are the precision, the charm and the sensitivity of his portrayals of people in romantic settings — qualities which recall the works of the Victorian masters whom Speirs himself so much admires, and whose tradition of painting he so eloquently represents.

Now John Speirs has been commissioned by The Poetry Society of Great Britain to create a collection of new works of art for issue in a form particularly prized by collectors: elegant porcelain plates.

This is the *first* porcelain plate collection that The Poetry Society has ever issued. And the plates are the artist's own *first* works in porcelain. The Poetry of Love Porcelain Plate Collection will consist of twelve plates, each bearing an original work by John Speirs, and each recalling some of the most beautiful lines of love poetry ever penned.

### *Each plate evokes immortal words of love*

The scenes depicted upon these porcelain plates recall the lyrical lines of the most unforgettable poems that celebrate love. Lines such as Robert Burns' "O my luve's like a red, red rose" . . . Lord Byron's "She walks in beauty like the night" . . . Christopher Marlowe's "Come live with me and be my love" . . . Elizabeth Browning's "How do I love thee? Let me count the ways" . . .

Each scene reflects a different mood. The plate which pictures Shakespeare's "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?" reveals a pair of lovers in a skiff, drifting silently upon a

secluded lake strewn with water lilies. And Milton's words . . . "With thee conversing, I forget all time, All seasons, and their changes, all please alike" . . . are dramatized in a wintry scene in which the lovers skate upon the ice.

In every scene, the colors are as rich and vivid as the detail is elaborate. And no detail, however small, escapes John Speirs' eye . . . a tiny square of marble tile upon a conservatory floor . . . grazing cattle in a far distant meadow . . . or a cluster of grapes clutched by a sculptured cupid in a rose bower.

And there is another remarkable quality that these portrayals exhibit. For beneath the calm and the repose of each meticulously recorded scene, there glows a fierce romantic intensity which endows the work with the gift of life.

### *The unmistakable look of Victorian plates*

Each plate recaptures the unique charm of Victorian porcelain. The scene occupies the center of the plate, and is encircled by an ornate decorative border adorned with floral bouquets and embellished with a rim of pure 24 karat gold. The background color of the border appropriately complements and enhances the work of art it accompanies.

And embraced by this border — at the foot of each plate — is an elegant cartouche, in the Victorian manner, within which the lines of verse are gracefully inscribed.

The total effect is one of charm, beauty and dignity. And the look of the plate is unmistakably Victorian. Indeed, the entire collection of twelve plates is destined to enjoy the status of a treasured heirloom, and to attract the admiration of all who see it gracing a collector's home.

Each plate will measure an attractive eight inches in diameter, and each will be crafted of the finest porcelain. At the request of The Poetry Society, the plates will be crafted under the supervision of Franklin Porcelain in Japan.

To capture the artist's rich palette, no less than 12 separate ceramic colors will be used in the crafting of these beautiful plates. And each plate will be fired at an extremely high temperature — above 800°C — to permanently preserve John Speirs' art.

### *Issued in limited edition*

The Poetry of Love Porcelain Plate collection is being made available on a very limited basis, by direct subscription only. One plate will be issued every *other* month, and the issue price of $55 for each plate — which includes a wall hanger to facilitate display — will be billed in two convenient monthly installments of $27.50.

In the tradition of the finest porcelain, these plates will be available only for a limited time, and, at the end of 1983 the subscription rolls for this distinguished collection will be permanently closed.

To enter your subscription, you need send no money now. But please bear in mind that the accompanying application is valid only if postmarked by August 31, 1982.

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*Our Promise to You:* We at Franklin Porcelain take pride in our high standards of craftsmanship. But we believe our efforts should also be judged by those we serve. Any work acquired from us may be returned for any reason within thirty days for your choice of replacement or a full refund.

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## The Poetry of Love

*PORCELAIN PLATE COLLECTION*
*by John Speirs*

*Must be postmarked by August 31, 1982.*
*Further limit: One collection per subscriber.*

The Poetry Society of Great Britain
c/o Franklin Porcelain
Franklin Center, Pennsylvania 19091

Please enter my subscription for John Speirs' The Poetry of Love Porcelain Plate Collection — consisting of twelve plates to be crafted for me in fine porcelain, each bearing an original work of art and individually decorated with pure 24 karat gold.

I need send no money now. The plates are to be sent to me at the rate of one every other month, beginning in September 1982. I will be billed for each plate in two monthly installments of $27.50*, with the first payment due in advance of shipment.

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PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

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B

The back of each plate will bear the lines of verse evoked, together with the poet's name and silhouette, and will further signify that the plate is a limited edition issue of The Poetry Society.

# claudio rocco

by Alexander Gabbay

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*Our muscles fuel themselves in two ways, by metabolizing body fuel aerobically, with oxygen, or anaerobically, without oxygen. Since using oxygen is eighteen times more efficient, it is the body's first choice. But tired muscles run out of oxygen and must turn to anaerobic production, creating the waste product lactic acid faster than the bloodstream can carry it away. When an acid build-up occurs, burning, cramping, and muscle soreness—usually starting about twenty-four hours after exercise—are the result," says Michael Marino, licensed physical therapist and research associate, Lenox Hill Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma, NYC.*

*Lactic acid build-up is not an inevitable result of exercise. "A body that is in top shape is more efficient at using oxygen, can go longer without turning to anaerobic energy. Doing stretches before and after also helps to decrease muscle pain. Soreness should not stop exercise but encourage getting into shape, so you can exercise painlessly."*

## Stretch before your sport

"Tennis demands quick, sudden bursts of energy, which can mean pulled muscles if you are tight or out of condition," says Cindy Cutler, women's director, The Spa at Quayside, Miami, shown *below*, doing her three-minute on-the-court warm-up. To loosen shoulders, back, grasp the racquet with both hands behind your back, *below left*, and bend forward at waist until your back is flat. Return to starting position (4 times). To stretch hamstrings, lower back, put one foot up on wall/fence, knee bent, holding racquet behind foot. Try to straighten leg, bending at waist, *below center* (2 times each leg). To stretch calves, hamstrings, back, and shoulders, stand tall, holding racquet overhead, then lunge forward with one leg, bringing racquet behind you, arching back at the same time. Hold four counts, then straighten front leg, bring racquet forward to floor, *below right*. Hold four counts, return to upright position (4 times each leg).

## Cool workout

One of the best all-around sports: swimming. "What separates it from other sports is that swimming is not only a great cardiopulmonary conditioner, but is also a 'zero gravity' activity. Being buoyant protects your body from the kinds of pounding injuries inherent in a sport like jogging," says John G. Yost, Jr., M.D., resident in orthopedic surgery, Lenox Hill Institute of Sports Medicine and Athletic Trauma. The stroke that gives you the best workout—plus improves upper-body strength—is the crawl; laps with a kickboard build leg strength, hip flexibility. To get the most from lap swimming, prevent pulled shoulder muscles, start with shoulder rolls, arm circles before you get into the pool, and breathe correctly—rolling, not lifting your head out of the water—as you swim. Start out slowly, building the speed and number of laps as you progress.

## "I like to feel this fresh even when I have to work way past 5 o'clock."

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*—Patricia Shean*

Kotex® Lightdays PantiLiners are perfect for the busy, working woman who wants to feel a little bit fresher during her day. So small and thin, you can keep them in your purse and change them anytime.

Lightdays PantiLiners are soft, delicately quilted pads that help protect against discharge and spotting. Or when a tampon alone isn't enough.

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# Why would a financial analyst like Patricia Shean use Lightdays® PantiLiners?

**For just-showered freshness, anytime.**

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# REDKEN EXPLAINS THE DIFFERENT CONDITIONERS FOR THE CONDITION OF YOUR HAIR.

Some days you look at your hair and you know something's wrong. It isn't responding normally, and experience tells you that means it needs "conditioning."

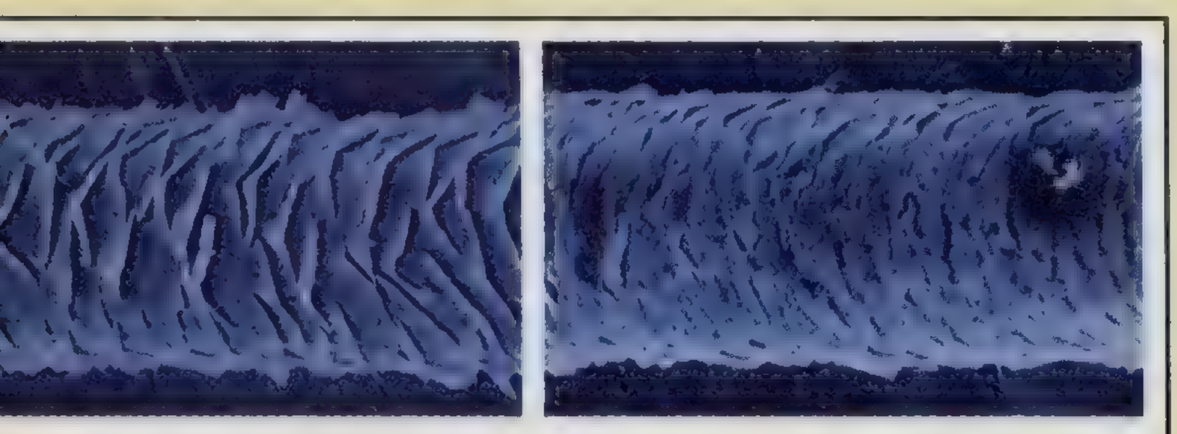

*FIGURE 1. Redken uses a scanning electron microscope to show a damaged cuticle (magnified 1750 times) before and after using a surface conditioner. On the left we see raised cuticle scales, typical of overexposure to the sun and back-combing. To the naked eye, the hair looked dull and rough. After treatment with Redken Mira-9™ surface active rinse, right, the hair's surface was transformed. Mira-9 smoothed the cuticle scales to maximize shine and provided featherlight protection to avoid further mechanical damage.*

But these days, how can you be sure which conditioning product will make your hair respond beautifully again? Even products claiming "professional formulas" may not solve the problem, *because what good is a professional formula without the professional?*

**A Redken Salon Prescription takes the confusion out of conditioning.**

There's a licensed professional hair stylist near you who not only knows the latest styling trends, but knows how to analyze your hair problem. And prescribe the right conditioner.

These stylists are the reason Redken® sells its products exclusively through salons.

**First the stylist analyzes your hair to find out what's wrong.**

You know the visible signs. Your hair looks dry, dull and may have split ends. Too many hot rollers or wet-brushing can do that.

What you can't be sure of is how deep the problem goes. Perhaps it's only surface damage. But it may go deeper, and be hidden from the naked eye. It takes a professional to find out what's really wrong and correct the problem.

**That's the time to prescribe the conditioner.**

Your stylist can explain how Redken conditioners are formulated to give your hair the proper balance of ingredients. And they fall into two basic categories.

There are conditioners that protect and smooth the surface, or cuticle, of your hair. (See Figure 1.) And conditioners that actually penetrate deep inside to reinforce the hair's cortex, as well as improve the outer surface. (See Figure 2.) Redken uses the term *reconditioning* to describe this penetrating treatment. During reconditioning, the appropriate formula is left on the hair for a specified time. Its benefits will last through several shampoos.

Your stylist can tell you whether your hair needs conditioning or reconditioning, which products to use at home, and how often. That's your personal Redken Salon Prescription.

So call us for the names of salons in your area where you can find this kind of prescribed personal hair care. And find out just how good your hair can look.

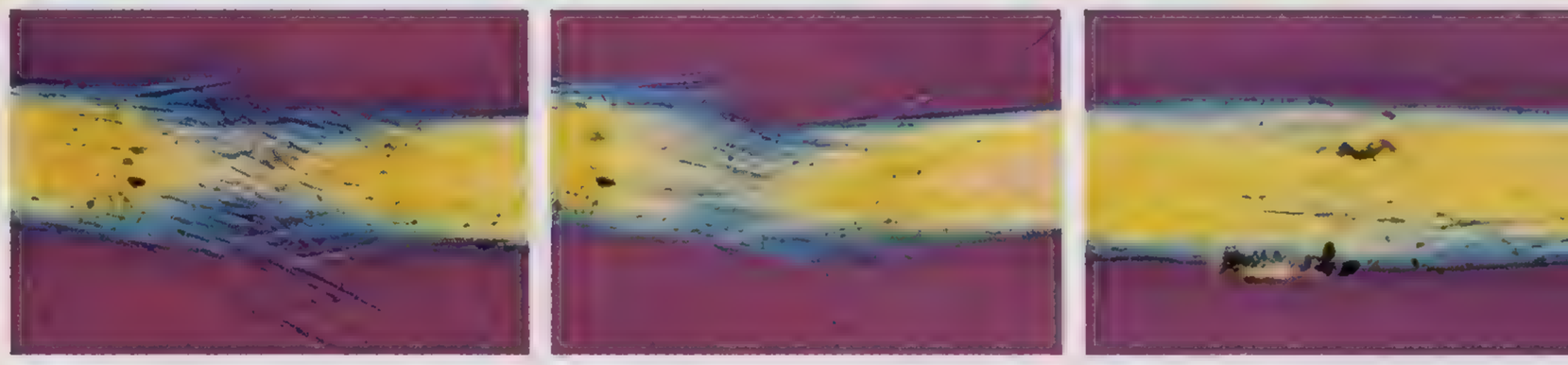

*FIGURE 2. These Redken photomicrographs (magnified 250 times) reveal a hair strand with the type of damage caused by extreme mechanical abuse. On the left you see an abraded cuticle and a frayed, disordered cortex. To the naked eye the hair appears dull. It is also limp and difficult to manage. In the center, a surface conditioner smoothed the abraded cuticle to a degree, but the damage was far too great to be completely effective. Only a reconditioning treatment could put this hair back in top condition. On the right is a hair strand reconditioned with P.P.T. "S-77"® Redken's exclusive ingredient system of protein and carbohydrates (ingredients of the hair's cellular cement) has penetrated deep inside the cortex. The results were body, shine and manageability.*

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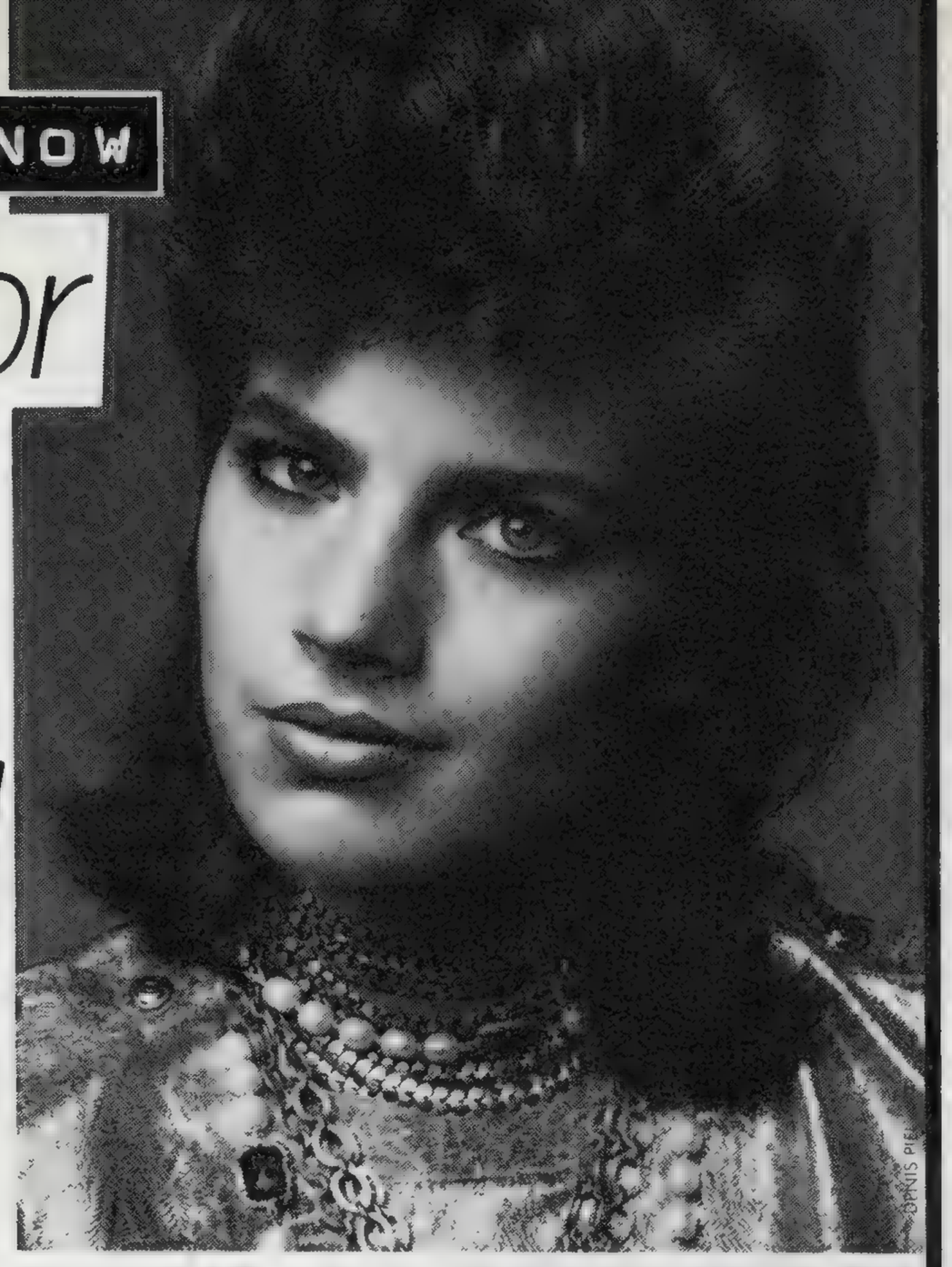
# cut, color

*Double texture... color enhancers ...style Rx for fine hair*

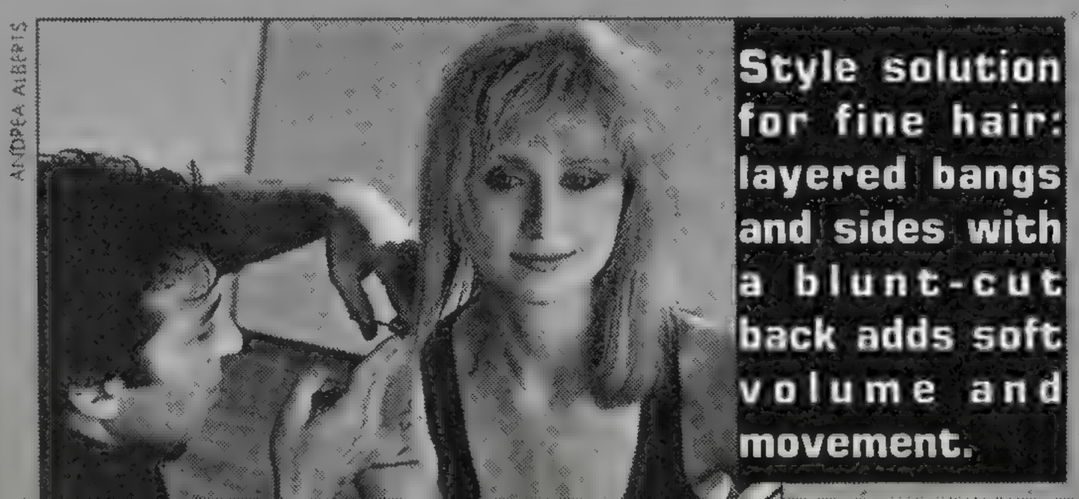


The look of double-texture hair *(above)*, one example of what's coming for fall. "It starts with a cut that is distinctly shorter on the top and sides, longer in back," says Suga of Suga Salon, NYC (who styled it). "Slightly layering or 'spiking' the top adds volume and more options: hair can be swept back, worn to the side, or down as wispy bangs." The versatility's built in.

## For long-lasting volume: spritz roots with styling lotion, blow-dry hair upwards

*COLOR/CONDITION Techniques that do both are an important trend in hair now. E.g., easy highlighters—mascara-type wands that brush on temporary color in copper, gold (Hair Gleamers from Revlon); and L'Oréal's new coloring "gun"—controls streaking, gives special or subtle effects; at Rich's, Atlanta. At La Coupe, NYC, client demand has resulted in La Coleur—on a separate floor. . . .Add shine: semipermanent tints at Ugo Di Roma salons enhance natural color; Miami, FL. . . .And a process that "seals in" color, protects it from sun's effects: at Regis Hairstylists in the Denver area.*

**A WORKABLE STYLE** *for baby-fine hair is sometimes a problem even for pros such as model Chris Royer, below. "I wanted a shorter cut with more style options because I felt locked into a single look: blunt-cut bangs and below-the-shoulder length hair [below, left]." Stylist Howard Fugler's solution: a mid-length cut with a blunt-edged back and softly layered bangs (below, right) that can be swept back with fingers or worn around the face. "Layering the front also adds the illusion of fullness that fine hair needs."*



ANDREA ALBERTS

**Style solution for fine hair: layered bangs and sides with a blunt-cut back adds soft volume and movement.**

Photo *top*: Blouse and necklaces Chanel. Details, last pages. Makeup, Vincent Nasso

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# Between Us

Traveling—solo affair... hard-hatted moms... salaries at home?

**By Lorraine Davis**

## SPOUSE-LESS VACATION?

Is a wife's vacation without her husband a needed rest cure—or a dangerous chance for some extramarital romance? Psychologists don't have clear-cut answers.

Selma Garai, M.S.W., a psychotherapist who treats couples and teaches at The New School for Social Research in NYC, said, "The 'good wife' strives to become superwoman in developing her career and tending to her home; a holiday alone allows her to dip into herself as a person with curiosity and a need to explore special interests in the world around her."

Laura Singer, Ed.D., a marriage and family therapist, agreed: "Even if you're very involved with a man, a separate vacation can give a sense of autonomy, be a way of establishing your own boundaries and fighting an urge to merge with your spouse. That could be very positive in working out conflicts between the wish to be close and the fear of being consumed."

But Dr. Singer warned about the hazards of the vacation affair. "Telling your spouse can be a tremendous threat. Why are you telling? To show how attractive you are? To get even for something? To diminish your guilt?

"To share that with someone you love, without threatening him or making him feel castrated is difficult, you have to tread extremely carefully. Some people can have a casual affair that is marvelous, or even a real love affair; but most of us are still working through our self-definition. We don't feel that secure."

Ms. Garai emphasized the need to discuss beforehand the reasons for the trip: "Don't use separate vacations for escaping neurotic situations; talk first."

## BROADWAY BOUND?

*To date, only about 10 percent of plays produced in the U.S. have been written by women; but chances of acting, directing, or producing a script written by a female or of getting your play produced, if you're a playwright, rose with the creation, by the highly successful four-year-old Women's Project at The American Place Theatre in New York City, of Play Bank, a collection of scripts by women, with Julia Miles as director. Producers can get summaries of available plays, and because reproduction costs have been underwritten by the Ford Foundation, copies of scripts can be had at minimal cost. Production rights will be negotiated between author and producer. Writers of published or produced plays can submit scripts to the Bank. Inquiries: Gayle Austin, The American Place Theatre, 111 West 46th Street, NYC 10036.*

## JULY: D.C. DRAMA . . .

**"A Black Woman Speaks," poetry/drama reading by actress Beah Richards, keys this year's July 10 celebration—on birthdate of Mary McLeod Bethune, founder (1935) of the National Council of Negro Women—in a gathering at statue of Bethune in Washington's Lincoln Park (it's said there are only two public sculptures of American women in our national capital!). A reception will follow in NCNW's Mary McLeod Bethune Museum, archive of black women's history in America.**

## WHERE WE BEGAN

In the town where the first convention to discuss women's rights was held in 1848, Seneca Falls, NY, America's new Women's Rights National Historical Park will open during July 16-18 Convention Days, when at the Fifth Honors Ceremony two more American women will be added to the National Women's Hall of Fame.

This year, the fanfares will be for Carrie Chapman Catt—who, early in the twentieth century, succeeded Susan B. Anthony as leader of the suffrage movement and laid the groundwork for the creation of the League of Women Voters, organized the National Committee on the Cause and Cure of War—and Frances Perkins, the Secretary of Labor from 1933 to 1945, who was the first woman to serve the U.S.A. in a cabinet-level position. She helped to effect passage of the Social Security Act and the Fair Labor Standards Act that established the minimum wage. These titans' lives will be dramatized by Vinie Burrows, a NYC black actress.

This year's Seneca Falls Convention Days (the whole town turns out) will include a reenactment of that first Women's Rights Convention and a conference on women in community history. In the "living history" National Park, visitors can see the home of suffragist Elizabeth Cady Stanton, one of the organizers of that first Women's Rights Convention, and site of the Wesleyan Chapel where it took place. In recent years, it's been a Laundromat.

## MAKE YOURSELF VISIBLE

*Women all over America are learning that public action can get results by grabbing the attention of those in power. When beautiful mansioned Lakeshore Drive in Grosse Pointe Farms, Michigan, fell into disrepair—potholes three and four feet wide—women drivers banded together to "embarrass" the local politicos (The City of Grosse Pointe Farms Council and the Wayne County Road Commission) who were bickering over who should do resurfacing. After collecting hundreds of signatures on a petition and consulting with the police, about two dozen women calling themselves Mothers Against Potholes turned out, some in hockey helmets and other hard hats, to patch a half block of the two-mile deteriorating strip, using pre-mixed paving.*

*This kind of citizen action attracted lots of media attention in the women's conservative Republican neighborhood. After considerable newspaper and television coverage, leaders Kitty Gushée and Sue Kinnaird, who with another friend, Susan Lambrecht, operate a party service called Main Course Catering, Ltd., said they were getting more telephone calls (from all over the country) than they could handle.*

*The Mothers' demonstration resulted in an advancement of the court date for a hearing on who should pave the road. The squeaky (televised) wheel gets the grease.*

## PRICING HOUSECARE

**Once again those accountants with hard-lead pencils have assessed the American homemaker. This time, University of Alabama researcher Mohamed Abdel-Ghany, Ph.D., assisted by Mary S. Clayton and Patricia Moore, used current wage estimates for eleven job categories to place a dollar value on the prototypal twenty-four-year-old woman, married, with two young children, not working outside the home: replacement cost, about $12,000 a year in today's market; and, before her now twenty-five-year-old husband dies, at age seventy-two, she will have contributed well over $150,000 to the family coffers by her labor in the home. Dr. Abdel-Ghany admitted that some of a mother's most valuable contributions to her family can't be replaced at all—her love, companionship, and cultural values remain in the "priceless" category.**

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# *The Tiger Swallowtail*

*by Ian D. Loe*

*A distinguished artist creates a butterfly sculpture of rare beauty.*

*Life-size-in a natural setting– and in a single, limited edition, at the very attractive price of $95.*

Sculpture shown smaller than life-size. Actual size: approximately 3½" wide by 6¾" deep by 3¼" high.

© 1982 FP

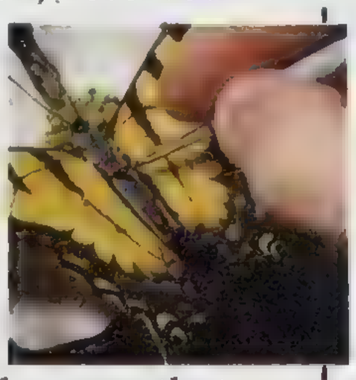
Butterflies . . . children of the rainbow . . . are, without a doubt, the most beautiful and most graceful of all living creatures. And of all the different kinds of butterflies that roam the world, none is more extravagantly lovely than the Tiger Swallowtail.

Now, the beauty and the charm of this entrancing butterfly have been captured in a spectacular new and original work of art, executed in a medium that is greatly treasured by collectors—fine, hand-painted porcelain.

This is the work of Ian D. Loe, an artist whose outstanding paintings and drawings of butterflies have won him an international reputation. Loe has portrayed the Tiger Swallowtail, the most familiar of all American butterflies, in a natural setting—resting gracefully upon a sprig of dogwood. The saffron yellow of its wings, with their black velvety stripes, hints of blue, and scalloped crescents of yellow and orange . . . the delicate antennae . . . even the eyes, so tiny yet so bright . . . all are depicted with precise realism, in authentic natural color.

The Tiger Swallowtail will be sculptured *life-size* in this delightful work of art, and will be produced for Franklin Porcelain in Taiwan—home of some of the world's most gifted porcelain craftsmen. And the work will be issued at the modest price of $95—which may be paid in three convenient monthly installments.

In the tradition of classic works in fine porcelain, The Tiger Swallowtail will be made available in a single, limited edition, reserved *exclusively* for those who place orders during the period between now and the end of 1983.



Here is a work that will provide a fascinating focal point of beauty for your home. And will become a treasured heirloom in your family, to be passed along with pride for generations. To reserve it, please be sure that your Reservation Application is postmarked by July 31, 1982.

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We at Franklin Porcelain take pride in our high standards of craftsmanship. But we believe that our efforts should also be judged by the people we serve. Any work acquired from us may be returned for any reason within thirty days for your choice of replacement or a full refund.

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*Limit: One per collector.*

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Please accept my reservation for The Tiger Swallowtail, by Ian D. Loe, to be handcrafted for me in the finest hand-painted porcelain, at the original issue price of just $95.* plus $2.50 for shipping and handling.

I need send no money now. I understand that I will be billed in three equal monthly installments of $32.50* each, with the first installment due when my sculpture is ready to be sent to me. **Plus my state sales tax.*

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ALL ORDERS ARE SUBJECT TO ACCEPTANCE.

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PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY

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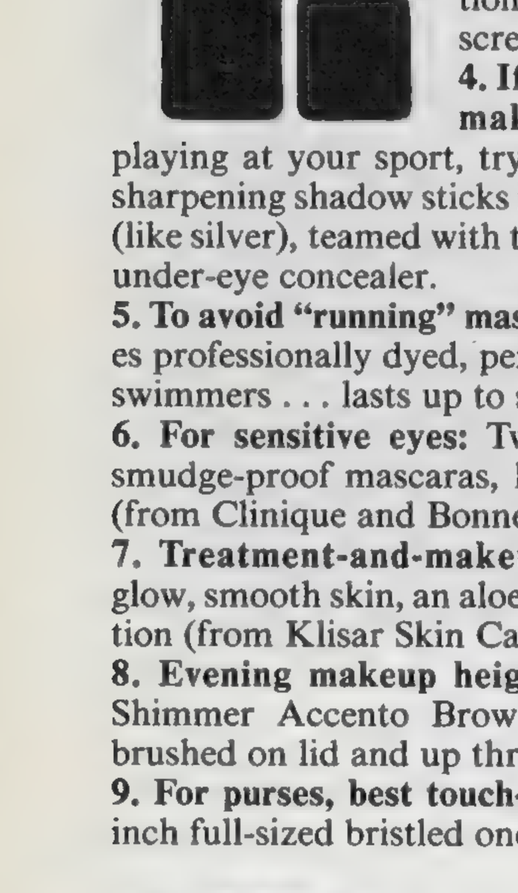
BEAUTY NOW

# tips, ideas

## *Nine ways to keep your cool when the temperature rises...where the pros buy makeup*

**In warm weather, getting makeup to last . . . look as fresh as it does on our model, *above*, can be a problem. Here, tips, products, reminders to help keep cool.**

**1** **Step-up your cleaning routine** in warm weather. The reason: increased oil secretions build up—and remain—on skin, causing makeup to "slide," skin to break out. Best gentle cleanser: *non-alcoholic* astringent pads, which can be used during the day to blot oil, help makeup to stay on longer. . . . **2. Don't forget: scalp and hair oils** can also irritate your skin. Wash hair more often with a gentle or oil-controlling shampoo. . . . Use Gillette's new For Oily Hair Only. **3. Outdoor athletes:** avoid wearing foundation while playing sports (it can clog pores if it mixes with perspiration). Best protection: a non-greasy sunscreen and a lip block. **4. If you like a *little* eye makeup** while you're playing at your sport, try Max Factor's self-sharpening shadow sticks in waterproof colors (like silver), teamed with the Maxi waterproof under-eye concealer. **5. To avoid "running" mascara:** Have eyelashes professionally dyed, perfect for joggers and swimmers . . . lasts up to six weeks. **6. For sensitive eyes:** Two new water- and smudge-proof mascaras, lengthen lashes, too (from Clinique and Bonne Bell). **7. Treatment-and-makeup in one:** To add glow, smooth skin, an aloe-vera-based foundation (from Klisar Skin Care Center). **8. Evening makeup heightener:** Borghese's Shimmer Accento Brow and Lid Colours, brushed on lid and up through brows. **9. For purses, best touch-up brush:** the four-inch full-sized bristled one from Cover Girl.



New "take" on environmental scent: the flameless "burner," Lampe de Berger, *left,* which sends fragrance into the air via a heated ceramic "stone."

DOUGLAS HOPKINS

## *Makeup Boutiques*

**Where do makeup pros buy their products? They get most of their makeup from the major companies . . . but they also check-out NYC's makeup stores for interesting, unusual products. Their favorite spots. . . . Barone Cosmetics (414 W. Broadway, NYC), in SoHo, *below,* has the widest range of makeup "accessories" (bright shimmer powders, glitter chips, metallic nail polishes)—products that can "turn" a day look into a nighttime fantasy. . . . G-Method Cosmetics (10 E. 8th Street, NYC) is known for its non-smudge/run-proof cake eyeliners which also work as eyeshadows (in eighteen shades!). Another find: their rich-colored metallic eyeshadow "pastes." . . . One of the largest suppliers of theatrical cosmetics, The Makeup Center (150 W. 55th Street, NYC), can mix—and match—a foundation perfectly for you, help you to find the "right" lipstick, give professional makeup advice. Their line: On-Stage Cosmetics. . . . Based on her experience as a makeup artist, Ilana Harkavi developed Il-makiage Cosmetics because "ten years ago, there were few 'unusual' colors available." Il-makiage has a full line of cosmetics—including over two hundred basic eye and cheek colors. New shades are added every season, but old colors are never eliminated—good to know if there's a standby you use year after year.**

At Barone's "tester," hundreds of products to try

Large photo, *above:* Turnout, Emanuel Ungaro; Napier earrings; hair, Garren at The Plaza; makeup, Tyen of Paris. Details, last pages.

Putting her ideas across: makeup artist/owner Ilana Harkavi, in her NYC salon

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# Money

## Smart, safe ways to buy bonds, keep jewels... financial savvy—basics

**By Lisa Gubernick**

### TAX-FREE, RISK-FREE BONDS

Any safe, high-interest-yielding investment has instant appeal in these inflationary times, and if it's tax-free as well, it probably seems too good to be true. But tax-free municipal bonds—IOUs from city and state governments—have no catch; they offer high interest returns, almost risk free, without federal or, often, state taxes. The story gets better: while single bonds may cost $5000 or more, you can now buy shares in groups of these bonds, called unit trusts, for as little as $1000. With tax-exempt interest, if your family's taxable income is, say, $35,000 and you file a joint return, you would have to find a taxable investment earning over 21 percent interest to equal the money you'd reap from a tax-free trust yielding 13 percent, the average for trusts formed last spring. If you file singly, you would have to get over 23 percent to equal that tax-free return. As your income and your tax bracket rise, trusts become a better and better deal.

Unit trusts are not only lucrative, they're also exceedingly secure. Most contain only high-quality bonds, generally rated A or above by Moody's Investor Services or Standard and Poor's. If any risk at all makes you lose sleep, you might consider an insured unit trust. While insurance premiums reduce your income slightly, they guarantee that you will receive your scheduled payments. For more information, contact the Public Securities Association, One World Trade Center, NYC 10048.

### JEWELS: BEST-DEAL INSURANCE

**If you wear your jewelry only on occasion and otherwise keep it in a vault, there's a new kind of insurance designed to save you money. Euclid Services now offers a "per diem jewelry floater" which charges minimal rates for jewelry kept in the bank, adds daily surcharges when you take your valuables out. The in-vault rate is 35 cents per $100 in value, with a minimum yearly premium of $75; the surcharge when jewels are in your possession is 10 cents per $100 in value, with a minimum bill of $15. That works out to be a bargain if you wear your jewels once or twice a month. For example, under a standard policy, insuring a $25,000 diamond necklace in Manhattan could average $1000 a year, but per diem coverage would cost nearly $300 less if you paid the out-of-vault surcharges twenty-five days a year. The plan is currently available to Visa and MasterCard holders in New York State and will soon go nationwide. Euclid Services is located at 18 East 69th Street, NYC 10021; (212) 737-3600.**

### MONEY & CLOUT: THE POLITICAL POWER IN YOUR CHECKBOOK

**If today's political climate has led you to desire a more active role in November's elections, have you considered giving money to political action committees? PACs give your dollars the most clout by supporting the candidates who support your side of an issue: the National Abortion Rights Action League, for instance, has a PAC that funds pro-choice candidates, and the Life Amendment PAC lends its resources to anti-abortion contenders. There are now over two thousand PACs, ranging from conservative Senator Jesse A. Helms's (R-NC) National Congressional Club to Senator Edward M. Kennedy's (D-MA) progressive Fund for a Democratic Majority. PACs do the research—targeting appropriate candidates—for you, says Noreen Connell, chair of the Manhattan Women's Political Caucus. If there is no crucial race in your area, a PAC will put your money into campaigns with "the clearest differences between good and evil, whatever your definitions might be," according to Ranny Cooper, executive director of the Women's Campaign Fund, the largest PAC giving to women candidates. (WCF was able to help eighty-nine women in the 1980 elections.)**

**Bonus: You can give much more to PACs than you can to individual candidates. While federal law imposes a $1000 cap on contributions to any one contender per election, you are permitted to give up to $5000 to each of a maximum of five PACs. You can take tax credits for half your total political contributions up to $100 if you're filing with your husband, $50 if you're filing alone.**

### BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO MONEY

There's a new book that gives you the equivalent of a long private session with a financial manager. *The Money Workbook for Women* (Arbor House) by financial adviser Carole Phillips is a step-by-step, jargon-free compendium of facts about your money and what to do with it. The *Workbook* has fill-in-the-blank charts for estimating everything from how much of a mortgage you can afford to the value of your collectibles. While hardly the final word on where to invest, the *Workbook* provides a jumping-off point for intelligently determining where your financial needs lie.

LINES THAT SWEEP YOU OFF YOUR FEET.

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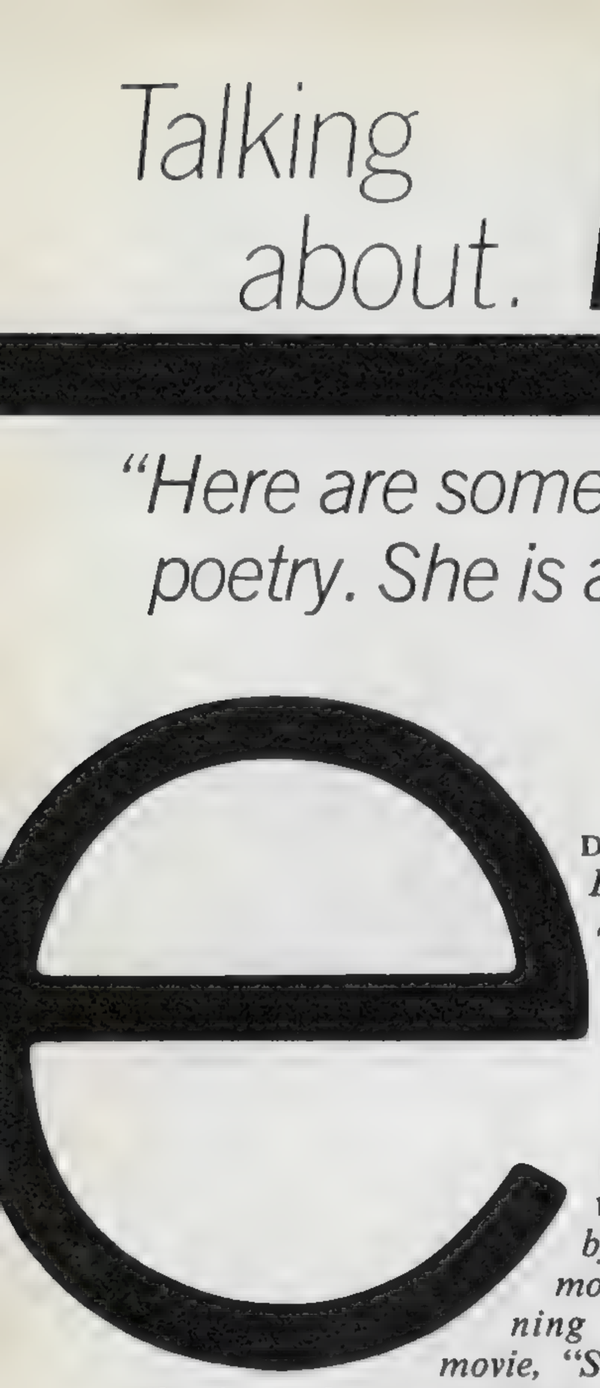
# Talking about. Poetry

*"Here are some of the truths about poetry. She is an Angel, very strong...."*

**By Stevie Smith**



*EDITOR'S NOTE: British poet Stevie Smith; a voice at once matter-of-fact and haunting. Amid a flourish of American interest in her work—sparked by Hugh Whitemore's award-winning play-turned-movie, "Stevie," starring Glenda Jackson—a new Stevie treat: "Me Again" a collection of previously unpublished poems, stories, essays, letters, and drawings—all seemingly quick skittles of pen on paper—as close to an autobiography as we'll see. Here, Stevie's pungent essay, "My Muse," a few of her splintery, spirited poems, and a doodle of the poet—by the poet herself.*

My Muse is like the painting of the Court Poet and His Muse in the National Gallery; she is always howling into an indifferent ear.



It is not indifference but fear. It is the fear of a man who has a nagging wife.

It is like a coarse-grained country squire who has a fanciful wife. It is like an uneasily hearty fellow who denies his phantom. These notions of the Muse are as false as the false-hearty fellow who bites his nails because of the false picture he is making. (If he were really hearty he would not know there was anybody to listen to.)

*Why does my Muse only speak when she is unhappy?*
*She does not, I only listen when I am unhappy*
*When I am happy I live and despise writing*
*For my Muse this cannot but be dispiriting.*

This comes nearer to the truth. Here are some of the truths about poetry. She is an Angel, very strong. It is not poetry but the poet who has a feminine ending, not the Muse who is weak, but the poet. She makes a strong communication. Poetry is like a strong explosion in the sky. She

## LULU

***I do not care for Nature,***
***She does not care for me;***
***You can be alone with a person,***
***You can't be alone with a tree.***

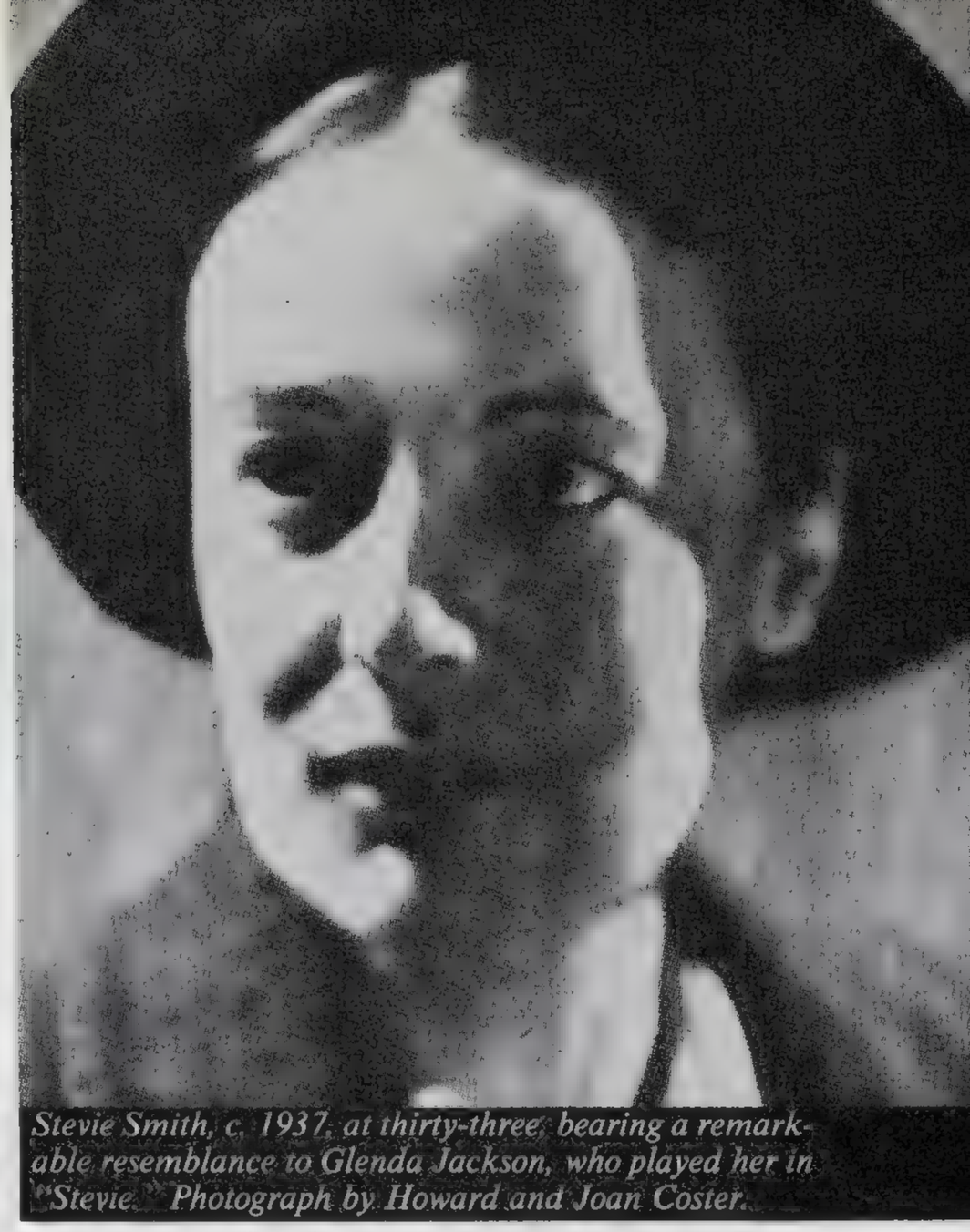
makes a mushroom shape of terror and drops to the ground with a strong infection. Also she is a strong way out. The human creature is alone in his carapace. Poetry is a strong way out. The passage out that she blasts is often in splinters, covered with blood; but she can come out softly. Poetry is very light-fingered, she is like the god Hermes in my poem 'The Ambassador' (she is very light-fingered). Also she is like the horse Hermes is riding, this animal is dangerous.

*Underneath the broad hat is the face of the Ambassador*
*He rides on a white horse through hell looking two ways.*
*Doors open before him and shut when he has passed.*
*He is master of the mysteries and in the market place*
*He is known. He stole the trident, the girdle,*
*The sword, the sceptre and many mechanical instruments.*
*Thieves honour him. In the underworld he rides carelessly.*
*Sometimes he rises into the air and flies silently.*

Poetry does not like to be up to date, she refuses to be neat. ('Anglo-Saxon', wrote Gavin Bone, 'is a good language to write poetry in because it is impossible to be neat.') All the poems Poetry writes may be called, 'Heaven, a Detail', or 'Hell, a Detail'. (She only writes about heaven and hell.) Poetry is like the goddess Thetis who turned herself into a crab with silver feet, that Peleus sought for and held. Then in his hands she became first a fire, then a serpent, then a suffocating stench. But Peleus put sand on his hands and wrapped his body in sodden sacking and so held her through all her changes, till she became Thetis again, and so he married her, and an unhappy marriage it was. Poetry is very strong and never has any kindness at all. She is Thetis and Hermes, the Angel, the white horse and the landscape. All Poetry has to do is to make a strong communication. All the poet has to do is to listen. The poet is not an important fellow. There will always be another poet.

## I FORGIVE YOU

***I forgive you, Maria,***
***Things can never be the same,***
***But I forgive you, Maria,***
***Though I think you were to blame.***
***I forgive you, Maria,***
***I can never forget,***
***But I forgive you, Maria,***
***Kindly remember that.***



*Stevie Smith, c. 1937, at thirty-three, bearing a remarkable resemblance to Glenda Jackson, who played her in "Stevie." Photograph by Howard and Joan Coster.*

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WORKING

# Should you lie about your age?

## The little white lie may not be vanity but survival

BY PATRICIA O'TOOLE

Over lunch in Los Angeles, a middle-aged woman on the verge of yet another birthday says she will never again reveal her age. "My department at work has almost no one left from the days when I started," she explains. "Most of the new people are young. They don't know how old I am, and they don't need to." Beautiful skin, gleaming black hair, and a tidy physique will make it easy for her to stay late-fortyish for another five years, until she'll be sixty.

In Chicago, a recently fired woman executive goes into business for herself and tells the press she is forty-five. She isn't. She hasn't been for years.

Women have lied about their age for eons, of course, and the world has shrugged it off as a harmless fib born of vanity. But among working women the little white lie has taken a desperate turn; the issue is no longer vanity, it is survival.

"Employers tend to judge women by their appearance more than they judge men by that," says Edward Howard, general counsel of the National Council on the Aging, Inc., of Washington, DC. "When a woman is demonstrably older, it's tougher for her to get and keep a job. Older men aren't immune to age discrimination, but I don't believe the stereotypes are as hard on them." Though Howard hasn't made a formal study of the matter, he bases his assessment on calls and letters to his organization.

To judge by recent unemployment statistics from his group, age bias is getting worse despite laws against it and despite the fact that everyone is tired of hearing about it. Joblessness for people fifty-five and older reached a twenty-year high this winter, and the rate of unemployment for this group is rising one and a half times faster than for workers under fifty-five. The situation may be even more drastic than the figures suggest because of "early retirements," which are often forced on workers who cannot afford—and don't want—to be retired. Consider the case of a fifty-eight-year-old woman—the sole support of her family—who was "early retired" from a well-known corporation after twelve years on the job. The company gave her six months' pay, health insurance, and a pension that comes to a whopping sixty dollars a month. More than a year later, she is still looking for a job. Her experience bears out the findings of the National Council on the Aging: once let go, older workers have a harder time finding jobs.

The frustrations of this prejudice have caught even some of the victims by surprise. "Until a few years ago, I looked younger than I was, so I *liked* telling people my age," says a woman in her late fifties who lost her job months ago. "Beyond that, I always thought lying about your age was demeaning."

Shocked by the difficulty of finding a job, she has changed her tune—and her résumé, which now omits the dates she went to college and the jobs she held during World War II. Following the advice of several job-hunting books, she wrote a résumé that begins when she went back to work after her children were grown, in the late 'sixties. "If anyone asked my age, I wouldn't lie," she says. "But I don't see any point in giving people a reason to eliminate me before they even talk to me."

Told this story, a younger woman is appalled. "It's deceptive, and deception is a form of lying," she says. "If this lie is acceptable, where do you draw the line? It's wrong to lie. Period."

Her hard line puts her in distinguished company. Consider the words of Immanuel Kant: "Truthfulness . . . is the formal duty of an individual to everyone, however great may be the disadvantage accruing to himself or another." According to Sissela Bok, the Harvard philosopher and author of *Lying: Moral Choice in Public and Private Life,* Kant believed that even when a lie doesn't hurt anyone, it harms humanity because, as he put it, "it vitiates the source of the law." Bok begins her book with a quote from St. Augustine, another hard-liner: "When regard for truth has been broken down or even slightly weakened, all things will remain doubtful."

So lies—any lies—are intolerable because the central clause in the human contract calls for truth. But what happens when the duty to tell the truth conflicts with another duty? No one would question the moral correctness of people who deceived the Nazis in order to help Jews escape, for example. To equate lies told to save lives with lies about one's age would be unthinkable. But the examples (and the book *Lying*) do make clear that all falsehoods are not the same.

When it comes to age, then, it would be intriguing to ask St. Augustine who is showing the greater disregard for the truth—those who hide their age or those who persist in believing that younger women are more desirable employees than older women?

Soothers of the corporate conscience can point to the growing number of employers now hiring older workers—retirees, in fact. In banks and insurance companies across the land, older people are doing everything from training younger workers to handling customer complaints; but this practice says less about institutional enlightenment than about the inadequacies of Social Security and private pension plans, which have turned the elderly into a vast pool of cheap labor. Trapped between need and Social Security rules that limit how much they can earn without jeopardizing their benefits, many of these pensioners—like the ones bagging orders at Burger Kings in Miami—must settle for pittances. In light of such hardships, the wonder is not that some working women lie about their age but that anyone tells the truth.

The law itself seems to look the other way on this matter. V. Paul Donnelly, a Detroit attorney who specializes in age-discrimination cases, says it would be unethical for him to encourage lies of any sort; but, he admits, "I can't believe jurors would be upset by the fact that a woman had lied about her age."

Adds Edward Howard: "You're not violating the age-discrimination law by misrepresenting your age. It's conceivable an employer could use your untruthfulness as an excuse to fire you, but employment decisions are supposed to be made without regard to age. I don't think you'd get in any trouble at all."

Illegal or not, immoral or not, risky or not, the business of lying about one's age is as discomfiting as a bad splinter. More often than not, it is the young who flatly declare this lie is wrong. They have nothing to lose by telling the truth. Sissela Bok, who contends that many of the lies of everyday life could be done away with, nevertheless hesitates to join the absolutists. Asked if she thinks it's wrong to lie about one's age, she says simply, "It would depend on the circumstances."

In general, Bok says, such untruths are white lies, which she defines as falsehoods "not meant to injure anyone, and of little moral import." By this standard, the commercial airline pilot who pretends to be under the Federal Aviation Administration's mandatory retirement age of sixty would, because of his responsibility for human lives, be more culpable than a woman who shaves five years from her age to survive in the youth-obsessed world of Madison Avenue or Hollywood.

***In Chicago, a woman executive goes into business for herself and tells the press she is forty-five. She isn't. She hasn't been for years***

Despite the general prejudices, light can dawn where minds are open and the opportunity presents itself. A sixty-year-old woman executive at a California health-care concern was asked by another organization to head a search for a top marketing person. Several months and dozens of candidates later, she herself was offered the job. "But I'm going to retire in five years," she said. "Doesn't matter," the company replied. "You're the best person for the job." She took it.

Other signs of hope: Donnelly says that the large settlements awarded by the courts in age-bias cases are making corporations think twice before pushing older employees out the door. Workers over forty also have demographics on their side because the long decline in the birth rate will ultimately create a shortage of workers. "We won't be able to waste older human resources," Edward Howard says. "Age discrimination will disappear."

Until that day, the question to ask is not whether women are justified in lying about their age but why they do it. Because they want to? Or because they feel they have to? ▽

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# Mind Health

## Sexual freedom—and guilt... staying well under stress... "bad" memory? forget it!

**By Carol Tavris**

### HOW'S YOUR MEMORY?

Worried because you can't remember last Tuesday's dinner party, much less your eighth birthday party? Do not fear premature senility or mind rot. You are not alone.

Recent research utterly contradicts the notion most of us have about the brain and memory—namely, that the brain contains a tiny video-cassette recorder on which everything we experience is registered. According to this common view, memory clicks on at age one minute and keeps on ticking; if we can't remember past events, we must be "repressing" them or "denying" them; to recover them, we're told, all we need is a little help in the form of hypnosis or psychoanalysis.

But "there is no tape recorder in the head, and no playback to repeat memories," says Lawrence C. Kolb, M.D., psychiatry professor emeritus at Columbia University. Sometimes we never register what happens to us, and other times we may register only bits and snippets of an event—you may remember the black-tie dinner you gave years ago but not whom you invited . . . even under hypnosis.

"Research demonstrates that human memory is a fragile and elusive creature," says Elizabeth Loftus, Ph.D., a psychologist at the University of Washington. Our memories are influenced not so much by what we see at the time of the original experience as by later misinformation we hear, by inferences such as, "If George was at the party, his wife Mary must have been there too," and even by leading questions that others ask us. Loftus' studies of eyewitness testimony, for example, find that if you ask, "How fast was the car going when it passed the barn on the country road?" people will "remember" the speed and also the barn—even though no barn existed. Such studies suggest that eyewitness testimony can be of questionable value.

Hypnotized people, it follows, aren't necessarily remembering "buried" experiences; they may just be playing the role of hypnotized person—that is, dutifully reporting what they think the hypnotist wants. When they are asked to regress, say, to age five, their handwriting may revert to a childish style but they will maintain adult spelling and grammar. In psychotherapy, similarly, when clients drum up recollections of their early childhoods, they are reporting their *current beliefs about their past,* not inevitably the past itself.

As Dr. Kolb notes, our ideas about the brain and memory parallel technological development: "The very idea of a 'photographic memory' depends on knowing about photography. There is no such concept in cultures where there aren't any cameras." Likewise, he adds, when telephones were invented the brain was described as a giant "switchboard"—and now we have a model of the memory as VCR.

So relax. Chances are your memory is not as awful as you think, and not worse than anyone else's. If you're determined to remember something, better get a *real* video recorder.

### SEX & GUILT—MAKING LOVE MORE, ENJOYING IT LESS

It's no secret that in the last decade young unmarried women have been making love more—but now comes some ominous evidence that they are enjoying it less. Worries about safe contraception and feelings of guilt about sex are still preventing many young women from enjoying true sexual "liberation"—if we define that as choosing to have sex and taking responsibility for it.

From the early to the late 1970s, according to national statistics, sexual activity among young single women escalated rapidly and, for a few years, so did the use of contraception. However, by 1980, contraceptive use had declined again, resulting in a large number of pregnancies (especially among teenagers). One reason is not ignorance but the decision not to use the most effective forms of birth control (the Pill and IUD)—undoubtedly because of legitimate worries about their potential side effects. Unhappily, the most likely side effect of the foam, rhythm, and withdrawal methods of contraception is a baby.

Psychologist Meg Gerrard, Ph.D., now of the University of Kansas, finds that among college women at the Universities of Texas and Kansas the levels of "sex guilt" (as determined by a questionnaire that measures a woman's discomfort with sexual activities, erotica, fantasies, and even jokes) actually increased from the early 1970s to the end of the decade, even though more college women had become sexually experienced. Gerrard says that at conferences she attends around the country, "other researchers report the same trend."

Feeling guilty and uncomfortable about sex does not, it appears, allow young women the freedom to say no. What it does, Gerrard suggests, is prevent them from seeking and using the safest forms of contraception—or any contraception at all. Worse yet, she adds, other studies show that women with high levels of sex guilt are more vulnerable to their boyfriends' or husbands' demands for sex than women who are sexually comfortable. For these women, the price of "sexual freedom" is a dip in self-esteem, a lack of the confidence to use contraception, and abdication of the right to make sexual decisions equally with men.

---

### STRESS AND "HARDINESS"

**For nearly a decade, we've been warned about the hazards of stress—"bad" stress such as losing your job and "good" stress such as getting married. Some researchers have even recommended that people total up their stressful events to avoid going over the critically dangerous maximum—and thereby avoid illness. Actually, the connection between stress and illness is relatively small—many people under high pressure never get sick. Why? Psychologist Suzanne C. Kobasa, Ph.D., and colleagues at the University of Chicago think the answer has to do with how we *think* about stress.**

**The researchers studied a large group of middle- and upper-level managers for five years, and found that stress can be neutralized by the psychological quality called "hardiness." Hardiness consists of three things: a feeling of *commitment* toward one's activities, a sense of purpose and belonging; a sense of *control* over one's actions and events; and *challenge*—the belief that change in one's life is normal, exciting, an incentive to growth. The hardy managers proved far more resistant to illness. Most of us can't control the amount of stress in our lives; but we can learn how to think about stress, and so control its ill effects.**

### BEST TIME TO HAVE A BABY

*Is there, for women, a "best time" to have children? Women have long endured a load of propaganda instead of answers, but now comes a fine book that lets women (and men) speak for themselves. In "Sooner or Later" (Norton), Pamela Daniels, Ph.D., and Kathy Weingarten, Ph.D., both psychologists at the Wellesley College Center for Research on Women, intensively interviewed husbands and wives who had children "sooner" (in their early twenties) or "later" (in their early thirties or even early forties). This research dispels the currently popular assumptions about the "predictable passages" of adult life: they are neither predictable nor inevitable but a result of the decisions we make—or fail to make.*

*Daniels and Weingarten's interviewees did not report a "right" and "wrong" time to have children—just different benefits and disadvantages. The women who marry young and have children right away may postpone their career interests until their thirties but then find themselves with the advantage of an uninterrupted stretch of years to play a role other than parent. Other women, who delay motherhood until their late thirties, tend to be more mature and self-confident, but also more worried about the age gap between themselves and their children and about what the future will hold.*

*Daniels' and Weingarten's book is not a "when to" manual but a revealing set of interviews. The result suggests that the "right" time to have children, biological limits assumed, has nothing to do with predestined "stages" or "phases" of your life, but depends on when you and your mate are ready, willing, and able.*

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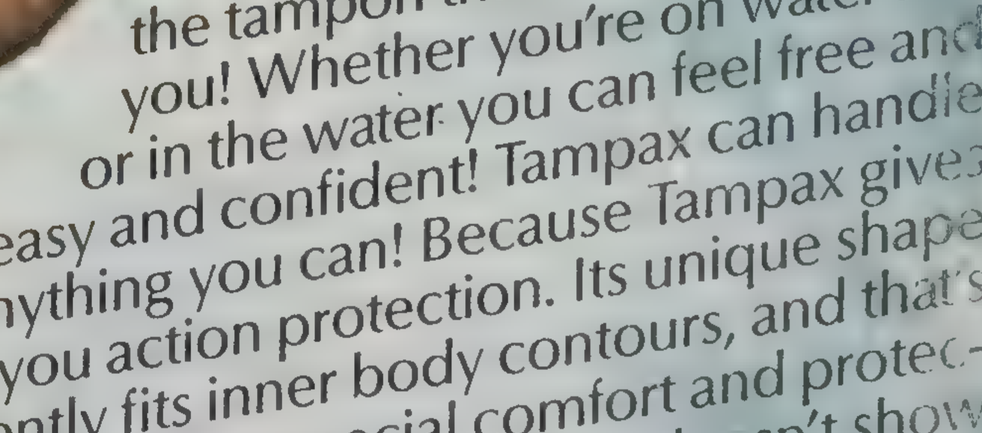


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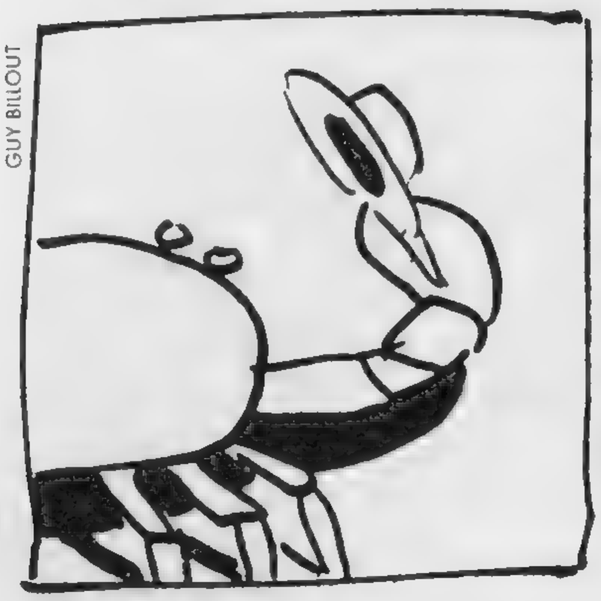
# Horoscope

**By Maria Elise Crummere** **July**


GUY BILLOUT

**Your Cancer profile:** Cancerians are warm, emotional, and sensitive souls, although—like a crab—they tend to cover their tender hearts with a tough, protective shell. Anxious for security and harmony, Cancerians are generous and giving by nature; their love goes out to family members—especially children—friends, and to the community at large

## Cancer JUNE 22–JULY 22

With two eclipses occurring now—in your natal period—July will be a special, rejuvenating month for Cancerians. Get moving as fast as possible; tie up old projects and jump into a brand-new field of interest. From the 9th to the 21st, Mercury rushes through your sign, bringing exciting business deals to your attention. Don't lag; with generous Venus watching over you, everything should be sunny and calm. Jupiter, in powerful Scorpio, makes love grand.

## Leo
JULY 23–AUGUST 22

Leos, always prepared for action, may well wonder why things seem a little slow early this month. With water signs prevailing, fire signs (such as Leo) will have to wait in the wings for their turn to shine. Use this time to store up energy and information. After the new moon eclipse on the 20th, you will be raring to go—so step into the spotlight! On the evening of the 31st, you have an opportunity to realize your potential.

## Scorpio
OCTOBER 24–NOVEMBER 22

Since late November, you have been basking in the graces of sunny Jupiter—which has brought important people your way and opened up a whole new world of opportunity. Take advantage of your good fortune, especially since, after 1982, it will take twelve years for Jupiter to come around to this conjunction with your sun sign again. Enjoy your good health and stay optimistic this July—it is surely a time to smile.

## Virgo
AUGUST 23–SEPTEMBER 22

The month of July will be a lovely yet hectic one for Virgos, as your ruler goes through three distinctive changes in a hurry. From the 1st to the 8th, try to resolve all unfinished business. From the 9th—an especially important day—to the 21st, concentrate on financial concerns, particularly those that point towards a more prosperous future. From the 24th to the 31st, Mercury transmits Leo, the sign of fun. You deserve a break—fly away on the 30th with someone you love.

## Sagittarius
NOVEMBER 23–DECEMBER 21

Although things have been a bit slow for the past four months, *now* is the time to get back into action. With dynamic Uranus in Sagittarius, you must cast off old, tired notions in favor of vibrant new plans—plans that, if you stick to them, will dramatically improve your life style. Work out your strategy with care and, during the last ten days, move as fast as you can. July is your time to make headway, so rise and shine!

## Libra
SEPTEMBER 23–OCTOBER 23

Although Saturn may cast a heavy shadow of responsibility on you this month, the cheery side of your personality dominates—making July a happy, productive period for Librans. With your ruler, dulcet Venus, in Gemini—the sign of talent—your creative juices will flow! As for your love life: you will be wined and dined by not one, but two romantic interests—one an old flame, the other a bright newcomer. Enjoy the attention.

## Capricorn
DECEMBER 22–JANUARY 19

With Mercury and Venus in your seventh house this month, fix your attentions on family and romantic involvements—particularly on the 21st, when love is all around. July is a great month for you, as long as you play it safe. Avoid taking any unnecessary gambles. Instead, rely on your own good judgment to lead you down the right path. This can be a most successful month if you let intuition rule.

*(Continued on page 98)*

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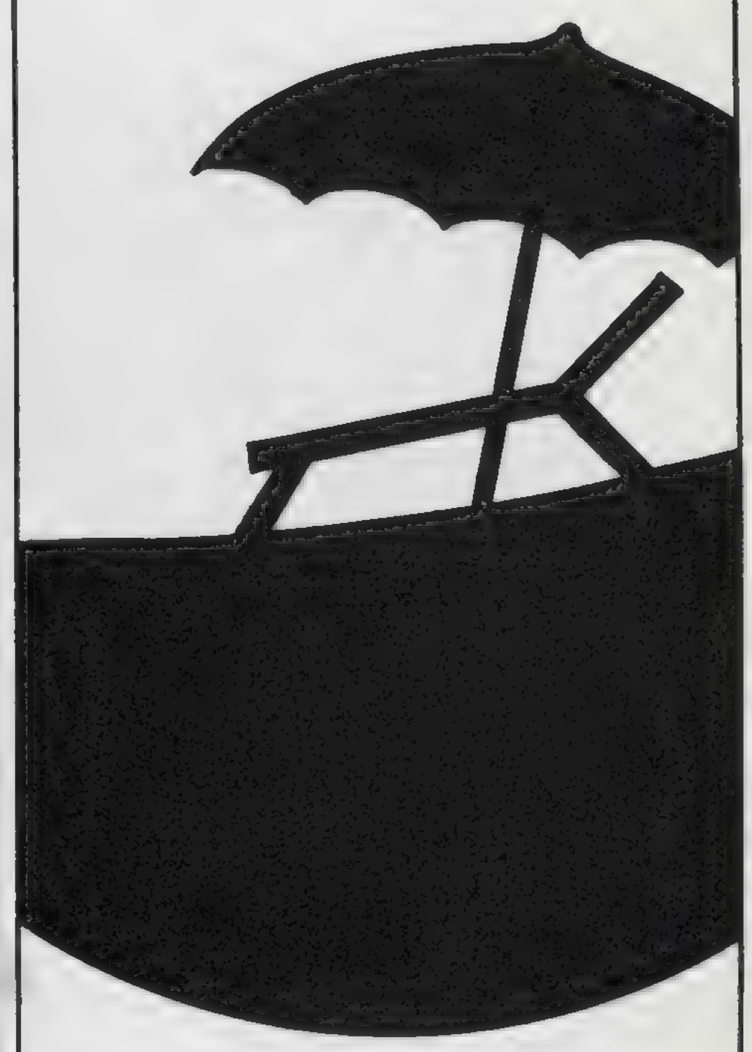

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# HOROSCOPE

*(Continued from page 97)*

## Aquarius
JANUARY 20–FEBRUARY 18

With your ruler, Uranus, in the sign of Sagittarius, you will be soaring on an unexpected run of good luck this July. Your two greatest interests now are love and friendship, and both are easily within your grasp if you take the time to develop relationships with people you respect. Being careful and conscientious can pay off quickly—you make substantial progress by the last week of the month.

## Pisces
FEBRUARY 19–MARCH 20

This July, Pisceans are under the influence of two lucky stars, so sit back and enjoy your good fortune! Neptune, your ruler, is still in adventurous Sagittarius—stressing the sunny, optimistic side of your personality. Use this good mood to gain the respect of an influential crowd. A surge of ambition, from nearby Uranus, gives you the chance to make great gains in any project you undertake. This could be the start of a grand new future!

## Aries
MARCH 21–APRIL 19

July will be a month to make choices and decisions, particularly from the 1st to the 8th, when you must start to plan for the future. Try to get the ball rolling on the full moon on the 6th. After the 9th, new career opportunities will demand your full attention. By the new moon eclipse on the 20th, an important promotion is in the air! If you work hard on the 23rd and 24th—your best days—the results will be excellent.

## Taurus
APRIL 20–MAY 20

With Venus, your peaceful ruler, in the dual sign of Gemini early this month, you will be surrounded by attractive options but hard pressed to make any permanent decisions. When Venus enters Cancer—by the new moon eclipse on the 20th—you will finally feel more sure of yourself, and luckier too. By the last week of July, long-term financial goals will be well within your grasp, so just reach out.

## Gemini
MAY 21–JUNE 21

With your ruler, stalwart Mercury, transitting the money-making sign of Cancer from the 9th to the 23rd, your financial situation will suddenly improve. If you've been bored with your self-image lately, this is a good time to shake off the cobwebs, and create a brand-new look for yourself. An unusual event, on the 24th, will force you to reexamine your immediate goals. The 26th and 27th are two good days to put new resolutions into effect. Love arrives just in time.




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# THE ONLY PLACE TO BE

*An excerpt from the first novel of Vogue contributing editor Joan Juliet Buck —full of cheek and chic, a dazzling undercover job*

Iris Bromley was brought up in Paris, where seven is the age of reason. By the time she was six she had learned from watching her mother that the important things in life were famous people, fine houses and good manners. Iris's mother, Charlene, cultivated the first, arranged to be set up in the second, and made a fetish of the third.

Notions of ethics and grammar she left to Iris's school, le Cours Victor Hugo, an institution in the sixteenth arrondissement devoted to turning sour tots into haughty debutantes. Iris's little classmates were destined to be baronesses and marquises or at least *de* something-or-other one day, if they weren't already. Better still, the teachers seemed to appreciate Iris. They rewarded her good conduct with a cross, which Iris wore with modest pride. It hung on her chest from a taffeta ribbon, a large blue-and-white enamel Maltese cross flamboyant enough to have come from the Chanel Boutique. To Charlene's eye, the cross bursting across the flat surface of Iris's tailored gray cardigan had a definite *je ne sais quoi;* as Charlene operated on the principle that an unreported life was not worth living, she took Iris to lunch at Le Relais Plaza, which in the spring of 1956 was the best place in Paris to pretend to eat lunch while sniffing out the strength and direction of the prevailing social winds.

They sat at a table near the bar: Charlene, a small red-haired woman with the tiny proportions that only rich Americans or the seriously ill can achieve, and her small, dark daughter. Iris, of course, wore her cross; Charlene was dressed with a certain boldness in the latest style, and wore jewelry of the primitive design favored a quarter of a century ago; freshly mined hunks of mineral imprisoned in smudges of gold wire were skewered into the nubbly curry-colored tweed of her suit. At the other tables beautiful women in little hats giggled softly, pale mink coats spilling over the backs of their chairs to reveal satin linings embroidered with flowers and initials. A group of men in business suits, with the tanned faces of those whose business is conducted solely on polo fields or the decks of yachts, hugged the bar. At the end of the counter, long gladioli stretched from a high vase toward the ceiling. The sun shone through the tall windows by the door, but farther back, where the restaurant rose into a terrace of more tables, a sleek beige gloom prevailed, conducive to longer lunches and chilling gossip. The air palpitated with conflicting smells, the sharp green of Je Reviens, the sienna thrusts of Detchema, the unctuous false repose of Shalimar, the brittle spikes of Femme. The sounds of laughter merged and collided much as the smells did; here and there a conversation spilled over from its own table to silence its neighbors with the glamour of dropped names and privileged information.

They ate eggs Benedict, which reminded Charlene of home, or at least of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Just as she had hoped, French acquaintances came over to comment on the manifest excellence of such a child. *"C'est très bien, il faut continuer comme ça,"* said Yves Furet, with just enough stern paternalism to show that his standards were as high as those of the Cours Victor Hugo. Jenny Wright, a timid young woman who wrote the society pages of the New York *Herald Tribune* Paris edition, came over and assured Charlene that no French school had ever given a cross to an American child before.

"She's practically a native," said Charlene. "I have to get her to translate to the cook for me."

Iris was watching a tall black man dressed in a red outfit with ballooning pants and a little bolero; he had a red fez on his head—she didn't know the name for it, but she recognized it from the ads for Banania, the banana-flavored chocolate drink—and he was carrying a round glass jug of coffee from table to table. As he approached, Iris shrank away from him. Charlene motioned that he was to fill her cup and slapped Iris's wrist.

"You mustn't do that, it's not polite," she said.

"But I'm afraid of him," said Iris.

"You mustn't be," said Charlene. "He's very special. Everyone knows him and loves him. He's famous."

Famous. Iris understood at once. Famous people were not like the rest. There were special rules for them: they could dress as they pleased, burp, belch, stub out their cigarettes where they felt like it, arrive late, leave all their food on their plate. It didn't matter. Ordinary mortals, adults and children alike, were subjected to the laws of good behavior.

Iris watched as the heads of the men at the bar turned to follow the progress of a tall blond woman with sunglasses and a loose coat that she held at her throat with one nervous gloved hand. Ladies at other tables leaned forward and whispered to each other without taking their eyes off the blonde. Iris saw on Charlene's face a look that combined eagerness with ecstasy. "Why are you smiling like that?" she asked her mother.

"It's Sheila McCoy," said Charlene. "I didn't even know she was in town." She raised her arm, not far enough to make the imploring wave her instinct prompted, but high enough to indicate to anyone watching that there was something unusual about her table. Sheila McCoy's eyes caught the sudden asymmetry of the gesture and fixed on Charlene, who shouted, "Sheila! Sheila!" and then sat back.

Sheila McCoy hesitated: she counted among her acquaintance three redheads, and all of them were bigger than this one, who barely reached over the tablecloth. On the other hand, she had only come into the restaurant for a quick drink before she met her musical arranger in the lobby of the Plaza Athénée, and saw that she had already attracted too much attention to be able to sneak a brandy at the bar. She turned and started toward Charlene; the folds of her coat impeded the flow of her movement, sticking to the plush covers of the chairs, bunching up into thick obstacles as she tried to push forward between two tables; it was in a state of some irritation that she finally reached the table.

"Charlene O'Malley," said Charlene, holding out her hand and rising from the table. "The Magnolia Gardens, remember? You were still Gertie Tamlyn then."

"Why my God," said Sheila. "Yes. You look wonderful."

"So do you," said Charlene. "It's wonderful to see you. Do you want to join us?"

"Only for a second," said Sheila, feeling the eyes of the room on her back and furious at herself for her lack of grace in negotiating her arrival. "I need a drink, anyway." Charlene held out a chair for her, and Sheila sat down, putting a large white patent makeup case on her knees. Charlene registered how ugly it was before assuring Sheila that it was safe to leave it next to her on the floor. "I couldn't do that," said Sheila. "It's got my jewels in it."

"This is Iris," said Charlene. "Iris, curtsy to the lady." Iris slid out of her chair and, facing the famous guest, went into her routine; point right foot forward, slide to the right, point harder, slide it behind, and dip. Sheila watched Iris and then gave her her hand; Iris took it and felt the bump of rings beneath the gummy beige suede. *"Bonjour, madame,"* she said.

"What's with the cross, she joined a religious order or something?" asked Sheila, who was not one to mince words.

Charlene touched Iris for the first time that day. She stroked her head. "She won it at school. What do you want to drink?"

"I'm on the wagon because of the show, so I'll just have a little brandy and soda to keep my energy up."

"Tell me about the show," said Charlene, and while she listened to Sheila she allowed herself a few little glances beyond her table, just to make sure that they were being observed. She basked in spilled limelight.

Maintaining one's position was no easy task, however.

"Who's doing your hair for the show?" she asked, watching Sheila's bleached split ends dance around her head.

"I brought the guy who always does me."

"You need your nails touched up?" continued Charlene. Sheila looked at her hands without removing her gloves: through the soft suede, the outline of sharp ovals could be seen at her fingertips.

"They're okay," she said.

Charlene sought another weak spot. "I can show you where the *(Continued on page 104)*

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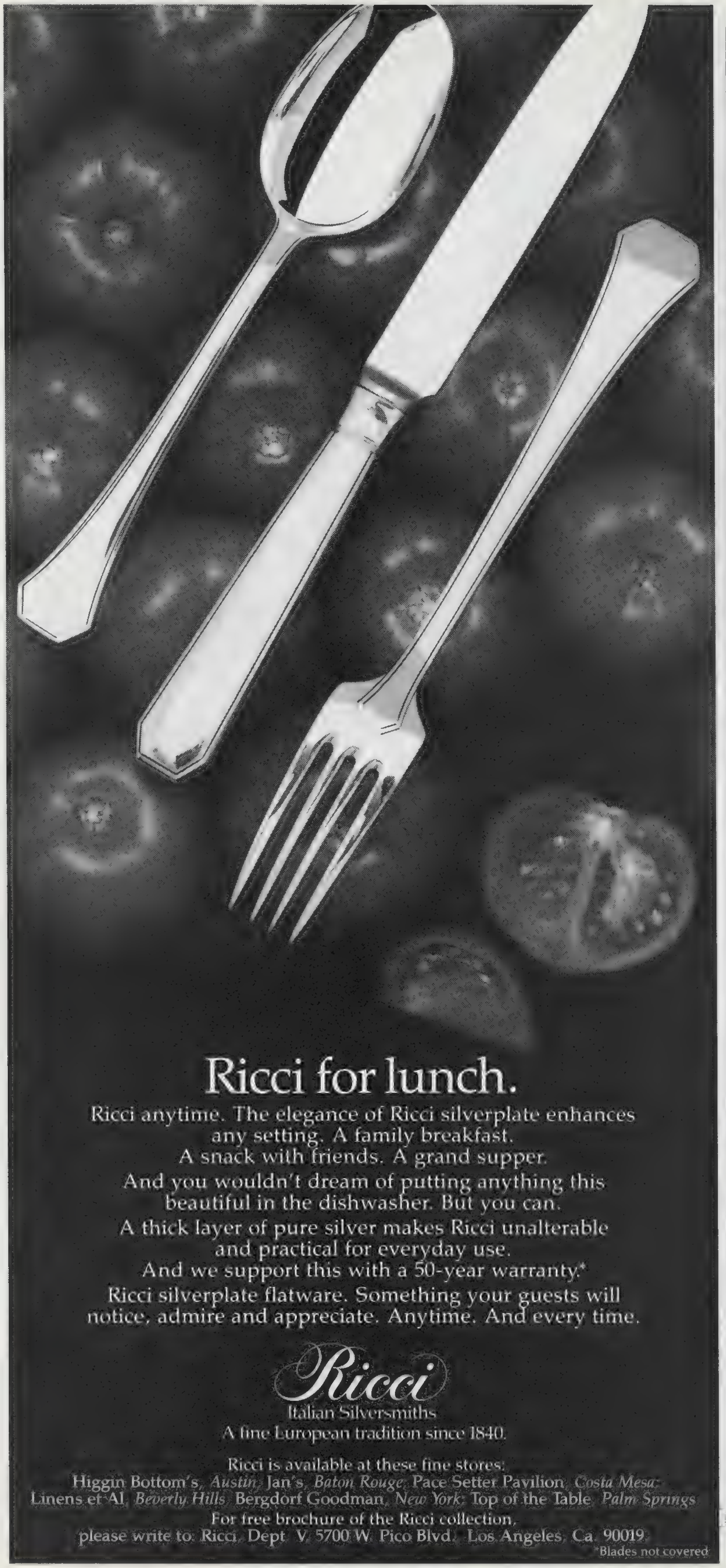




## "THE ONLY PLACE TO BE"

*(Continued from page 102)*

safe is, to put your jewelry away. I used to live here when I first came to Paris. The hotel's like a second home to me."

"I just took it out of there," said Sheila. "I'm going to be photographed before the rehearsal, and I thought I'd wear some." Charlene was not to be defeated. She led with her only advantage. "Life in Paris is so exciting. Every day here is so enthralling that I don't have a minute to think."

"Your husband works here?" inquired Sheila, a touch automatically.

"Maybe you know him. Saul Hyott . . .?"

"The guy with the dancers?"

"He doesn't have them anymore. He's an entrepreneur now."

"Ah."

"I must go for my fitting at Dior," said Charlene. "Iris, hurry up and finish."

"*Christian* Dior?" asked Sheila. Charlene smiled. Couture always got them interested. She had her hooked now, and could afford to attack. "Listen," she said, pointing to the white case, "I know a place where you can get a really good-looking bag instead of that." Sheila stared at it: she had taken in Charlene's suit, and although it was not her style—she preferred big prints, organzas and voluminous coats—she had to admit that Charlene had Parisian chic. "You do?" she said. "It's very handy."

"That's the problem with America," said Charlene. "Things are handy instead of being elegant. Come with me, I'll take you to Hermès for something that really is worthy of you."

"Hermès is a fortune," said Sheila, who had always been tight with her money.

"*Then,*" said Charlene, her voice rising in the excitement of revelation, "there's a place where they copy every single thing Hermès makes, at half price. It's wonderful."

"What's the address?" asked Sheila.

"Oh no," said Charlene. "You can't just walk in there off the street."

"Do I have to call first?" Sheila had taken a pen from her case and was ready to write on one of the paper napkins on the table.

"They have to know you," said Charlene, "before they'll let you in. But I'm a good customer. I'll take you, whenever you want."

"Is it really cheaper?" asked Sheila, not to be won over so easily.

"Half the price! And the leather is just as good."

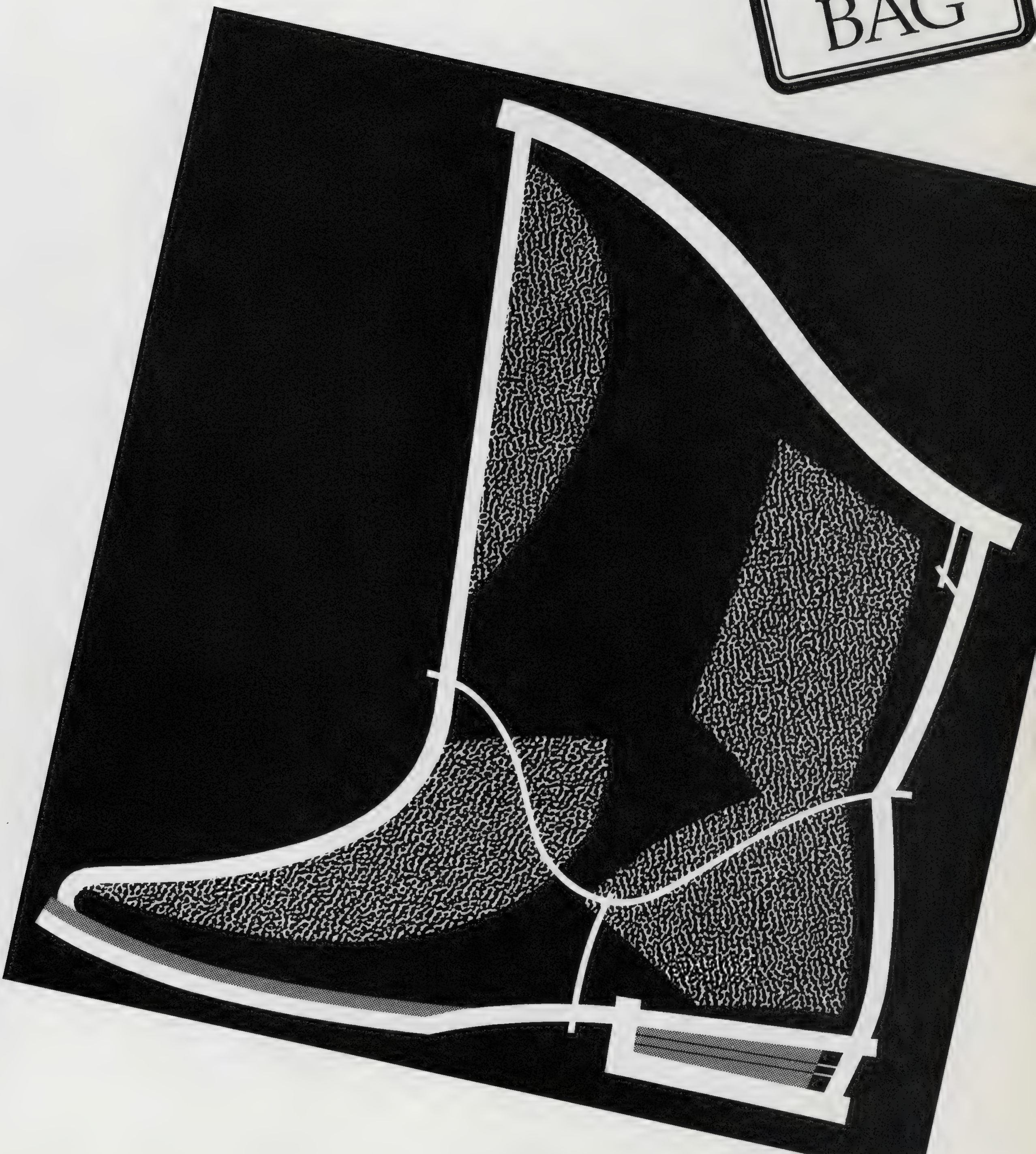
"I don't think I'll have the time," said Sheila, uncharmed by the idea of being Charlene's protégée. "I'm rehearsing every day."

"We'll be at your opening," said Charlene. "Saul always takes me to the openings. We'll probably be with Edith Piaf and Jojo Cléry, the boxer."

"Good, I'll see you then," said Sheila. Charlene realized the names meant nothing to an American. Quickly she continued. "And then I think we should give a party for you. There must be lots of people you'd like to see here. Huston's in town, and Zanuck, and Art Buchwald, of course, he's so funny, do you get to see his column in America? And then Aly Khan might be around unless he's gone to the country, although he usually goes later than this."

Sheila began to show some interest. She made no move to *(Continued on page 106)*

BEENE BAG



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## "THE ONLY PLACE TO BE"

*(Continued from page 104)*

leave the table. Charlene's patter soared. "Of course, Burt Lancaster and Kirk are here, making that circus film, and Gina is here too, doing something about a church with Anthony Quinn. Oh, it would be such a nice party!" Charlene lit a cigarette.

"Well, maybe Saturday would be fun, after so surprised."

"Why did she tell me you married a farmer?" asked Sheila.

"Well, Tyler, my husband, was in agriculture," she said. "He owned plantations. Groves, oranges."

"Huh," said Shelia, now bored. "I thought you were married to Saul Hyott." "Sheila," Charlene answered, "I know I can tell you this because you're sophisticated. Paris isn't like the States"—she lowered her voice, in the pretense of keeping from Iris a fact of which the child was necessarily aware—"I'm . . . I'm not

*"Iris's classmates were destined to be baronesses and marquises or at least de something-or-other"*

the last show, or right at the end of the run, it's only a week. Have you ever met Maurice Chevalier?"

"Maurice? He's one of Saul's best friends."

Suddenly Sheila felt more comfortable in Charlene's company. "I thought you'd married a guy who was some kind of farmer."

"A farmer? You've got to be joking."

"No, it's coming back to me now. Soula told me you'd married a farmer. Remember Soula?"

"Oh, Soula!" said Charlene with scorn. "She's a big star now too, and she didn't have a quarter of your talent."

"She married a French director, and I think she lives in Paris. Maybe you could track her down, we could have a reunion!"

Soula, thought Charlene, I never liked her. "I'd love to do that," she answered. "She'll be

married to Saul. The servants and everybody think we are, but we're not."

Sheila, unfazed, looked at her watch. "I'd better get to the lobby, some poor guy's been waiting for me there for twenty minutes. Call me later. Room two twenty-seven."

"You don't mind that I'm not married to Saul?" asked Charlene, imputing to her friend standards of decency that were part of her memory of the States, and hoping, just a little, to shock.

"Honey," said Sheila, "why should I mind? I'm a dyke."

Iris, who had followed the conversation with great and silent application, watched Sheila leave the table, pushing the bulk of her coat before her, and asked, "Maman, what is a dyke?"

"You speak when you are spoken to," said

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Charlene, who then ordered *fraises*—big ordinary strawberries, not *fraises des bois,* which were too exotic for a child—for Iris and more coffee for herself. As she drank it she reflected that the mere fact of living in Paris—Paris, France, to the unsophisticated—imbued her life with a glamour that made someone like Sheila McCoy seem, for all her loose talk, oddly provincial. Expatriatism offered the best of many worlds: with the privacy of distance, far from home, she could be who she wanted to be with no one watching but foreigners and other racy types like herself, brave people who had taken their destiny in hand. Those too dull or fearful to travel had been automatically eliminated. From the vantage point of her table at the Relais Plaza, Charlene felt like she owned the town, which for her was inhabited by people who stayed in good hotels or houses they rented for six months at a time. She had not read Henry James or Edith Wharton, and thought Proust was a peculiar version of the verb "to push." To her, the tall green portals in the long streets across the Seine concealed not generations of aristocrats but a smell of drains. Instead of the social citadels of the Faubourg Saint-Germain, she had chosen to storm the undefended bastions of luxury, the shops and couture houses. It was easy; the cash that Saul carried in huge quantities was always welcome, and so, in consequence, was she.

She spoke French, but her relationship with the language was a hostile one, limited to kidnapping certain expressions for use within English. In her first years she had learned restaurant French—*à point, bien cuit, pas de sel, vinaigrette, champagne sec*—and couture French, and shopping French—*c'est trop cher, c'est trop petit, c'est trop grand, avez vous une autre couleur?*—and just a touch of mood French. She was prone to such ills as *chagrin, ennui,* a touch of *mal du siècle.* Too much drinking gave her a *gueule de bois* rather more often than she would have liked to admit. Monthly she had a little *mal au ventre,* and took a *sieste tous les jours.* She no longer went to the movies but to the *cinéma,* although she preferred *projections privées.* Nothing sent her to sleep faster than a *suppositoire,* and she enjoyed shocking raw newcomers with references to her daily *douche,* by which she meant what happened in the shower rather than over the *bidet.* Her *savoir faire* was endless; although she generally described herself as *sans souci* and full of *joie de vivre,* she tolerated no trace of *sans gêne* from those around her.

She read the local paper, which by good luck was written in English and had the same name as the paper her friends took in New York. She read French dirty books, which by another stroke of luck were written and published in English by the Olympia Press. Sometimes, when an allergy to shellfish or something in the air caused her to seek a remedy from the corner *pharmacie,* she was forced to read the directions on a box of salve; and that was the extent of her effort to assimilate. Her doctor, thank God, was the English-speaking heart throb at the American Hospital in Neuilly. She and Saul mingled with some locals, of course, but they were boxers, actors, singers, whose talent and good luck had freed them from the cloister of nationality. What she called Paris was no more than an idealized no-man's-land that had nothing to do with France.

They walked home (she had no fitting that day, it had been just a detail to flash at Sheila) through the city she thought she knew.

Julie opened the *(Continued on page 108)*

*one day, i want to wear geoffrey beene shoes too....*

GEOFFREY BEENE SHOES FOR ANDREW GELLER INDUSTRIES INC. PHOTOGRAPH: ROBERT FARBER

## "THE ONLY PLACE TO BE"

*(Continued from page 106)*

door for them, and Bijou and Toasty, the Yorkshire terriers, tumbled across the marble floor to Charlene and followed her into the salon. Iris automatically headed toward the backstairs, and descended cautiously to the kitchen, where a bag full of homework was waiting for her. "Hello," she said to Céleste, and amended it quickly to "*Bonsoir.*" She wasn't always sure what language she should be using. She gave a little shrug, took a *langue de chat* from the cookie tin, and slid onto a chair at the kitchen table. Julie came into the kitchen and began emptying ice into a crystal bucket. "Pour Madame," she said, rolling her eyes. Iris took her history book and her *cahier* from her schoolbag, and licked the end of her ink pencil. "*Jeudi,*" she wrote in her notebook, in careful script.

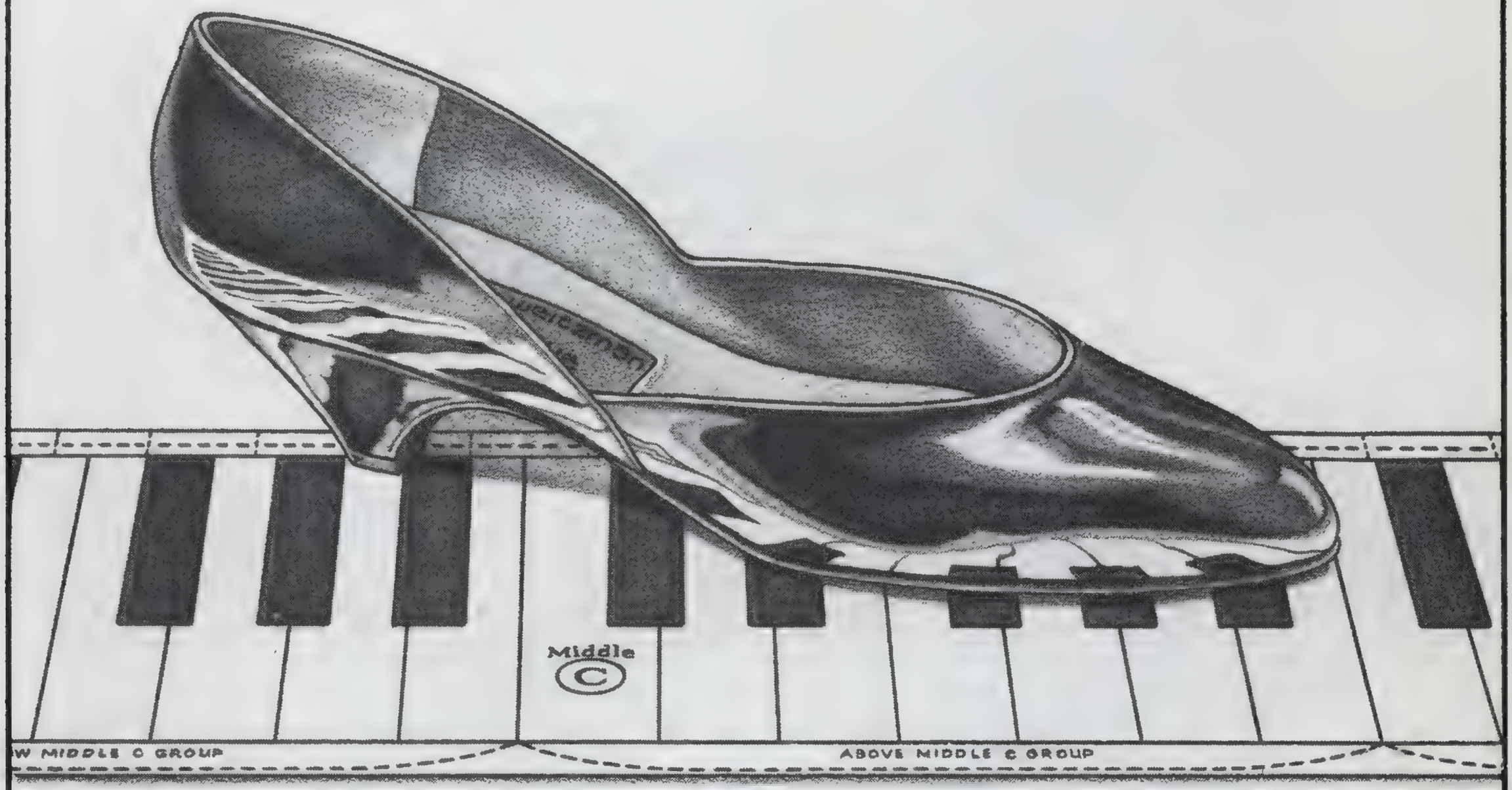
She had been thrown into the deep end of French before she was three, and since then, navigating between two languages, nothing had been simple. If Charlene's perception of French was that it was a necessary adjunct to the good life, Iris's response was more complex. Her knowledge of the language was so thorough that it was to lay syntactical traps for her throughout her life. It was more of a terrarium to her than a mother tongue: she was trapped inside it, looking out, and desperately trying to adjust herself to the actions that its multiple meanings demanded of her. This was not noticed immediately as an affliction: her many mistranslations into English afforded Saul and Charlene much mirth, as when Iris inquired politely if she was "déranging" them when she came into their room. She startled little American children by calling them dirty muzzles, an apt description of their candy-smeared mouths, which, unfortunately, did not carry the same weight as *sales mufles.*

The world about her, the suite at the Plaza Athénée, the Cours Victor Hugo, and now the apartment were minefields of misapprehension. The drawing room paneling was "woodery" to her; the drapes were dyed things; the lampshades, *abats-jours,* were "kill-the-days." The Venetian blinds at school, rattling parallels of ivory plastic, were "jealousies."

Life in the kitchen did nothing to ease Iris's semantic fears. As she sat doing her homework between Julie, who leafed through *Cinémonde, Paris Match* and *Elle* with equal interest, and Céleste, who was cutting things into tiny pieces on her chopping board, Iris that afternoon learned that only the poor paid, that Madame took herself for she didn't know who, that Monsieur seemed to have a lot to do with *la pègre,* whoever Peg was.

Iris hunched dutifully over her history book. She was puzzled: the picture in front of her showed a pair of strolling players. "Here are two troubadours," she read in French, "who are coming to entertain the lord of the castle and his family. Describe their costumes. Why do they each carry a musical instrument?" She figured them to be an early version of Sheila McCoy, with a musical arranger, on their way to a rehearsal. She looked across at the cabinet, where the blue-and-gold soup tureens were kept. If Sheila McCoy was a troubadour, surely that meant that Charlene was the Lady of the Castle. Then why did her mother act as if Sheila McCoy were more important than she was? ▽

ILLUSTRATION JAN G. SMITH

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# Entertaining: Tips and Treats

*A treasure: the free-lance chef…new summer cooler…food by wire*

**By Sandi Britton**

**Barbara Gorin unloads her shopping cart, packed with ingredients for a four-course dinner. *Below*, in a client's kitchen.**

Somewhere along the scale of available party help, between take-out food and all-out catering, is a great new category: the free-lance chef. She takes care of the food for your party so you are free to arrange flowers, table settings, and feel as pampered as your guests—the ultimate luxury of entertaining at home. In New York, free-lance chefing is attracting spirited, energetic young women who are also talented cooks. Our prime example: Barbara Gorin. Barbara has cooked dinners for two, made cocktail appetizers for one hundred, but prefers to prepare sit-down dinners for twelve to twenty people. Her trademark: a totally modern, cool-under-pressure approach to organizing each party, based on complete professionalism, meticulous planning. From the moment she arrives with her oversized shopping cart packed with all the things that go into the dinner, you know that everything is going to be perfect. Here's how she works: Barbara and her client go over a list of food preferences and dislikes, that becomes a permanent record in her files, to be used when she works for that client again, and then decide on a menu. "Most people still want four courses," she says, "and I try to steer them to a light first course, such as scallop mousse wrapped in spinach leaves with fresh tomato and tarragon sauce. There's a return to hearty main courses—less pretentious food—especially American country dishes like ham and biscuits, chicken pot pie. I like chopped salad—a chopped Caesar salad with homemade croutons and a dressing made with egg yolks. For dessert, everyone wants something rich: a Grand Marnier soufflé or a Maida Heatter (she's written the chocolate lover's bible) chocolate cake."

The client receives a check list of things to be done to make Barbara's work go more smoothly the night of the party. Some of her requests: cleared kitchen counters, an empty dishwasher, refrigerator space, certain serving items. Barbara (and any additional help she may be asked to provide) always leaves a spotless kitchen. "I bring certain emergency items with me: matches, a corkscrew, a can opener, decaffeinated instant coffee—as well as certain basics, like my own well-honed knives."

JADE ALBERT

Barbara shops for all the food, prepares some in advance, cooks the rest in the party-giver's home. She charges one hourly fee for shopping and preparations, another hourly fee for the time spent in the client's home. Her customers: some of New York's most distinguished hosts and hostesses. *Left,* she prepares chicken pot pie for a dinner party in honor of former New York Mayor *Robert Wagner* and his wife, *Phyllis Cerf Wagner,* given by *Eleanor and Jack R. Howard* (chairman of Scripps-Howard Broadcasting Company), in their NYC apartment. *Note:* The Wagners gave the Howards the individual crystal wine decanters that were at each place setting. Says Mrs. Howard: "They were the ideal Christmas present." *(For Barbara's special recipes, see page 112.)*

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*It's slender. It's more you.*

# BARBARA GORIN'S RECIPES

*(Continued from page 110)*

## CHICKEN POT PIE

*six to eight servings*

**For the stock**
Bones from 5 whole chicken breasts
1 celery stalk, 1 carrot, chopped
1 medium onion, sliced
1 tablespoon salt
10 whole black peppercorns
5 whole cloves
5 sprigs of parsley
1 large bay leaf
Water to cover

**For the pastry**
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons cold unsalted butter
1½ tablespoons lard
⅓ cup iced water

**For the filling**
Meat from 5 whole chicken breasts, cut into bite-sized pieces
Vegetable oil for frying
Salt, pepper, and *herbes de Provence*

**For the sauce**
6 tablespoons unsalted butter
7 tablespoons flour for *roux*
3 cups warm stock *(above)*
½ cup heavy cream
Dash of mace

**For pastry glaze**
1 small egg mixed with 1 tablespoon water

Make stock by simmering all stock ingredients for 1 hour. Strain.

Make pastry by combining all dry ingredients in large bowl and cutting in butter and lard till pieces about size of rice remain. Add iced water all at once and stir quickly with fork till just mixed. Refrigerate 1 to 2 hours.

Coat bite-sized pieces of chicken with enough flour to cover and sear in 12- to 14-inch skillet with vegetable oil just to cover bottom of skillet. When chicken pieces are lightly browned, remove and set aside, dusting with salt, pepper, and *herbes de Provence*.

In 4-quart saucepan gently melt butter and add flour to form a *roux*. Slowly add warm stock and cook over low heat till thickened. Add cream, stirring constantly. Add salt, pepper, and mace to taste.

Combine cooked chicken pieces and sauce and place in ovenproof dish. Roll out pastry to 1/8-inch thickness, conform to casserole dish. Carefully transfer pastry to top of chicken mixture. Tuck overlap into casserole and decorate top of pastry with leaf shapes. Cut slit in middle of pastry to allow steam to escape while cooking. Brush pastry with egg glaze and bake in preheated 350° oven for 45 minutes or till chicken is hot and crust is golden.

## SIMPLE PASTA

*six to eight servings*

½ pound carrots, peeled
½ pound fresh asparagus
12–15 oil-cured black Greek olives, pitted
3 cups heavy cream
1 tablespoon olive oil
1 pound fresh angel hair pasta
Freshly grated Grana Padano (or Parmesan) cheese
Salt and freshly ground pepper

**One hour ahead of serving time:**
Cut carrots into thin julienne strips of approximately 1½ inch lengths. Cook in boiling water for 2 minutes. Refresh in cold water. Drain and set aside.

Cut asparagus into similar julienne strips, using tips and tender parts of stalks only. Dip asparagus in boiling water and remove immediately (this is only to turn color bright green). Refresh in cold water, drain and set aside.

Cut olives into long slivers. Set aside.

Pour cream into 4-quart saucepan and simmer over low heat till one-half original volume and thickened. Keep warm.

**To serve:**
Bring 6 quarts water to rapid boil. Add 1 tablespoon salt, 1 tablespoon olive oil.

Cook pasta in rapidly boiling water for 30 seconds to 1½ minutes. Do not overcook.

Combine carrots, asparagus, and olive slivers and add to warm cream reduction. Add salt and freshly ground pepper to taste. Drain pasta quickly and return to kettle. Pour vegetable sauce over and toss together to coat pasta. Serve immediately with grated cheese.

## FREE-FORM APPLE TART

*eight to ten servings*

**For pâte brisée**
2 cups flour
12 tablespoons cold unsalted butter
1 tablespoon sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
Dash of nutmeg
⅓ cup ice water

**For apple filling**
4 or 5 Golden Delicious apples
⅓ cup sugar
2 tablespoons unsalted butter

**For glaze**
½ cup apricot jam
Juice of ½ lemon

**Pâte brisée:**
Mix dry ingredients in bowl and cut in cold butter till crumbly, leaving some pieces of butter size of corn kernels or peas.

Add iced water and quickly mix with fork till dough forms a ball. Be careful not to overmix as you want small pieces of butter to be visible in dough.

Refrigerate for at least 1 hour, or overnight.

Roll pâte brisée on floured board till approximately 1/8-inch thick. An oval shape is most convenient for baking on 11x16 inch cookie sheet. Do not trim. Transfer to cookie sheet by folding in half and carefully lifting. Refrigerate till ready to fill.

**Apple filling:**
Peel and core apples and cut into ⅛-inch slices.

Arrange apple slices overlapping one another in single layer beginning in center of pastry and spiraling outward. Filling should extend to 1½ inches of edge of dough.

Fold pâte brisée border over itself once to create free-form frame around apples.

Sprinkle sugar over apples evenly. Cut butter into small pieces and distribute over top.

Bake in preheated 400° oven for 15 minutes and reduce heat to 375° for 50 minutes more. Remove from oven when apples begin to brown and crust is golden and flaky.

**To glaze:**
Heat apricot jam and lemon juice together in small saucepan. Brush glaze over baked tart while still warm. ▽

2 ply cashmere jewel neck dress with separate cashmere scarf and belt.
For him: sleeveless 2 ply cashmere V-neck.
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Concept: L'Association De Beauté (516) 427-9605

HAIR NOW (upper left corner) **Partial Perming** at its best. Only the top is permed. The sides . . . brushed back for ease of care. (upper right) **1 Short Hair** at its sexiest! Permed for volume over the forehead. The technique: **Rod Alternating,** 1 small, 1 large throughout. Her **color:** shades of blonde, highlighted with foil for depth and dimension. **2** Our **Long Hair** easy maintenance cut is heavily layered thoughout and permed for softness on large rods. Her blonde highlights were pulled delicately through a **Special Cap.**

This design (lower left), was lightly layered, and given a gentle **bodywave,** then dried naturally. A wispy fringe is cut and brushed back at the top and sides to bring attention to your eyes. (lower right) Firm waves and curls **permed** for volume, spilling over one eye for an asymmetrical feeling. Heavy layering throughout. FOR EXPERT IDEAS ON YOUR HAIR CALL ON THESE TOP SALONS IN YOUR AREA...NOW!

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**Springfield & Decatur, Illinois**

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**Greenwich, Connecticut**

**V. FARRICELLI/HAIR & SKIN STUDIO**
**Hamden, Connecticut**

**PETER JOHN/HAIR DESIGNS**
**Plainview, New York**

**ROBIN WEIR & CO.**
**Washington, D.C.**

**CLOTHES/ MOI le CHIC**
**Woodbury, New York**

Photo: Phil Ennis

# Living:

## Ideas and Trends

**By Barbara Plumb**

*New "stages" in room design...*
*soft fabrics with solid impact*
*...a seat for all seasons*

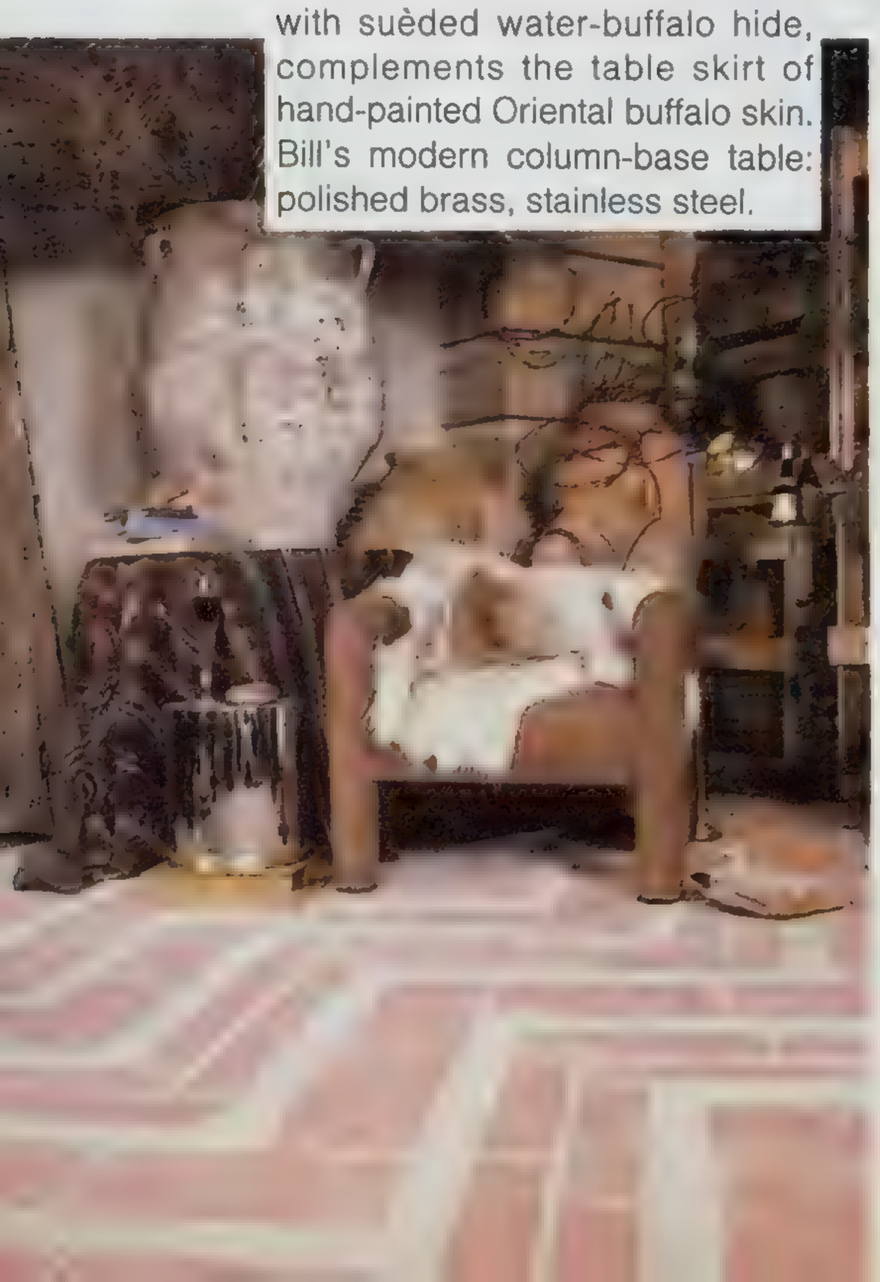
NORMAN PARKINSON

hough Diana Phipps, *right,* began decorating for her own pleasure (two houses in London, two homes in the English countryside, a small apartment in New York City), friends soon coaxed her into creating romantic Victorian interiors for them. (Two recent clients: Gore Vidal and Lady Antonia Fraser.) "There is a sort of myth about decorating," Diana said, "that it has to look as if it has taken a long time and is very expensive. If one puts a room together quickly, more like a stage set, it can be more fun." This bathroom with a working fireplace (from *Diana Phipps's Affordable Splendor,* Random House) is located at the top of a one-room barn-turned-house with original seventeenth-century stone walls, oak beams. Brown and cream batik covers the plaster walls in the bathroom, which is open to the rest of the house—"I wanted it to look as unbathroomy as possible," Diana said.

*The inspiration: architectural details (above, right)—faceted stone, fluted marble, paneled wood. Result: a striking collection of trompe l'oeil prints on cotton, silk, wool—only their colors reveal that they aren't wood or stone. By architects Robert and Trix Haussmann, and photographer Alfred Hablützel. Available through designers at Mira-X, New York City.*

## RE-THINKING TILES

Rather than using grout just to fill spaces, designer Bill Goldsmith widened it to become a decorative element in the herringbone pattern in an Italian terra-cotta tile floor *(below)*. An arm-chair by Bill, covered with suèded water-buffalo hide, complements the table skirt of hand-painted Oriental buffalo skin. Bill's modern column-base table: polished brass, stainless steel.

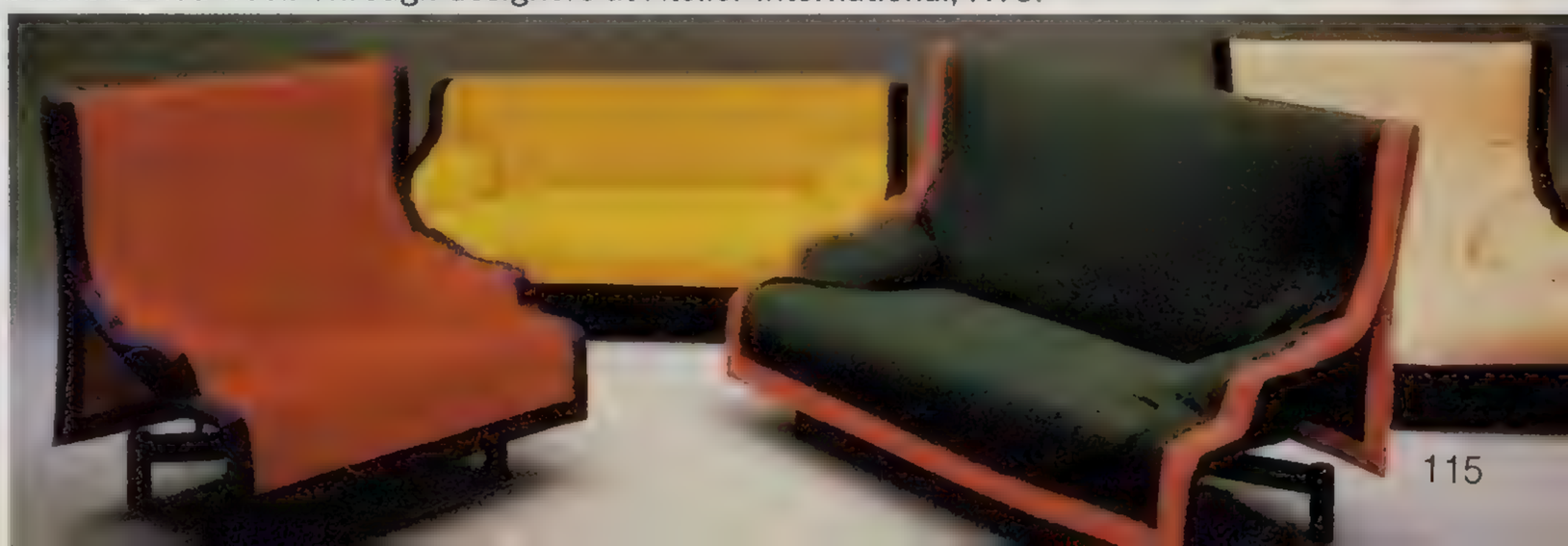


BETH BAPTISTE

***"BRIGHT" LIGHT*** *ONE BRILLIANT FLASH OF COLOR—A RED ACRYLIC HANDLE—VITALIZES THE "SCOOP" ACCENT LAMP: STEEL, BLACK ENAMEL FINISH. BY STAN MAGNAN, GARY PAYNE. $100, AT SOINTU, NEW YORK CITY.*

## *Quick-switch seating*

Furniture with fabric you can change with the seasons—one advantage of the "Sinbad" line by architect Vico Magistretti, whose past works are part of the permanent collection of New York City's Museum of Modern Art. " 'Sinbad' is soft seating without upholstery," Magistretti says of his cotton-piqué, brushed-wool, or thick leather covers that fasten over steel-framed sofas and chairs like blankets, using hidden clips and Velcro. All fabrics are edged with grosgrain in racing-color combinations. *Below:* Chair, $2490; sofa, $3790, both brushed wool. Through designers at Atelier International, NYC.



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# Tony Roberts talks about his first time.

ROBERTS: It was exactly seven years, eleven months, two weeks and five days ago, at 7:00 PM on Fire Island.

*INTERVIEWER: You remember the exact moment?!*

ROBERTS: Of course. A man never forgets his first time.

*INTERVIEWER: It must have been quite an experience. You must tell me about it.*

ROBERTS: I was at a beach party comparing tan lines, when an exotic woman in a red sarong sauntered over in my direction. I immediately noticed that she had the best tan on the beach.

*INTERVIEWER: Go on.*

ROBERTS: She looked me straight in the eye and said, "Campari?"

"I'm sorry," I replied, "I don't speak Italian."

"Neither do I," she said. I was so embarrassed.

*INTERVIEWER: I can see why!*

ROBERTS: Anyway, she handed me a Campari and orange juice, and sipped a Campari and soda herself. Then I understood.

*INTERVIEWER: How was it?*

ROBERTS: At first I thought it was bitter. Then I realized it was sweet, too. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

*INTERVIEWER: Was she amused?*

ROBERTS: Very. She said, "You'll acquire a taste for it, Tony. Most men do."

She was right. My second time was much better. And now I like to have it as often as I can.

*INTERVIEWER: Did you ever see the young woman again?*

ROBERTS: No, but I keep hoping I will. I've enjoyed it so many ways since my first time... now I could teach her a thing or two.

If it's your first time, mix Campari® with orange juice. Then venture on to soda or tonic. © 1982—Imported by Campari U.S.A. New York, N.Y. 48 proof Spirit Aperitif (Liqueur)

**CAMPARI. THE FIRST TIME IS NEVER THE BEST.**

# Wines

**By Martin Gersh**

## New is good, but old can be great: how to preserve a heritage

In recent months, I have found myself thinking about one thorny wine problem, which has led me to discuss my own idea of its possible solution with a number of leading wine producers in this country and abroad. In turn, I feel it might be well to reveal this matter to you who are wine consumers before any further time has elapsed.

What it all comes down to is my conviction—which grows stronger with each passing day—that unless something is done soon to mitigate the current trend of producing an ever-expanding proportion of the world's most complex red table wines in conformity with the principles of modern technology, the art of making traditional very long-lived and magnificent red wines may die out entirely within a very short time.

In strict fairness, I must concede at once that many wines made by the new methods are excellent—charming, fruitier than ever, elegant, well balanced, immediately appealing even when very young—and therefore fully capable of captivating anyone who loves fine wines, including an inveterate traditionalist like me. I also realize how costly it is for producers to house wines required to rest in wooden barrels for up to three years or even longer—the expense and care involved in such a venture must be frightful!

Moreover, without making the slightest pretense of having any technical expertise in winemaking, even I have some dim awareness that knowledge derived from the laboratory, when used as intelligently and imaginatively as it often has been during recent years, has brought about significant improvements in fermentation techniques as well as in other steps involved in the winemaking process, right down to the eventual distribution of the finished product to the consumer.

It should therefore be clear to you that much of what is characterized as the new technology is very impressive to me—except that: (1) when tasting red wines thus produced, I observe their potential life expectancy curtailed more and more with each succeeding vintage; and (2) I do not find in them the multiple layers of complexity that make traditionally produced wines so endlessly fascinating and, in fact, constitute their true greatness.

Consequently, I fear that before long, unless some small part of the grape harvest from each superior year is regularly set aside for the production of slowly maturing, very muscular red wines, steeped in oak, and somewhat closed—even manifestly unpleasant—in their youth, serious wine lovers may never again be able to experience long-lived classic red Bordeaux, truly great red Burgundies, superb Barolo, Barbaresco, and Brunello di Montalcino Riservas, or any of the other fine examples of old-style winemaking I have come to know and love so well during my seventeen years of drinking first-quality wines.

With all these intricate and sometimes conflicting elements in mind, this is what I propose, and urge upon any producer whose red wine contains the potential for greatness: Why not use 10 to 15 percent of the most select grapes from every fine vintage year to make a wine with a long initial fermentation period (followed by malolactic fermentation at the appropriate stage), subsequently providing all the aging time the wine may require in wood—and thus turn a very small part of your overall production into a classic reserve? When such a "reserve" is marketed, charge a price for it commensurate with its cost to you. Produce the rest of that vintage's wine utilizing the most current innovations that appeal to you—and let us see how the two wines compare over the years. Should you feel that restoring the missing structure to great reds does not depend on altering current fermentation techniques nor lengthening the period of aging in wood—find your own right way to make the classic wines we have known in the past!

It seems to me that making two wines instead of one in a fine year meets the needs—financial as well as esthetic—of all parties concerned. Some producers who follow this course may honestly prefer the wines resulting from the new technology to those in the older style—and could state that on their labels, should they so desire. Nevertheless, by creating a small amount of traditionally produced "reserve," I believe it would be said that winemakers were preserving a great heritage that has given the world some of its most wonderful wines.

The Portuguese red table wines you will encounter below are honest, straightforward wines, devoid of startling eccentricities. They strike me as having sure and solid underpinnings—as though the people who make them have done so for generations, have perfected their techniques, and are comfortable with the whole business. Most of these examples have already demonstrated sound aging capacity; and if purchased now, there is not one among them that would fail to reward you with good drinking over the next several years.

## RECOMMENDATIONS

### PORTUGAL

*GRÃO VASCO 1977 (VINICOLA DO VALE DO DÃO)* A very good, soft-spoken and well-constructed red wine from the Dão region, quite fruity and most attractive. *Vintage rating: Fair. Best drinking: for the next 4-5 years. Aeration: 2-2¼ hours. $4-$4.50. (Note: Always recork wines after aeration and between all pourings to prevent fading.)*

*GARRAFEIRA 1970 (CARVALHO, RIBEIRO & FERREIRA)* Serene and pretty, rather lightweight, a red wine with good balance in its taste elements, providing a very pleasant experience—if not a particularly challenging one. *Vintage rating: Information not available. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $6-$6.50.*

*PERIQUITA 1975 (JOSÉ MARÍA DA FONSECA)* A fine and dignified red table wine—deep-toned, richly fruity, with substantial body and considerable finesse. *Vintage rating: Information not available. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 15-20 minutes. $4.50-$5.*

*GARRAFEIRA PARTICULAR 1970 (CAVES ALIANÇA)* Animated, moderate-to-large in size, with a beguiling red raspberry flavor element—a lovely wine. *Vintage rating: Information not available. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 15-20 minutes. $6-$6.50.*

*GARRAFEIRA 1968 (CAVES VELHAS)* This very fine Bordeaux-style red table wine is now in its vigorous middle age—cohesive, with high tonality and moderate body. An amazing value. *Vintage rating: Information not available. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 1-1¼ hours. $4.50-$5.*

*CASAL DA AZENHA RESERVA 1960 (ANTONIO BERNARDINO DA SILVA CHITAS)* Highly civilized, a wine of moderate size—somewhat understated, with a delicious hint of wild strawberries. *Vintage rating: Information not available. Best drinking: for the next 1-2 years. Aeration: 20-25 minutes. $6.50-$7.*

*GARRAFEIRA 1964 (CAVES VELHAS)* Somber, massive and concentrated, middle-to-deep in taste tonality—this fine, sturdy red wine is remarkably muscular and youthful for an eighteen-year-old bottle! *Vintage rating: Information not available. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 1¼-1½ hours. $6-$7.*

### U.S.A.

*VEEDERCREST SAUVIGNON BLANC 1979 (SHILOH VINEYARD)* Charming and elegant, high in tonality, with small-to-moderate body, Veedercrest Sauvignon Blanc 1979 from Sonoma County, California, is a delicate and delectable white wine. *Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 2-3 years. Aeration: Refrigerate for 2½ hours, then aerate 30-40 minutes. $6-$7.*

*WILLIAM HILL CABERNET SAUVIGNON 1978* Bold, deep, young, and huge—this superb, fairly tannic Cabernet from Mt. Veeder, Napa Valley, California, has terrific concentration and a striking taste resemblance to one of my great Bordeaux loves, Château Montrose. *Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 5-7 years. Aeration: 2-2¼ hours. $16-$17.*

### ITALY

*BARBARESCO 1975 (GAJA)* Opulent, full-bodied, revealing intense fruitiness and perfect balance, Angelo Gaja's Barbaresco 1975 from Piedmont is an urbane and memorable red wine. *Vintage rating: Fair. Best drinking: for the next 3-5 years. Aeration: 1-1¼ hours. $8.50-$10.*

*BRUSCO DEI BARBI 1978 (FATTORIA DEI BARBI)* A magical red wine—Burgundian in manner, forceful and deep, with imposing size, Brusco dei Barbi 1978 from Tuscany has an enchanting sweet finish to its taste. *Vintage rating: Very Good. Best drinking: for the next 3-4 years. Aeration: 45 minutes-1 hour. $9-$11.* ▽

# Travel Now

*London theater tickets: dial toll-free…best of Baden-Baden …waterfront news in Manhattan*

**By Richard Alleman**

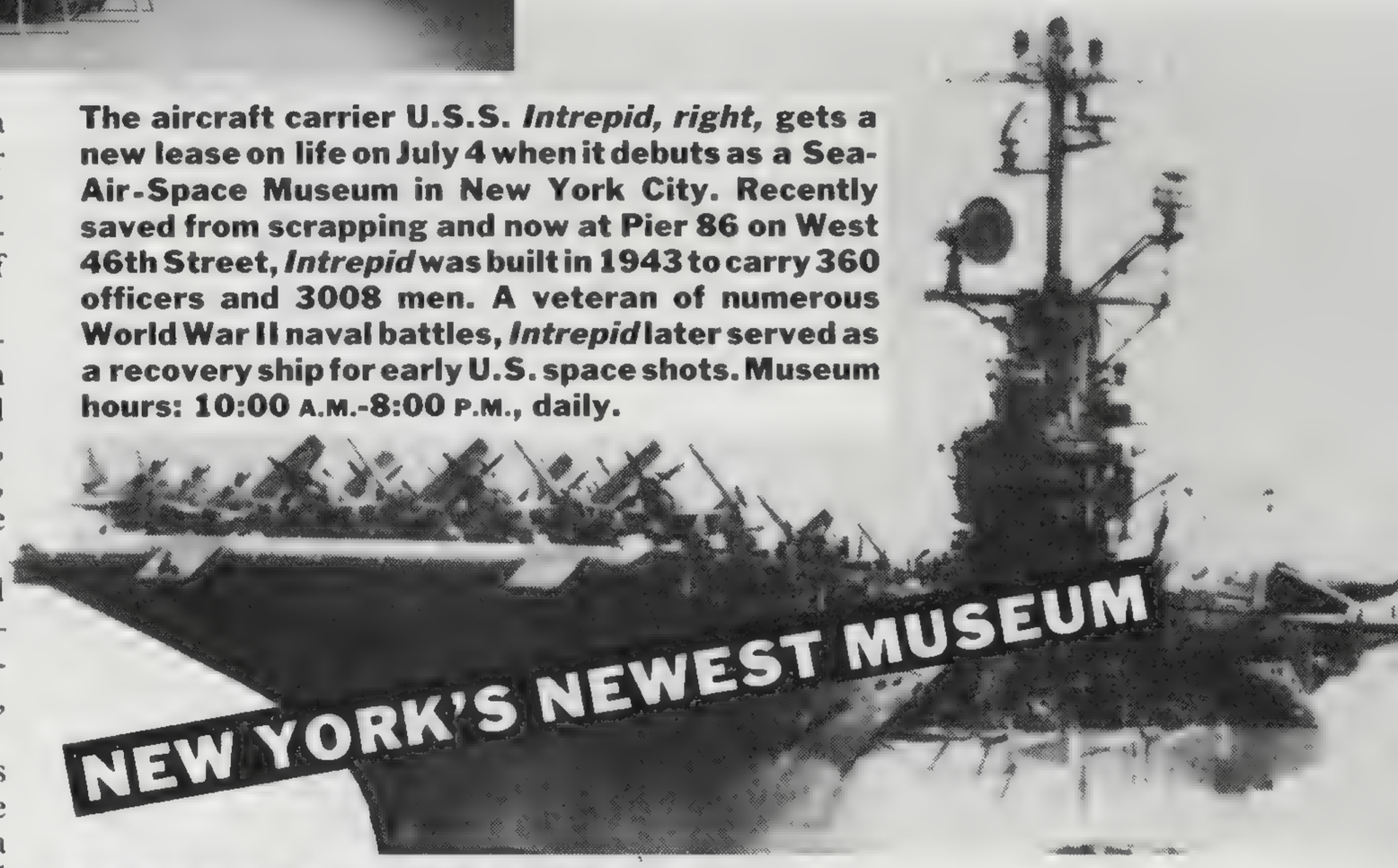
Glamorous base for a new European tour program: Baden-Baden, Germany—fabled resort of nineteenth-century royals. In this beautiful Black Forest spa town: manicured parks, pine-scented air, flower-filled squares, heavenly pastry shops, and one of the most opulent casinos on earth (*above*).

New nine-day packages—organized by Professional Travel Systems of America, Inc. of Clearwater, Florida—offer a choice of Baden-Baden hotels . . . including the legendary Brenner's Park-Hotel with its own huge indoor pool, medical clinic, and Lancaster Beauty Farm.

In addition to the delights of Baden-Baden, four day-trips are part of these new packages. One heads through the Rhine River valley to Basel, Switzerland. Another offers a day of wine tasting in the Black Forest. There's also a full day's excursion to Strasbourg in the Alsace region of France as well as an outing to the historied German university town of Heidelberg visiting medieval villages and castles en route.

Price—$923 for each of two persons sharing a room at Brenner's Park-Hotel—includes breakfasts and dinners, excursions, wine tastings, transfers. Air fare between the U.S. and Frankfurt is additional. Departures year 'round. See travel agent or page 129.

**The aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Intrepid, right,* gets a new lease on life on July 4 when it debuts as a Sea-Air-Space Museum in New York City. Recently saved from scrapping and now at Pier 86 on West 46th Street, *Intrepid* was built in 1943 to carry 360 officers and 3008 men. A veteran of numerous World War II naval battles, *Intrepid* later served as a recovery ship for early U.S. space shots. Museum hours: 10:00 A.M.-8:00 P.M., daily.**




## GOOD SHOW!

*Now, get theater tickets to London hit shows before leaving the U.S.A. Edwards and Edwards, the London ticket agency, has opened a U.S. branch at 226 West 47th Street in New York City. Offering seats to West End productions as well as to major British festivals, the new office is open weekdays, 9:00 A.M.-5:00 P.M. Phone orders, call: (800) 223-6108; (212) 944-0290, within New York State.*

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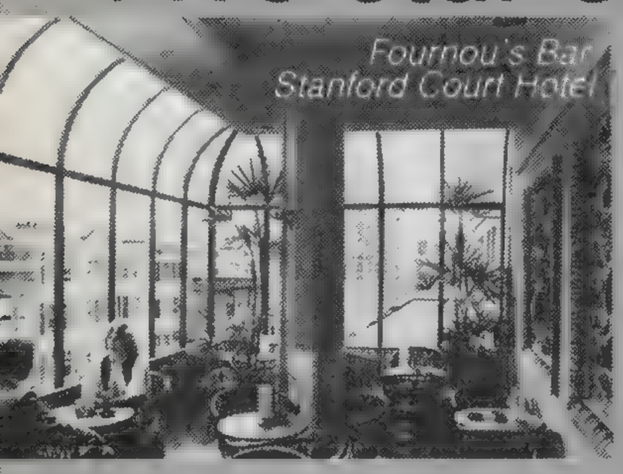


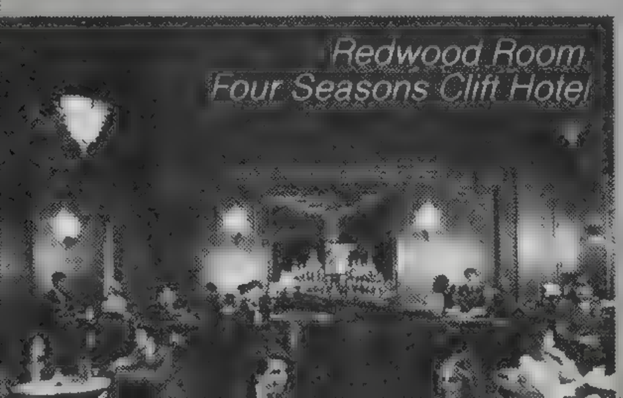


*Once a year, Mobil Travel Guides honor what they consider the best hotels, resorts, restaurants in America with a coveted five-star rating. This year, one U.S. city boasts more five-star winners than any other (four out of a nationwide total of only thirty-one). The city: San Francisco. Its winners: The Four Seasons Clift Hotel. . . The Stanford Court Hotel . . . Ernie's restaurant . . . Le Club restaurant. Congratulations!*

**Unusual ports, mild autumn weather add to the lures of two new Mediterranean sailings planned by Lindblad Cruises aboard the recently made-over M.S. *Lindblad Polaris*. Carrying just seventy-nine passengers, the Swedish-registered vessel sets out on its first Mediterranean adventure September 17. Among the ports: Tangier, Algiers, Tunis, Malta, Sicily. Shore excursions explore offbeat sites such as the ancient city of Timgad in Algeria. . . . Departing October 1, a second *Polaris* cruise heads to Greece, both well- and little-known Aegean islands—plus Cyprus, Turkey, Israel. . . . Prices for these seventeen-day floats begin at $2560—include hotels, staterooms, meals, transfers. Air fare, shore excursions are additional. See page 129.**

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*Trekking party—with pack horses, backpacks—negotiating narrow path of a steep Himalayan mountainside in Zanskar, Ladakh, India.*

STEPHANIE STOKES

# On the road to Zanskar: trek to the top of the world

## Notes on a great adventure in India's Himalayas

**BY WILLIAM P. RAYNER**

The moon may well be colonized before the Zanskar region of Ladakh is urbanized—so difficult is this remote Himalayan area of India to reach, so inhospitable is its climate for about nine months out of the year. To travel there from New York it is necessary to fly to New Delhi, then take an hour flight from New Delhi to Srinagar, then motor four days from Srinagar to Drass to Kargil and down to Padum—the principal village (eight hundred population!) of the Zanskar area. For about halfway, the road is paved with asphalt; the other half is not even paved with good intentions.

As for being inhospitable, Zanskar was anything but that during the thirty days from the middle of August to the middle of September when our group was there; but for the better part of the year, it is a land given to extremes. Being for the most part a mountain desert with a mean altitude of twelve thousand feet and a niggardly annual rainfall of six inches, it is intensely hot in the summer, while in the winter, the temperature hovers at about twenty degrees below zero Fahrenheit. If Zanskar is a land of extremes in temperature, those extremes are matched by the awesome beauty of the Himalayas, the magnificence of barren arid moonscapes, and the fascination of monasteries whose holy men appear to be as close to their God as the peasants are to nature.

Planning for a trek through this antique land demands much of the same discipline as exploring did in the nineteenth century before the world became motorized. Once the Jeeps are left behind, everything the traveler requires for thirty or more days must be carried either by pack horse or backpack, so there is a very definite limit to weight and bulk. Packing becomes a test in miniaturization. Personal articles—sleeping bags, cots or mattresses, oxygen, gaffing tape, photographic equipment, bathing supplies, books, water purifiers, parkas, clothes, rain gear, and all the rest—must not exceed thirty pounds.

The month or more before departing, advice from friends is jotted down and counsel from doctors is sought. "You simply must take a dental kit in case someone should lose a filling," warns my physician.

The traveler balances weight against warmth and trades off luxury for necessity. Nevertheless, the item on which not to skimp is shoes; they must fit perfectly, sport Vibram soles, and have been put to the test on walks ahead of time to make certain that they are comfortable.

The lane leading from Srinagar out onto the Kashmir highlands winds through a verdant countryside, lush in vegetation, rich in grain, and abounding with cattle, sheep, and goats. We shared this road with gaily painted buses looking like motorized colanders with arms, legs, and heads seemingly being strained out of open windows. Some sixty thousand Hindus were returning at the time from their annual pilgrimage to the holy cave of Amarnath. There, each July and August during the full moon, they bow down before a ten-foot phallic formation of natural ice—the symbol of Lord Shiva. Our own first camp was by a stream in the Valley of Baltal about fifteen miles below this sacred cave.

In the morning, we rode to Amarnath on small ponies supplied by local horsemen. They arrived at dawn in great numbers to display mounts for us to choose for the ride. We select not the most handsome but the ones equipped with the most serviceable saddles, stirrups, and reins. What these creatures lack in beauty and equipment, however, they make up for in strength and balance. This is fortuitous as they must navigate some trails less than a foot wide, often cantilevered over glacier formations a thousand feet below. Many of the horses wear bells about their necks so that they will not be startled by hearing the sound of falling rocks which they will most certainly dislodge. In the evening when these horses are released and graze about the tents, the only sound that competes with nature is the tinkle of their bells.

One of the benefits of traveling through a land where industrial noise pollution has not arrived is the restorative effect its absence has on the nervous system. Whenever we would pitch our camp by a *(Continued on page 126)*

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# HIMALAYAN TREK

*(Continued from page 124)*

stream or brook near a hamlet, children would usually appear to inspect our tents. The teenagers—carrying younger siblings in pouches on their backs—would, after satisfying themselves with the marvels of our Western "architecture," sit before our cloth dwellings, take out flutes, and compose melodies. The combination of the horses' bells, the music of the flutes, and the sonance of the brooks was to stressed nerves what warm water is to strained muscles. There is, it should be noted, precious little warm water in Ladakh for soothing strained muscles!

The Ladakhis appear to be a very musically inclined people. One dreads the day when the first Walkman or transistor radio arrives in their land. For now, whatever music they have, they make themselves. Like their stone houses—constructed of the same material as their mountains (at times, it is difficult to tell where the hand of man began and the hand of God left off), the music too integrates with nature. In the monastery (or *gompa,* as they call it) of Lingshed, lamas greet each dawn by playing on six-foot trumpets; the sound reverberates throughout the surrounding valleys. In the Fuktal Gompa, great kettledrums announce the hour of prayer, their thunder descending like Thor's hammer upon villages a thousand or more feet below.

There are so many great mountain peaks in the Himalayas that most have never even been named. Those that have are either the real heavyweights such as Everest—or they mark the beginning or end of a territory as does Pensi-la (*la* is the Ladakhi word for pass) separating the verdant Grand Himalayan range from the two-mile-high deserts of Zanskar. But more than just the topography changes at Pensi-la. The religion changes from predominantly Moslem to almost totally Buddhist. The appearance of the people changes from Indo-European to Tibetan-Mongolian. The dress changes from the white Indian *dhotis* with turbans to red Buddhist robes with turned-up hats. Food changes from spicy curries to the neutral *tsampa* (the staple diet of Ladakh: barley partially mixed with sand to prevent the grain from catching fire while roasting). Building materials change from brick and mortar to mud and stone—and architecture changes from lodging designed only for people to homes that must accommodate livestock as well. Finally, at Pensi-la, the road soon changes from asphalt to a dust so thick that the "sand devils" make it necessary for us to wear goggles and surgical masks for protection. After a few hours' ride, we look like survivors of Rommel's Afrika Korps.

As the religion shifts from Moslem to Buddhism, mosques and minarets give way to chortens and *mani* walls. *Mani* walls are boxcar-long structures made of stones inscribed with religious symbols. Chortens are religious monuments whose conformation suggests a spiritual advance from this world to the next. Their square base symbolizes the earth; next, a round vessel—denoting water; then an obelisk—implying air; topped off with a sun and moon representing eternity.

Chortens and *mani* walls line the paths leading to Ladakhi villages where a primitive form of Engadine architecture is practiced. As in parts of Switzerland, *(Continued on page 128)*

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# HIMALAYAN TREK

*(Continued from page 126)*

these shelters are designed to house people and livestock during the winter. On the ground floor, the animals hibernate; on the second and third floors, the family lives; while on the roof, yak dung and wood are arranged to insulate the house and supply fuel for heat.

The *gompas* in which the brotherhood of lamas live are built high upon the sides of mountains, often near caves. In the last millennium, great townships have grown up about these caves and now whitewashed houses cling to awesome cliffs that, in some cases, descend straight down a thousand or more feet into the valley below. Fuktal is one such monastery/township. Following the Tsarup River, it is a three-day walk to Fuktal from our base camp in Padum. It is first approached by a rope bridge without sides that sways over rushing chalk-colored rapids. If horses are taken here, they must be blindfolded before attempting the passage. After the bridge, a leg-punishing climb up several miles along a catwalk leads to their eagle's nest.

At one time, the *gompa* must have housed several hundred lamas; now it is manned by fifty or less. These are members of the yellow-hat (reformed) sect as opposed to the red-hat sect. As followers of the Dalai Lama, they are not supposed to marry, eat meat, or partake of their local beer called *chang.*

One by one the lamas appear, aged nine to ninety, dressed in their red robes and yellow hats. They greet us in the native fashion by sticking out their tongues, and lead us up steps into the main temple and onto a balcony. Behind the balcony are the cells where they live, the assembly hall where religious services are conducted, a large kitchen where young lamas stoke the fires of a mammoth furnace to bake *tsampa,* and a common room in which we are served tea. One level below, three ancient lamas prepare an offering to Buddha made of *tsampa* shaped like a pine tree.

The leader of our expedition—John Stewart—is photographing *gompas* for a book he's writing on Ladakh—and he has a letter of introduction from the Dalai Lama. Because of this letter, we are permitted to attend devotions (something that very few Westerners have witnessed). At Fuktal, these are held in a dimly lit room in the topmost sanctum of the *gompa.* The room is murky with ages of candle smoke, misty with incense, illuminated by votive lights, and covered over with a flower-print canopy bordered by prayer flags.

As our eyes grow accustomed to the darkness, holy manuscripts written on parchment and tied by ribbons can be seen lining shelves in the recesses of the room. Surrounded by all these religious trappings, twelve holy men sit cross-legged on pillows facing a shelf-like table which bears wooden cups and brass plates for

*Local horsemen, below, display mounts for trekkers to use on their Himalayan adventure*

their tea and *tsampa.* After they have had their fill of *tsampa* and yak-butter tea, the holy men pick up their drums, cymbals, and bells and begin chanting. This lasts about an hour. It is—as it is intended to be—hypnotic.

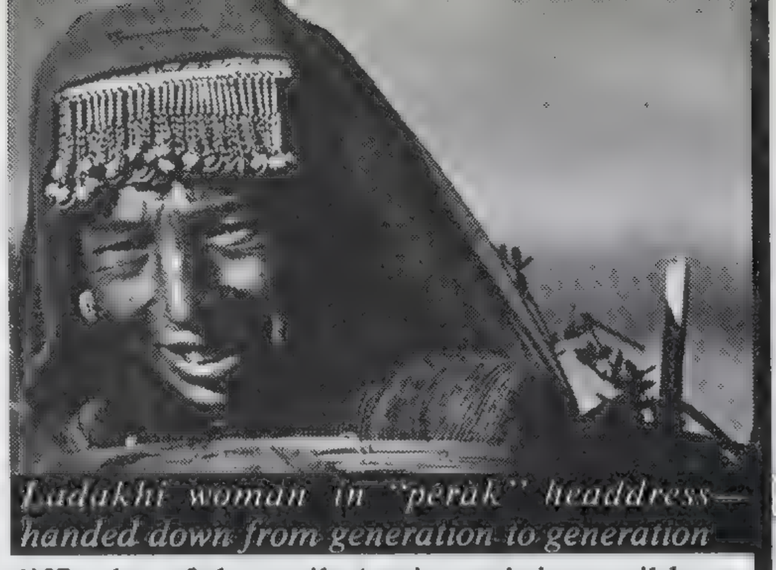
Although we had all been supplied with horses, their equipment was so inadequate that after a few days of suffering from saddles designed to carry packs rather than people, we chose to walk. Some days, the walks were as short as four hours; on others, they could be ten to twelve. Generally, we would be awakened at about five-thirty by the kitchen boy gently shaking the tent and passing in a strong tea fortified with sugar. Later, we were offered a breakfast of eggs, hot cereal, *chappatis* (fried Indian bread), jam, peanut butter, more tea, and tinned fruit or fresh apples. Our lunch—eaten on the road—consisted of more *chappatis;* sardines, tuna fish, or canned meat; a potato; and an apple. In the evening, our dinner included rice, *dhal,* a variety of curried vegetables.

Considering the fact that Chang, our cook, had to prepare all of this on a one-burner kerosene stove, the results were miraculous. But Chang would argue that a one-burner kerosene stove was a downright modern convenience compared to the stone hearth upon which many of his people cooked. And in truth he had a point—for large numbers of Ladakhis still remain innocent of many of our most rudimentary utensils. For example, the youngest member of our group, my eighteen-year-old godson Max Kendall, formed a close friendship with two of the guides when the three of them went off to perform technical climbing—also known as "semi-suicide." From time to time, Max would be invited to accompany the guides to dinner when we camped near a village of their friends or relatives. One night, Max handed a flashlight to his hostess and she pointed it straight at the ceiling, holding it like a candle so as not to let its wax drip on the floor.

To ward off altitude sickness, we would always camp in a valley several thousand feet below the highest point we had attained the previous day. We would then have to start our trek the next day by climbing up out of the valley past the peasants who were gathering in their crop of barley. Women would be squatting in the fields dressed in maroon robes, bedecked in all their jewelry (rings, bracelets, armlets, necklaces of silver and turquoise) and wearing *peraks,* which, next to Catherine the Great's crown, must be among the most elaborate and heaviest hats ever designed. The *perak* is covered in red cloth, ornamented with turquoise, coral, gold, and silver—and trimmed on the sides with cords of silver or strands of coral. The women hand down their headdress from generation to generation, and as the eldest son inherits all the property, the eldest daughter inherits the *perak.*

Watching the men, women, and children working in these fields is like witnessing a scene that Pieter Brueghel, the Elder might have painted in sixteenth-century Flanders; but all this changes as we mount up onto plateaus leading to the passes. Here, we are in Georgia O'Keeffe country: barren mountains creviced with canyons and streaked by swirling rock strata. Eons ago, these same mountains were ocean beds before some cataclysm uprooted them and tilted them at a fourteen-thousand-foot right angle!

Once we are through the plateau, the assault on the pass begins. This can take from two to four hours depending on the elevation and the difficulty of the trail. At times, it is possible to walk straight up like a man; other times, we crawl on our hands and knees like weasels scampering among the rocks. Three of our horses were lost on one or the other of these passes. The first one was upended by the severe angle of a slope and crashed into the river down below. The other two were lamed by falling from a ledge and had to be left behind.



*Ladakhi woman in "perak" headdress—handed down from generation to generation*

It was in the canyons where the poor horses suffered the most—for the ledges were so narrow in places that the horses had to be completely unpacked, blindfolded, and led by halter through the most hazardous spots. There is one such canyon between the villages of Hanupatta and Wanla. It had walls of granite rising three thousand feet on each side that were only fifteen to twenty arm's lengths apart at places. Heading through this space, we had a Poe-like paranoia of being buried alive. Looking up, we saw only small patches of sky. A cloud could turn day into night so that eagles and buzzards gamboling in the mountain currents above would disappear from view as if smudged out. We had to ford the rapids that had carved out this canyon nine times before lunch that day.

Zanskar is not a forgiving land—but, my God, it is magnificent. ▽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MANNERS & MORALS

# An artful way to say thank you

BY SALLY HELGESEN

Rome was everything I wanted it to be when I arrived there for the first time one afternoon in early May. I looked out the window of my *pensione* at the city's low hills and the old buildings of honey-colored travertine, and I thought of the cocktail party I'd attended in New York the evening before. A man there had gestured toward the dramatic city skyline (we were on top of Rockefeller Center), and told me quite seriously of his ambition to bring the town to its knees. I'd heard variations of this sentiment voiced many times during the ten years I had lived in New York, and in countless movies before that, so what the man said did not strike me as particularly strange. But looking out over Rome, I realized that only the most convinced megalomaniac—a Mussolini or a Caesar—could dream of bringing this particular town to its knees; its geography and history would mock such grandiose ambitions. And so I saw that what might be routine in New York could seem like madness somewhere else.

I had come to Rome on an extended visit with the object of broadening my perceptions, of changing and growing. I wanted to learn new things, and felt I could do so more easily if I had a change of scene, so that my senses might be sharpened by the challenge of unfamiliarity. A friend who had once lived in Spain assured me that I would grow and change but in ways different from those I imagined.

A famous lady screenwriter had given me the number of a man to call in Rome. The man turned out to be H.C., an Irish-born poet who had sustained himself in Italy since the end of the war by writing verse dramas for the BBC. In recent years, he had been churning out screenplays for the Libyan film industry, which Colonel Qaddafi was eager to see grow, and this enterprise had made him comparatively rich. H.C. was, in short, exactly the kind of mysterious, cosmopolitan, and vaguely shady character one hopes to meet abroad. He invited me to dinner on my first night in town.

I walked to the little outdoor restaurant across the Tiber whose address H.C. had given me. When I arrived, a deferential waiter asked if I were with "Il Professore." "Inglese," he added, by which I deduced English, so I nodded yes. The waiter led me to a long table for twelve, and brought me a bottle of good white wine without my even asking.

Soon H. C. arrived, a large man of perhaps sixty, with glasses, a cane, and a German shepherd. He sat down and began talking in an exaggerated brogue, declaiming verses from Yeats and telling fantastic stories of his birth, storms, and a mysterious separation from his twin brother. He spoke of camel rides into the Libyan interior by moonlight, and of an unhappy affair with an American journalist. Other people arrived to fill the table; they were Americans, English, and French. We ate and drank until 1:00 A.M., but no bill ever came.

I soon learned that this particular table was reserved every night for friends and acquaintances of H. C., who came and went as they liked and never paid. It was his version of a *salon*, though held in a public restaurant—his wife was rumored to be mad, and no one had ever been invited to his home. The guests changed every night, depending on who was in town, and once you were an accepted member, you were always welcome; the only permanent fixtures were H. C. and his dog. I can remember his standing up and imperiously telling a young American black girl who said she had come to Rome to find herself that "one does not come to Rome to find oneself but rather to lose oneself." Much of what was said at the table was like that, a kind of grandiloquent blarney with an edge of good sense to it.

I ate dinner at that table about four nights a week during my long stay in Rome, and when the time for me to leave drew near, I wanted to give something to H. C., though I could not imagine what. Like most men whose passion and vice is drinking, he wanted nothing and, of course, by my standards he was very rich. I decided that I should take him out to a little restaurant on my side of the Tiber. At our table late one night, and when only he and I were left to drink the last cups of coffee, I asked him.

He smiled and put a hand on my arm. The waiters, impassive and utterly polite, moved quietly around the empty restaurant, and I felt an irrational embarrassment before them: would they take me for this old man's mistress? It was a young girl's qualm, but I had it, though I was nearly thirty. Then H. C. said, "My dear, haven't you learned the great lesson of traveling yet?"

"What do you mean?"

He smiled again, glad that he could be the


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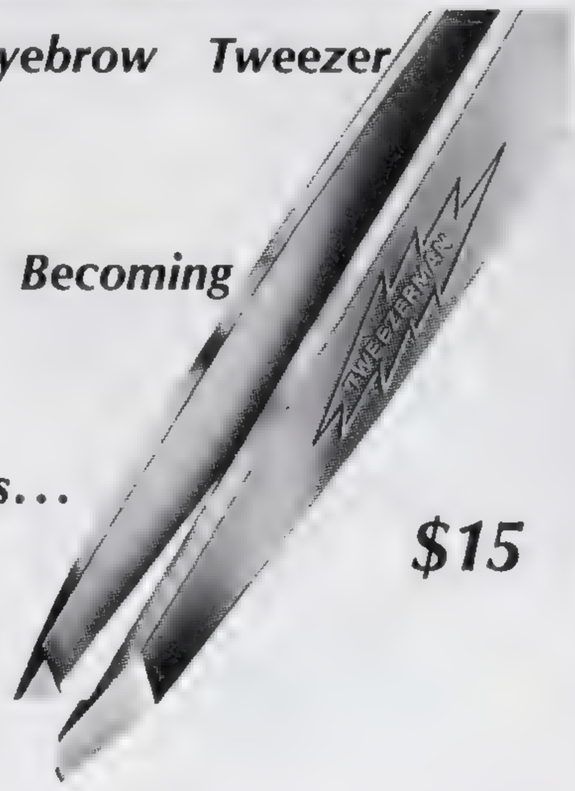


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one to tell me. "When we travel," he said, "strangers are hospitable; maybe they buy our lunch on the train, or invite us to their homes. And then we never see them again, so we have no way to return the favor."

I nodded, for this had happened many times to me, and I always felt awkward when it did. I disliked being in the debt of those whom I had no opportunity to pay back, and sometimes I turned down a lunch for fear of it, disappointing an enthusiastic host.

H. C. seemed to understand how I felt, even about being embarrassed before the waiters, for he addressed me in a gentle, fatherly manner, quite devoid of the entertaining bombast I'd so often seen him display. He said it was time for me to overcome any graceless notions I might have about what I owed people and what they owed me; human exchange was not to be measured by parsimonious balance sheets. If I could learn to receive a gift gracefully, I would please whoever had offered it;

***Human exchange is immeasurable . . .***

generous people did not give with the expectation of receiving in kind. The best way to repay someone older and richer was to give to someone younger and poorer. "If you feel I've given you something, then you must give to someone else," he said. "Don't waste your money on me, my dear."

We finished our coffee, and I walked him home, no longer fearful that some passing stranger might take me for his mistress. I never saw H. C. again. I returned home shortly afterward and learned several months later that he was dead. The lady screenwriter had died while I was away, which seemed to put an end to the Roman chapter of my life.

But the "great lesson of traveling" stayed with me, a gift from these two dead friends, and it changed something fundamental in my life; as my friend who'd lived in Spain had predicted, the change was not vague and all-encompassing but very specific. H. C. had taught me about real manners, shown me how a largeness of spirit can transcend petty wrangling about how much we are given and how much we receive. And while this lesson should never be abused, or used as an excuse for not repaying debts and loans acquired in good faith, it is nevertheless an antidote to the somewhat Puritanical pride that sometimes tempts me to turn down gifts of fortune, generosity, or fate with a tight-lipped "no thank you, I can pay my own way," or a fumbling "are you sure, are you really sure?" H. C. showed me how to be graceful about accepting things, and taught me that, being blessed by the open-handedness of others, one accepts a responsibility to put some of that goodness back into the world.

On my final evening in Rome, I did something I would not have done before: I invited three young Italian friends to dinner, and paid for the whole evening myself. I'd always thought of myself as too broke for such reckless gestures, but now I saw that the question was not one of money but rather of one's willingness to both give and receive. I had learned to be comfortable accepting the generosity of others, and now I was enjoying the pleasure of being generous myself. My guests were gracious, and did not seem to feel that I had burdened them with any kind of debt. ▽

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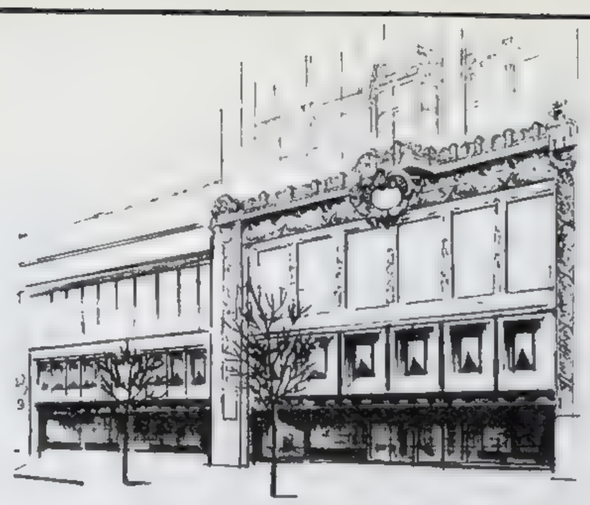

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# Help with the tuition tab

## How to save tax on your child's education funds

BY JULIAN BLOCK

With the cost of higher education constantly rising, you may want to consider establishing a tax-sheltered education fund to help cover the tuition tab when your youngster goes off to college. One option is to transfer some cash or stocks into a custodian account, which takes only a few minutes to open, at no cost to you. You merely set up an account, to hold the assets until your offspring attains the age of majority—eighteen at the earliest, twenty-one at the latest, depending on the law in your state.

Once the assets go into a custodian account, they belong irrevocably to your child. You are no longer the taxpayer on any interest or other earnings generated by those assets—nor can you get the assets back from your children at any point before, or after, they reach majority without their approval. Since the new taxpayers—the children—usually fall into a tax bracket that is much lower than yours, maybe even zero, the IRS gets less of your investment income, and the children receive the income generated from the account. In the case of, for example, savings accounts or stocks, all you have to do is deposit money or register stock in the name of a custodian—either you, your spouse, or another responsible adult designated to act as caretaker.

Ordinarily, you should not give your child stocks or other investments that are worth less than what you paid for them, because you forfeit the loss deduction by doing so. Instead, sell the shares yourself, claim the loss, and place the proceeds in the custodian account. Neither do you have to report any profit on the transfer of stocks that are worth *more* than what you paid for them, and your child is not liable for any income taxes on gifted stock. But in figuring the capital-gains tax your child owes on a later sale, his sale price must be measured, generally, against your cost. Be sure to hang on to brokers' statements showing what you paid, so that your child will have the information he needs to figure his gain when he sells.

As long as you furnish more than half the total support for a child who is under nineteen or, if over nineteen, attends school full-time for at least five months each year (not necessarily consecutive), you will not endanger your $1,000 dependancy exemption, no matter how much income the account generates.

A banker or broker can provide you with further details on custodian accounts, and instruct you on which forms to use. This is rapidly becoming a popular way for knowledgeable parents to get the IRS to share some of the rising cost of education for a youngster who may attend not only college, but graduate school as well. ▽

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# VOGUE'S View

*New twists: gloves, inside-outside lingerie... graphic style from Canada... summer gypsies*

**Edited by Mary Russell**

## GLEN PLAID... NEW STROKES...

## CRISP AND CLASSIC, THESE CLEAN LINES GIVE A LIFT TO SUMMER DRESSING...

Once the exclusive tweed of the Prince of Wales and called "Prince de Galles" in French, this fine weave has been an all-time favorite ever since HRH Edward the Seventh of England wore it to review the guards. Later, he and the Duchess of Windsor wore matching glen plaid suits which were then copied by their stylish friends. Today, the present Prince of Wales, Prince Charles, wears his glen plaids as a classic suit or sporty cap. Fashion designers loyal to glen plaid for its classical aspect are Bill Blass, Ralph Lauren, and Yves Saint Laurent. More avant-garde designers—such as Norma Kamali in New York and Jean Paul Gaultier in Paris—do "take offs" mixing it with unexpected fabrics in new shapes.

Suddenly, it's popping up everywhere, usually "on the streets" and on the backs of the fashion elite in black and white. Even on Madison Avenue where its perennial favorite executives have a new lilt to their gait. They have known all along. Just like Royalty!

*("View" continued on page 136)*

Photos: GERARD GENTIL, MARY RUSSELL. Prince of Wales photos, *left* and *right:* THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE.

*Top left,* Mme Louise Rouët in Dior glen plaid. *Above left,* Prince Charles sports a glen plaid cap. Blassport's glen dress for fall, *above* Madison Avenue plaid by Paul Stuart, *top right* (details, last pages). Glen plaid coat from Vogue 1930, *above left. Far left,* Gini Alhadeff wears "an old Armani" glen plaid. *Left,* J.P. Gaultier's "perfecto" suit. *Right,* HRH Edward the Seventh, reviewing the guards in 1931.

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# VOGUE'S View

## Clap Your Hands for... GLOVES!

**If there is one accessory MUST for fall 1982 it will be a pair of gloves**

When was the last time you wore a pair of gloves? Not for the cold but for chic? There is something wonderful about gloves, something very feminine and sophisticated. They have been sneaking into our lives for several seasons but nowhere were they more evident than in the fall/winter ready-to-wear collections and on the hands of well-dressed women in Paris. (Even while eating and drinking in some cases!) Top honors go to Azzedine Alaïa for his black kid gold grommeted gauntlets, jewels in their own right. Karl Lagerfeld at Chloé showed the most glove imagination by doing them in bright colors, sometimes a different color on each hand! His "sleeve" gloves went outside sleeves, way up, almost to the shoulder and sometimes were fur-trimmed. Saint Laurent finished color combinations within looks with an unexpected glove color. Other designers, such as Sonia Rykiel, did evening gloves with jewels worn outside the glove. A look that worked because the jewels were frankly fake and very witty. Gloves will be the perfect finish to fall dressing. And for those who are trying to stop smoking, they are a powerful deterrent.

*("View" continued on page 138)*

Yves Saint Laurent's deliberate color mix with gloves

Karl Lagerfeld at Chloé mismatches bright colors

PHOTOS, GERARD GENTIL. RUNWAY PHOTOS, MARY RUSSELL. Details, last pages

The winner: Azzedine Alaïa's grommeted gauntlet

Evening gloves in black stretch nylon

Sexy black lace gloves at night

Neat as a pin: white kid gloves at Perry Ellis

Jean Paul Gaultier's knit glove "sleeves"

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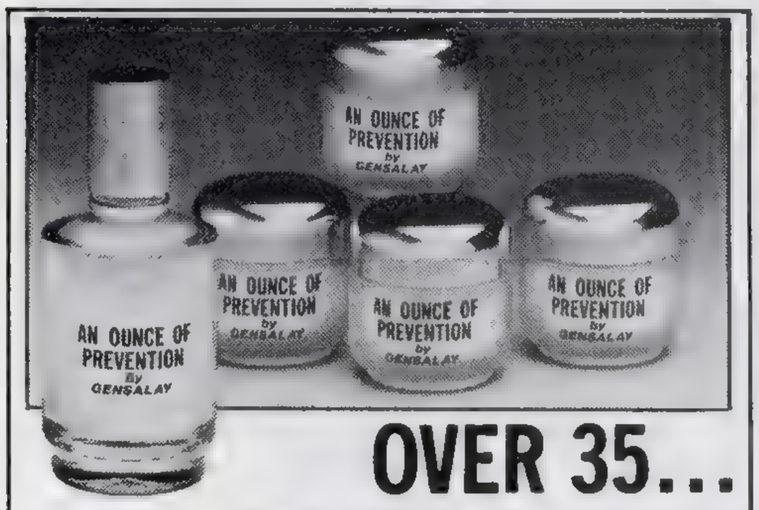


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VOGUE'S

# View

# THE BRA UNCOVERED...

## The seduction of bras and "Merry Widows" as fashion to be worn OUTSIDE!

*Above, frothy lace dress with a petticoat and hooked-up strapless "bra." Above right, leather "Merry Widow" teams up with secretary-spoof grey flannel, both by Chantal Thomass. Right, black velvet bra under dinner suit by Pinky and Dianne*

Lingerie is so appealing that the bra and waist cincher are now as important as the lace petticoat. To be seen! Young girls in Paris wear opaque lace bras under shirts or on their own as part of their love for the 'fifties underwired bras of Brigitte Bardot. The look has caught on and appeared on fashion runways as early as last winter. Chantal Thomass did some daring lace underwear dresses that brought raves. Jean Paul Gaultier adores bright satin bras and garter belts on their own or under sheer dresses. In New York, Pinky and Dianne did a discreet black velvet bra under a dinner suit, and Halston showed one in black suede with silver studs. Though slightly risqué, this look is a winner. All you need is courage!

*("View" continued on page 140)*

*Above left, surprise in blue satin and black lace under white cotton "sweats" (details, last pages). Bottom left, embroidered cinch under fur. Near left, satin undies under sheer black not-at-home look, both by Jean Paul Gaultier*

MARY RUSSELL. Details, last pages.

Photo. Nancy Ney

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VOGUE'S *View*

# P.A.R.A.C.H.U.T.E.

## AN ARCHITECTURAL APPROACH

Graphic design for clothing from a dynamic group of Canadian-based creators. *Left,* owner-designer sales team from left Nicola Pelly, Morgan Allard, and Harry Parnass.

owntown New York, at 121 Wooster in SoHo, lies a space "almost better known to Europeans and Japanese than to Americans," says Harry Parnass, who, with his partner Nicola Pelly is the brains and design-master of this two-year-old business. The space is vast, one of the largest in the area. The concept is totally contemporary, from the industrial black and grey coloring to the geometric primary-colored pieces of clothing hanging from pipes strategically placed in two hangar-sized rooms and on low oblique platforms. "Parachute is a name that works well in any language," explains Harry. "We're Canadian, but we sell all over the world." (Harry is an architect and teaches French at the University of Montreal when he and Nicola are not traveling around the world seeking inspiration for their clothes.) "Our clothes follow the times. A few years ago, we loved American-Indian, Genghis Khan and sharp geometric lines. Now we have a feeling for Japanese lines and colors and feel the future is an Australian outback rough country look. What we really do is fashion hybrids: mixing elements of different cultures somewhat in the same way it happened when the West met the East." *("View" continued on page 142)*

GERARD GENTIL

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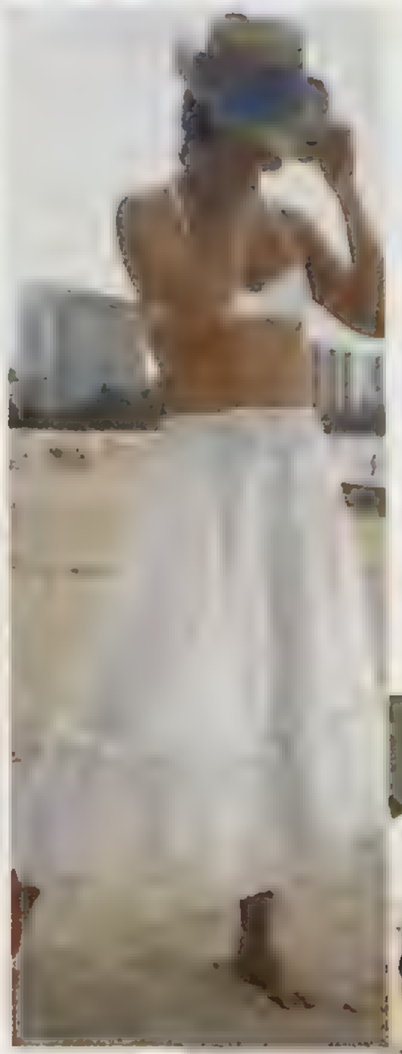
# SUMMER Gypsies...

Some summer, the look of a long or short "gypsy" skirt has universal appeal. Petticoats, ruffled ankle-length or thigh-high print skirts go barefoot at home or on the beach. More dramatically, a tiered black cotton or silk skirt can team up with a strapless lace-up camisole, bangles, and red stockings for a look borrowed from Spain. In Italy, designer Keith Varty of Byblos did a group of black and white peasant skirts with lace-trimmed petticoats peeping out underneath. He teamed these with loose cotton peasant blouses that slid off one shoulder, and tied bandanas around the head and across the hips. Laura Ashley of London is a treasure trove for Miss Muffet white petticoats. Ralph Lauren and his assistants have been collecting antique petticoats and have integrated the look into his collections for the past three seasons. The summer gypsy can be an amusing alternative to sophisticated city looks or the Bermudas-jogging look in the country. What is more charming and feminine than a soft white petticoat over a bikini at the beach? Gypsy accessories can be colored bangles and beads, bright bandanas tied around hats, bags, or hips. Cotton skirts look wonderful and innocent when left slightly wrinkled. Big shiny hoop earrings, espadrilles or lace-up sandals are perfect foils for this look. *("View" continued on page 144)*

ABOVE, BEHIND THE SCENES AT RALPH LAUREN'S STUDIO, RALPH'S ASSISTANTS, BUFFY BIRRITELLA AND TASHA POLIZZI, WEAR THEIR OWN ANTIQUE PETTICOATS. MODEL CAREY LOWELL IS IN ONE OF RALPH'S NEW PATCHWORK PETTICOATS WITH SOFT SUEDE SHIRT, A LACE SCARF AT THE NECK. NOTE FEET: LEATHER SANDALS WITH SOCKS. *BELOW:* KENZO DOES AN ANKLE-LENGTH RUFFLED GYPSY WITH SWEATER AND HEAD WRAP.

*Upper right,* city evening gypsy: black tiered skirt with lace petticoat, red legs and sandals.
*Near right,* bright gypsy skirt, sheer lacy blouse, colored beads, sash and sandals to "clash" on purpose.
*Middle right,* wrinkled white cotton petticoat as beach cover-up.
*Far right,* Valentino's long printed gypsy for city or country.
*Lower right,* Byblos black, red and white gypsy separates in Milan.
Details, last pages.

PHOTOS: GERARD GENTIL AND MARY RUSSELL



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VOGUE'S

# View

## PEOPLE IN **FASHION** ARE TALKING ABOUT **WHAT'S COMING...**

*Runway looks, attractive bits...what stores are banking you'll want when fall comes... news in luggage, belts, scarves, stockings*

People are talking about . . . long and short. In other terms, they're talking about skirt lengths. Fall clothes, on the runway, showed up in a variety of lengths; the two most common, though, were either very long—decidedly below calf—or somewhere above kneecap. Before you measure the season by that yardstick, though, a word of note: a number of designers, before they ship clothes out, are moderating lengths; you'll often find long skirts less long, short skirts less short when you see them in stores. Some proportions hold true to their runway look; some others reflect the reality of the marketplace. And that means a certain concern with broad-base wearability. . . .

**What's coming? Generally, more narrow men's-style belts, fewer ones that are extremely wide and overtly decorated. One of the handsomest classic styles around: Ralph Lauren's new basketweave belt—in hand-plaited Burgundy saddle leather, with a brass buckle, it's about an inch wide and costs about $40 for men or women. . . . Beyond the clothes that were shown, some small bits—and recurring themes—stood out at the fall New York collections. Designers generally put fewer accessories with their clothes—and the pieces of jewelry, the belts, and shoes they showed weren't stage props but clear—and highly wearable—reflections of their individual style. If they played to a crowd this season, it showed up in a certain prevalence—and wide variety—of hats and gloves; shorter, more controlled hair was a clear trend with models. One "prop" that worked: At Geoffrey Beene, runway models often wore oversized tortoiseshell glasses. They looked good—and clearly plausible.**

*"You'll often find long skirts less long, short skirts less short when you see them in stores"*

*What's attractive? Considering the abundance of dark clothes that are around now, one of the best accessory ideas may be, simply, the use of a beautiful white scarf. This season, they come with subtle details: one white charmeuse square, at Calvin Klein, has a faggoted hem like a dinner napkin's; a charmeuse triangle —also Calvin Klein—has an inch-wide black hem border. There are oblong "tuxedo" scarves—an Echo scarf in a white silk moiré pattern, a neatly fringed textured silk from YSL. Tied as a bow, knotted at the neck, or layered with a necklace, they're feminine details; brighteners at the face the way a white collar is.*

Good news about stockings, now: Two of Europe's top hosiery makers have come to the U.S. . . and they've brought with them a wealth of options. DIM (pronounced ''Deem'')--a Paris firm, where a number of French designers shop for stockings for their collections--is now marketing DIM tights, stockings, and knee socks here; Fogal, too--with twenty-four shops in Switzerland--is expanding to more stores in the U.S. and has just opened a first shop on New York's Madison Avenue. The store stocks the complete Fogal line--and that means, among other things, eighty-some stocking colors . . . many of which come in large sizes.

AFTER ALL THE TALK ABOUT—AND ATTRACTION TO—SOFT LUGGAGE SHAPES AND THE LEAST WEIGHT POSSIBLE IN LUGGAGE FABRICS, IT'S INTERESTING NOW TO SEE A SURGE—IN THE HARDEST, MOST INDESTRUCTIVE KINDS OF MOLDED BAGGAGE. PHOTOGRAPHERS MAY HAVE STARTED THE TREND WITH THEIR UNDENTABLE SILVER-METAL CASES; NOW ZERO HALLIBURTON'S SILVER, GOLD, OR MATTE-BLACK EQUIPMENT-LIKE CASES, IT SEEMS, HAVE A CERTAIN STATUS-Y CACHET: IN EVERYTHING FROM ATTACHÉ SIZE TO PULLMAN. ANOTHER TOUGH BAG—AT SUPERIOR FROM FRANCE—HAS A MOLDED SHELL AND AN ALMOST HIGH-TECH LOOK; EACH PIECE IS TRIMMED WITH AN ALL-ROUND RUBBER STRIP—THAT LOOKS LIKE A CAR BUMPER. . . . NOW THAT CERTAIN KINDS OF ALLIGATORS, IN THE U.S., HAVE BEEN REMOVED FROM THE LIST OF ENDANGERED SPECIES, YOU FIND MORE AND MORE ALLIGATOR OR ALLIGATOR-TRIM BELTS, BAGS, SHOES, AND TOTES COMING HERE, COMING IN REMARKABLE COLORS—ONE IS AN ALMOST-BLACK GREEN. ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL TO BE SEEN: REVILLON'S LEGAL-SIZE ALLIGATOR PORTFOLIO—IN BLACK, BROWN, OR BORDEAUX. PRICE: ABOUT $2060. . . .

This fall, what will you find in stores? Designers report stores are stocking up on coats (considering the variety of good-looking coats on Seventh Avenue now, people are calling this one of the best cloth-coat years ever). Sweaters and knits—in a generally non-knit year—are surprise bestsellers for designers who did them. Buyers—when they can find them—are snapping up dresses (designers say buyers are specifically *asking* for dresses). In a season generally filled with black and deep-colored clothes, you'll find, too, a wealth of white things: white flannel tops, skirts, and pants; white crêpe or jersey dresses; white cashmere or wool melton coats. The best-selling "tuxedo" look, at Ralph Lauren, comes with a white jacket.

—KATHLEEN MADDEN

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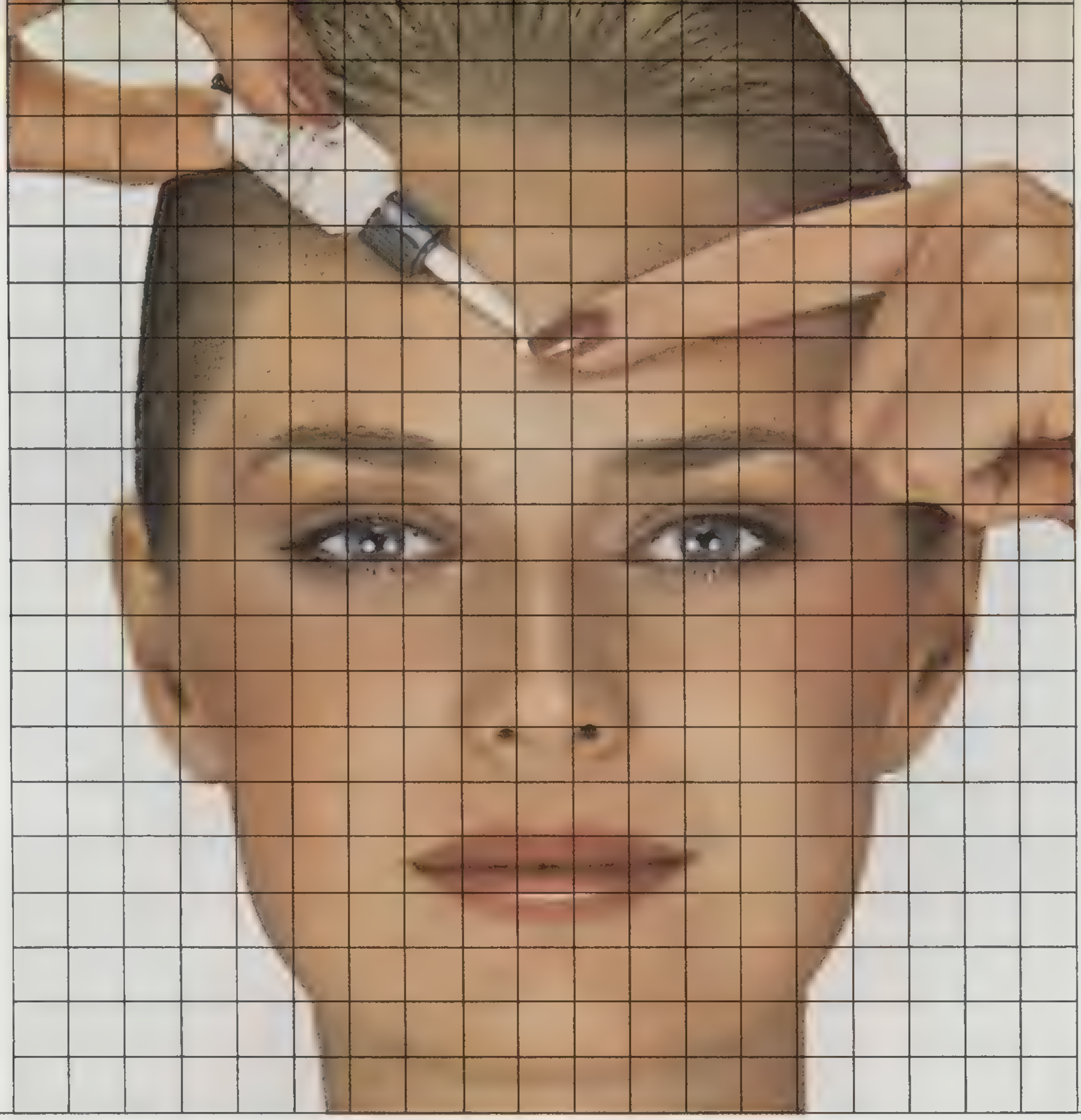

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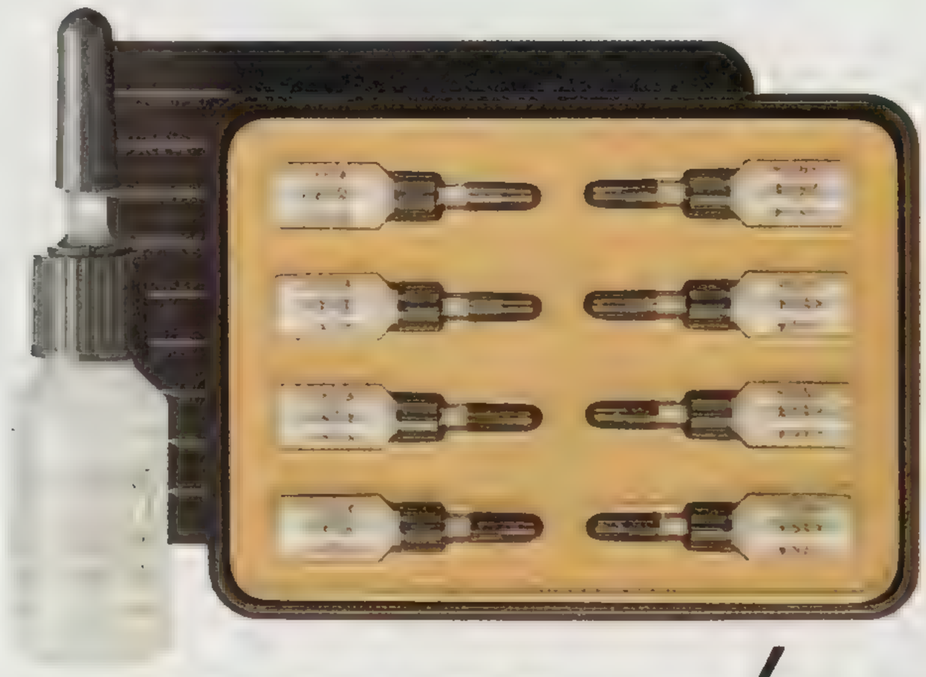

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PRESCRIPTIVES

# FIRST IN FASHION THIS FALL—WHAT COMES

## A NEW DEFINITION OF TERMS, NEW PLEASURES TO ENJOY

In a season with a number of fashion twists and turns, things aren't always what they seem to be. Even familiar words take on new meanings and subtle shades of difference make all the difference. To understand the news, you have to know the words that count. What follows—a definition of terms. . . .

**The word you hear the most this fall is "finish."** What it really means—a very pulled-together quality. It describes a look that has definite line, presence; a look that is assembled for a total effect. More than that, it describes the character of the entire season: it's the word with the most impact. It starts you thinking a little differently about clothes—even the clothes you already own: you'll be putting them together to get a more finished effect, leaving out the pieces that look too piece-y.

**What you want to avoid: a too-strict definition of the word.** While this isn't a season of haphazard pieces dressing on any level, neither is it the moment for a head-to-toe designer package that allows no breathing room—literally and figuratively. We've been there before and fashion has moved past that kind of restrictive thinking. You always want a certain ease, a flexibility—both in attitude and in the way the clothes actually feel.

**There are two "finishing" elements that are absolutely key to setting up a look and making it work.** The first is a new shoe—a higher-heeled, sophisticated pump—or a new boot. Whenever there are changes in length and proportion—as there are now—there are corresponding changes in what happens to feet and to legs. A pump with a toned-in or textured stocking, or a boot gives you line—instantly. And they give you more: pumps have never been more beautiful, day and night. Pumps in new colors—a deep malachite green (the season's surprise neutral) and in a new deep purple . . . in rich textures—suèdes and shiny calfskins, moiré for evening, often with added decoration. The same is true of boots—whether they are sleek and supple suède boots on a low, racy heel for day, or are ornamented in an amusing way for evening—they have never looked better or made more of a difference.

**The other key to a finished look this fall: shorter hair.** Hair that has shape and line, hair that's brushed back away from the face, controlled in some way. No question: a shorter haircut is the fastest way you can change the way you look and feel.

**There are new ways to think of the words "narrow" and "soft"**—words you'll be seeing throughout this issue, hearing throughout the season. Narrowness has evolved; it looks different. Now, it connotes an elongated line—a line that starts at the shoulder, which can either be slightly squared or slightly rounded. It's a line maintained by crisp fabrics—nothing droops. There are longer jackets that fall narrow on the body. There are dresses and dresses-as-tunics over pants that are narrow and just skim the body—sometimes holding at the waist or hip.

**And softness is different this season**—it doesn't necessarily mean fullness. Softness in dressing connotes an ease, a gentle quality. A soft skirt doesn't have to be a too-full dirndl; it can be a soft wrap skirt, or a skirt that falls long and narrow.

**There are new meanings to the words "shorter" and "longer."** We've said it before: proportion is what counts, not length, but sooner or later, let's face it, you're going to come up against the question of hemlines. What you'll find now: a number of lengths—and to add a little extra spice—when you finally try on clothes in a store, the lengths may be different from those you've been looking at in these pages—designers do not always cut the lengths that they show on a runway.

**In light of this, a down-to-earth guide because, in the end, there is an ideal shorter length and an ideal longer length.** For shorter, read 27" from the waist to the hemline, a length that just covers the kneecap. For longer, read 36", a length that's well below the calf (a longer longer length is the best, the raciest; anything mid-calf tends to be dowdy, tricky to wear). Obviously, these numbers are suggestions: your own body proportion is the final determining factor.

**The good news: when it comes to day dressing there are very attractive, very appealing ways to get a finished look without sacrificing ease.** There are new blouson jackets—longer, well below the hip in length, ample, soft—that go over a narrow skirt or trousers . . . that go over pieces designed as a look. That's the key: nothing is scatty; everything works together.

**Another option for day: a longer, tailored jacket—but the softest kind of tailoring.** For example: a dolman-sleeved cardigan jacket in thin wool flannel over a matching longer skirt. The prevalence of dolman sleeves—on jackets, sweaters, blouses—is a good indication of the softness that's everywhere this fall. You don't have to settle for something uptight.

**The biggest news for day: coat dressing that gives nonstop finish, nonstop style.** Coats that are always longer, to cover the variety of undercoat lengths (an exception is fur, but that's another story for another issue). There are big gutsy great coats in shearling and leather . . . even in a cuddly alpaca . . . there are polo and steamer coats borrowed from a man . . . narrow soft-tailored coats and narrow jersey coats . . . coats soft and loose as a kimono or burnoose . . . dashing Inverness cape coats . . . narrow-falling raincoats . . . cozy, hooded blanket-y coats.

**Whatever the option, the pieces underneath are always very much of a look on their own:** a coat over any old skirt and blouse is not the point—after all, a coat comes off as soon as you step inside. The difference now—total coat dressing: a striped burnoose coat over matching-color suède; a shadow-striped black coat edged in velvet over a poetic velvet vest, ruffled jacquard blouse, and trousers; a narrow snapped coat in black over a short snapped black skirt.

**At night, there's the change to a short dress:** a dress that's meant to be short and not a chopped-off version of something else. It's narrower, more beguiling, freer—often black. It can be a covered short dress that falls softly on the body and wraps at the hip . . . or it can be bare, flirty. Always, it's a little more low-key, but the impact is high-powered . . . it's a change you'll love.

**No one has to define the pleasure that small, unexpected fashion delights provide,** and this season you find them everywhere. The surprise of a glove that "finishes" a sleeve by adding color and/or texture: on black ribbed knitting, the hit of a brilliant Chinese-red gauntlet or black leather on a black gabardine sleeve. . . . There are charming hats as an occasional fashion lift. The best, shaped like men's hats—an oversized fedora, a soft beret, even a gaucho hat (there are also not-so-charming hats—too serious, too pretentious—the difference is obvious; the hats, very avoidable). . . . There's the smile of a lace-edged blouse peering from a tweed jacket or the contrast of a soft, fluffy maribou jacket over neat grey pinstripes . . . the allure of a lace-trimmed plaid shawl slipping off the shoulder of a plaid dress . . . or of a soft silk tie in red worn loose and open at the collar of a high-necked white blouse. And that's only the beginning—all the season's delights, the season's news start on the following page . . .

# PARIS RIGHT ON TARGET!

From a strong Paris season, the strongest looks. Clothes that symbolize change in their new shapes and proportions, in their elongated line and narrowness, in their terrific sense of finish. More than that: on these twenty-four pages, clothes that symbolize the very best in the best ready-to-wear collections. . . .

A new way with proportion, a new way with a suit, at **Saint Laurent,** *right.* The perfect below-hip-length blouson in greige pigskin suède over his hip-length printed wool knit tunic, and a short, narrow skirt in dark grey leather. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Blouson, about $900; tunic, about $210; skirt, about $625. August at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques New York; Watergate, Washington DC; Mayfair, Coconut Grove FL; San Francisco. Also at Jacobson's. These twenty-four pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, George Newell. Details, last pages.

The best—the most luxurious!—**Ungaro's** sumptuous, oversized double-breasted blouson, *left,* in soft pink suède. Over pleated pinstriped wool trousers, a wool jacquard knit turtleneck, plaid shawl. Blouson, about $1450; pants, about $525 (fabric by Etro). Available September at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, NYC; Palm Beach; Bal Harbour; Houston.

Arthur Elgort

PARIS—RIGHT ON TARGET!

A wonderful new coat—
at **Saint Laurent**—
*right,* his short, soft,
narrow-falling topcoat
in vicuna-colored wool
broadcloth, squared
at the shoulder—over
a dark-brown ribbed wool
knit turtleneck, black wool
flannel pleat-front trousers.
Coat (Moreau fabric),
about $840; sweater,
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Gauche Boutiques,
Philadelphia;
Washington DC; Oak
Brook Il; Scottsdale
AZ; San Francisco.
Accessories, last pages.
*Beauty Note:* The
fragrance that goes—
YSL Rive Gauche.

***CHANGES TO WATCH:***
***THE NEW SHAPE OF A SUIT,***
***OF A COAT...***

## *AT CHLOÉ: ANOTHER DIRECTION, ANOTHER PROPORTION. LONG. NARROW. SOFT, SOFT, SOFT!*

Karl Lagerfeld's prophetic day dressing. . . The narrow suit, *far left:* in black wool grain de poudre with a loose dolman-sleeved cardigan jacket (about $715), long narrow slit skirt (about $440). And his white silk crêpe de Chine blouse with dolman sleeves, touches of black (about $405). Saks Fifth Avenue; Neiman-Marcus; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Creed's, Canada. . . . New look blouse-and-skirt dressing, *near left:* a long, straight side-slit skirt in thin wool flannel (about $445) and beautiful soft-tie silk crêpe de Chine dolman blouse (about $355). The "plus"—his side-buttoned vest in black ribbed knit (about $355). Wool flannel, Wurmser. Saks Fifth Avenue; Saks-Jandel; Rich's; Ultimo; Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Holt Renfrew of Canada. . . .Color accents, hats—news all over Paris. *Above left,* the hat he showed day and night. And color in a glove—brilliant Chinese-red angora gauntlets. Another proportion to watch, *above:* his short, straight pullover dress in black ribbed knit. Over it—a matching 3/4 poncho "striped" once in turquoise. Both, about $1080. Late July at Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Details, see next to last pages this issue.

PARIS—RIGHT ON TARGET!

## *NARROWNESS WITH SOFTNESS. BLACK WITH BLACK. NEW IMPACT AT NIGHT.*

Modern dinner dressing at **Chloé**, *right:* Karl Lagerfeld's beautifully tailored new longer jacket that tapers at the hip, with dolman sleeves that taper at the wrist. The matching skirt in thin black wool flannel—long, narrow, deeply side slit. The impact heightened by more black, *left:* long leather gloves, black- and-mirror hoop earrings, chains of jet and mirror beads. Equally strong: the look of hair—brushed up, off the face—and the evening makeup with its emphasis on smoky, smudged eyes. Wool flannel by Wurmser. Jacket, about $685; skirt, about $445. Saks Fifth Avenue; Nan Duskin, Saks-Jandel; Rich's; Marshall Field's; I. Magnin. . . . These Paris pages: hair, Christiaan; makeup, George Newell. Details, additional stores, last pages. *Beauty Note:* Another "accessory"—one that adds impact to anything you wear—Chloé fragrance

Arthur Elgort

## PARIS—RIGHT ON TARGET!

His full-sleeved silk charmeuse blouse, *left*, in dark navy, edged in bias ruffles. With a very narrow, long bias-ruffled skirt in black viscose velvet. And—just glimpsed—one of his maribou jackets, a theme day and night. Blouse, about $450; skirt (fabric, Andreae), about $660. August at Saks Fifth Avenue; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Mayfair, Coconut Grove FL;

***AT SAINT LAURENT, A DIFFERENT APPROACH TO EVENING—NARROW, LEGGY, VERY SEDUCTIVE***

Oak Brook IL; Sakowitz. . . . *The* short dress at night—Saint Laurent's flirtatious one-shoulder black crêpe satin, *right* —all on the bias, with deep black silk taffeta ruffles. More irresistible charm: in the nonstop look of legs, the pretty high-heeled shoe. (Abraham satin; Guillaud taffeta). About $850. Late July at Bergdorf Goodman; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, Atlanta, Fort Lauderdale; Scottsdale AZ; Balliet's; I. Magnin. Details, more stores, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

Over and over: the shortest, smallest, leggiest skirts balanced by big, soft tops —a new proportion. Here, at its best—for evening, in black, with just enough dazzle. . . . *Far left:* Knockout nighttime sweater dressing—a black blouson, with "diamond" stones; the signature skirt in shiny snakeskin. Wool-blend sweater, about $885; skirt, about $2950. Turnout, October at Valentino Boutique, NYC. Sweater at Valentino Boutique, Washington DC; Martha, Palm Beach and Bal Harbour; Rich's; Sakowitz; Neiman-Marcus, Beverly Hills. . . . *Left:* The blouson as a hip-length sweater—black angora blend with one black silk chiffon sleeve, a silk satin-and-jet flower on the shoulder; short velvet skirt. Blouson, about $800; skirt, about $368. October at Saks Fifth Avenue; Valentino Boutique, Washington DC; Hattie; Sakowitz. . . . *Right:* A Valentino take on the "smoking"—his very long, beautifully tailored jacket of wool grain de poudre; matching short skirt swirled with velvet; silk charmeuse blouse with velvet. Jacket and skirt, about $1520.

***VALENTINO AT NIGHT:***
***THE LEGGIEST LOOKS IN PARIS.***
***A NEW PROPORTION.***
***AN EASY GLAMOUR***

Blouse (Taroni silk), about $600. August at Martha; Charles Sumner, Boston; Hattie; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Details, more stores, last pages.

*AN EXPLOSION OF COATS*
*AND VERSIONS THEREOF.*
*NARROWER. SOFTER.*
*KEY TO TOTAL DRESSING*

Arthur Elgort

Coat dressing as real dressing, *this page:* **Ungaro**'s narrow black shadow-striped wool velours coat. "Softened" by the most romantic little black velvet vest and his ruffled neck-tied blouse in silk jacquard print, with striped wool trousers. Coat (fabric, Piacenza), about $995; vest, about $575; blouse, about $635; pants, about $525. Saks-Jandel; Loretta Blum, Dallas; all Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques. Coat, blouse, and pants at Bergdorf Goodman; Rich's; I. Magnin, California. Turnout, available September. . . . *Opposite, from the left:* **Issey Miyake**'s striped wool blanket coat with a huge, soft hood/collar. About $720. Late August at Barney's, NYC; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Country Club Fashions, Century City and Sherman Oaks CA. . . . The cape coat at **Ungaro:** mustard/black striped chenille—sleeveless, loose. About $1195. Emanuel Ungaro Boutique, NYC. **Saint Laurent**'s day-or-night black Inverness wool broadcloth cape. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. Fabric, Moreau. About $650. Bergdorf Goodman; I. Magnin. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Manhasset, Short Hills, Palm Beach and Beverly Hills. . . . Great style!—Karl Lagerfeld for **Chloé**'s black and white tweed Inverness cape over black. About $1100. Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Neiman-Marcus. At night: **Valentino**'s black wool/angora/nylon Inverness cape with its own red capelet. About $1180. September at Valentino Boutique, NYC. Fabric, Lanapon. Details, last pages.

PARIS—RIGHT ON TARGET!

At **Saint Laurent,** *opposite,* the unexpected contrast of his blue maribou jacket (about $1250) over a perfect wool flannel pinstriped suit in slate grey, with a hip length jacket (about $690), narrow skirt to the knee (about $295), silk satin blouse (about $375). Suit fabric, Botto; blouse, Corisia/Besson. Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutiques, NYC, Manhasset, Philadelphia, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour; Barton Sligh's. . . .

***THE COAT NEWS CONTINUES.***
***A VARIETY OF SHAPES, LOOKS.***
***THE CONSTANT—TERRIFIC POLISH...***
***TERRIFIC STYLE!***

From **Kenzo,** *inset above,* a different proportion, the same unmistakable polish. His fuzzy-grey fingertip-length Shetland wool topcoat—cut like a man's (about $380)—over a long, lean belted lamb's-wool jacket (about $155), short short skirt (about $80), creamy silk blouse (about $185). Barney's, NYC; Eleganza, Millburn NJ. Blouse, cardigan, and skirt at Bullock's, Beverly Center and Westwood. Coat at I. Magnin. Turnout available late August. Photographed at the Hôtel de Crillon, Paris. Details, more stores, last pages.



Arthur Elgort

Arthur Elgo

**Sonia Rykiel's** palest pearl-grey jersey coat (about $515), *opposite,* 7/8 length with a big, soft black-piped muffler. Over her new-version scissor skirt in wool jersey (about $185); skinny wool/angora sweater (about $205). Turnout at Bloomingdale's.
Coat and skirt at Eleganza, Millburn NJ; Saks-Jandel. . . .
The Rykiel "smoking"—*below left:* a straight black jersey mid-calf coat to belt or not (about $535). Underneath: a V-neck

***COAT DRESSING.***
***TOTAL DRESSING.***
***TOTALLY RYKIEL!***

waist-length cardigan piped in black satin (about $330), narrow hip-length version of the same cardigan (about $370), white satin muffler. And her new-shape pants—a narrowed jogger, elasticized at the bottom, worn "bloused" on the leg (about $195). Cardigans and coat at Barney's, NYC; Liberty House of Hawaii. Short cardigan, pants and coat at Eleganza, Millburn NJ. Coat and hip-length cardigan at I. Magnin. . . .
Terrific new dinner dressing, *above right:* her thin black blouson cardigan (about $540) over the new-shape pants in black with white wool jersey (about $195). Turnout at Eleganza, Millburn NJ; Ultimo, Chicago; Country Club Fashions, Century City CA; Eaton's, Canada. Both pages, turnouts available late July.
Photographed at the Hôtel de Crillon, Paris.
Accessories, additional stores, next to last pages this issue.

**PARIS—RIGHT ON TARGET!**

***ANOTHER APPROACH TO COAT DRESSING. SOFTER.***
***UNEXPECTED. THIS SEASON'S OPTIONS ARE UNLIMITED***

The essence of soft tailoring at **Emanuel Ungaro**, *opposite:* His thin, unlined "shawl coat" with kimono sleeves, in a beautiful black/white/Bordeaux plaid. Softness-with-line underneath: thin white wool blouson, tapering side-buckled pants in grey wool jacquard. Coat and pants fabric, Cardingtex; blouson, Redaelli. Coat, about $760; top about $675; pants, about $425. September at Emanuel Ungaro Boutiques, NYC, Palm Beach, Bal Harbour, Houston, and Beverly Hills. Coat and pants at Frost Bros. . . . When it comes to coats—a "wow" *above:* **Claude Montana's** great big cuddly teddy bear coat in cream alpaca with cream suède. Over cream hand-knitting: big turtleneck sweater; narrow knee-length skirt. Coat, about $2175; sweater, about $400; skirt, about $225. Coat, September at Alan Bilzerian, Boston and Worcester. Sweater and skirt, August at Bergdorf Goodman; Caron Cherry, Mayfair, Coconut Grove FL; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Theodore, Beverly Hills. At the Hôtel de Crillon, Paris. Details, more stores, last pages.

Arthur Elgort

**Claude Montana's** unique play of black with color, leather with fur, *left*, that starts with his rakish salmon-and-black cap. The Montana style continues in the black mink short coat—its oversized collar faced in stitched black leather, black leather trim (about $13,500). And the best pullover blouson (about $1200) and short skirt in leather (about $800)—both, black piped with salmon. Coat at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Top and skirt at Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Charles Gallay, Beverly Hills. To order at Bergdorf Goodman; Neiman-Marcus. Everything, available August. . . . **At Dior,** *right*—Marc Bohan's tuxedo dress in black wool grain de poudre with a bare camisole top, black silk satin lapels, satin side-striped leggy skirt; white silk with black fringed muffler. Dress, about $1100. Late July at Martha; Lou Lattimore. Background, this page, the Hôtel de Crillon, Paris. Details, last pages.

***SHORT AT NIGHT.***
***BLACK AT NIGHT.***
***BLACK WITH COLOR.***
***UNEXPECTED EVENING VARIATIONS***

PARIS—RIGHT ON TARGET!

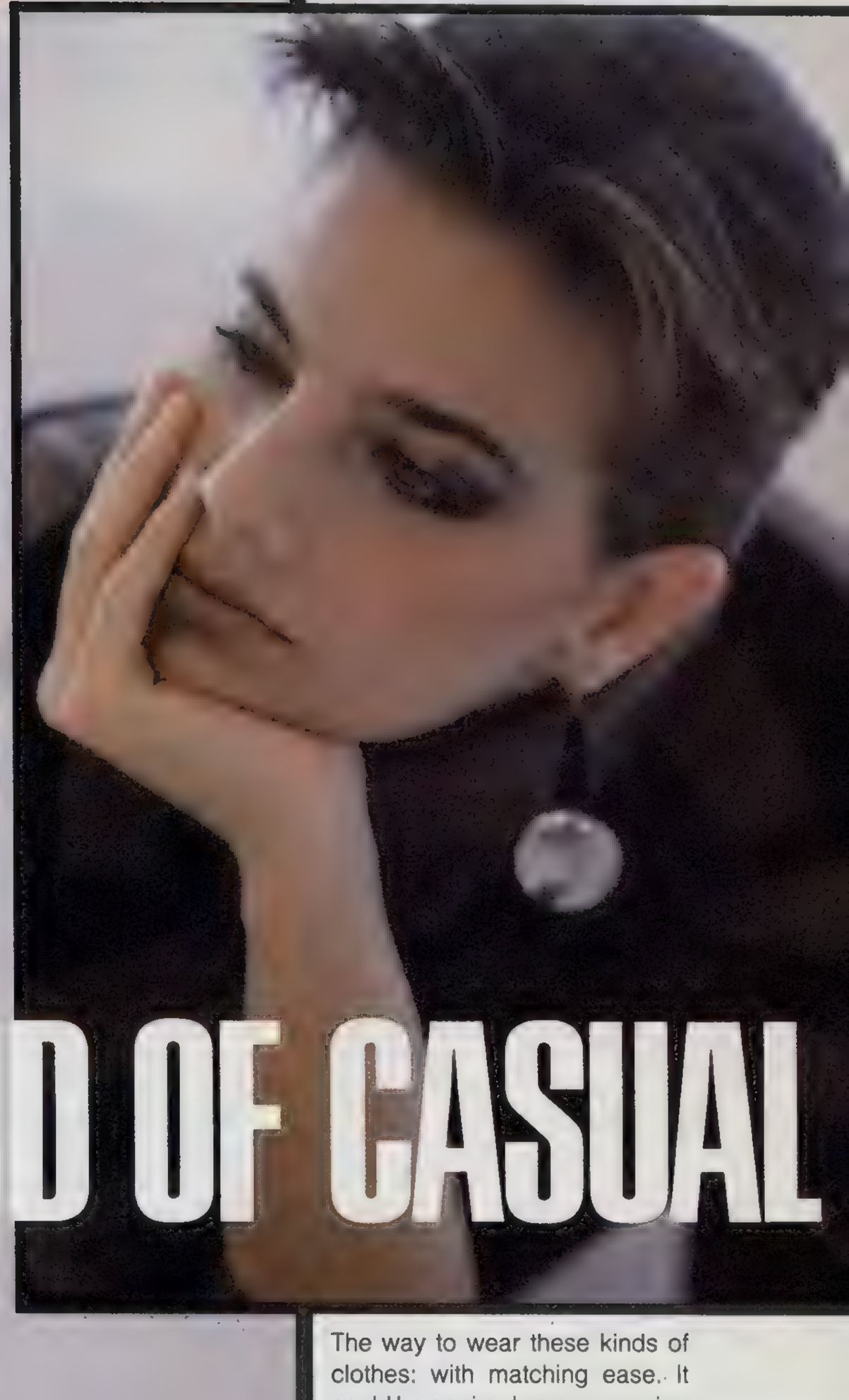
THE SHORT DINNER DRESS
AN ATTENTION TO THE DETAILS
THAT CREATE A TOTAL LOOK

Suddenly very appealing—
a dress that shows legs.
From **Givenchy**, *left*, a
short, covered dinner dress
in gold-and-black brocade,
with beautiful leg o'mutton
sleeves, black velvet edging.
Brocade fabric by Bucol.
About $1350. Mid-October
at Givenchy Nouvelle
Boutique, NYC; John Baldwin,
Sakowitz; Frost Bros.;
I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson,
Seattle. Photographed at
La Closerie des Lilas, Paris. . . .
The focus now on a subtle,
unexpected ornamentation.
*Right:* **Valentino**'s new
evening necklace—a flat
ruff of shiny black
coq feathers. More of
a difference in the look
of hair—controlled, brushed
away from the face.
And evening makeup
with a paler base, paler
lips, smokier eyes. Hair,
Christiaan; makeup, George
Newell. Details,
more stores, last pages. . . .
*Beauty Note:* Makeup
colors that give the same
soft effect, from
Estée Lauder—Moonlit
Black Pressed Eyelid
Shadow with Golden Sun;
Alfresco Brick on the lips.



Arthur Elgort

Symbols of Sonia Rykiel, *left:* her wonderful banded pants, about $100, a sweater with a ruffle on each shoulder, about $140 . . . both in a cozy knit of lamb's-wool/angora/nylon—and now, at a nice price. By Sonia Rykiel Knits. Mid-July at Bloomingdale's; Lazarus, Columbus OH; Claire Pearone; Ultimo, Chicago; Country Club Fashions, Century City CA. The little patent leather ballet flats by Joan & David.



***THE NEW LEISURE DRESSING: A WAY OF DRESSING THAT'S REMOVED FROM THE WORLD OF GEAR AND WARM-UPS...BUT THAT DELIVERS THE SAME EASE AND COZINESS. WHAT MAKES THE BIGGEST DIFFERENCE: THE FABRICS—KNITS WITH A SOFTNESS AND LUXURY ALL THEIR OWN... KNITS THAT IMMEDIATELY CONVEY COMFORT, AN EFFORTLESS WAY OF LIFE—***

# A NEW KIND OF CASUAL

***AT HOME OR TRAVELING. IT'S DRESSING THAT SIMPLY SLIPS ON OR PULLS OVER... AND DRESSING THAT OFFERS MORE: THE INSTANTLY RECOGNIZABLE TRADEMARKS OF A ROSTER OF DESIGNERS KNOWN FOR HANDLING THIS CATEGORY BEST...***

The way to wear these kinds of clothes: with matching ease. It could be as simple as one earring that delivers all the "finish" you need, *above:* a big silver disk dropped from a black triangle. Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. The ease in beauty: shorter, away-from-the-face hair . . . and a paler makeup—here, Christian Dior's Precisely Pink Lipstick. These eight pages: Hair, Louis Alonzo for Pipino-Buccheri; makeup, Alberto Fava; manicures, Cecelia Chan. Fashion information, stores, see last pages.

Andrea Blanch

Very relaxed!—pieces that simply slip on and over, *left*, from Rebecca Moses, in a short, racy length: Her vest that delivers interest at the sleeve, over a turtleneck sweater and pull-on skirt—all in wool. Vest, about $160; sweater, about $230; skirt, about $120. Mid-August at Bonwit Teller, NYC; Cachet, Four Seasons, Washington DC; The Avenue, Omaha NE; Lina Lee, Beverly Hills. The grosgrain pumps by Santini & Dominici.

## A NEW KIND OF CASUAL

*Right:* Dressing at its most uncomplicated—Nancy Heller's striped cashmere turtleneck that could be a tunic or a sweater or a dress . . . that could be a whole weekend wardrobe. About $368. Late July at Henri Bendel; Kenneth and Cooper, Philadelphia; Ultimo, Chicago; Bullock's, Beverly Center. Mid-calf leather boots by Mario Valentino. Details, stores, next to last pages.

Andrea Blanch

More weekend ways of dressing. . . and being "dressed," with ease. It could be the luxury of red cashmere over red cashmere, *below:* Zoran's crewneck sweater, about $400, over a sleeveless cowl-neck sweater, about $300, and pants, about $360. August at Saks Fifth Avenue; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis; Maxfield, Los Angeles; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco.

# A NEW KIND OF CASUAL

*Right:* Another easy take—lamb's-wool/cashmere "sweatpants," about $75; with a matching vest, about $55, over a collarless cotton shirt, about $38. From Basco by Gene Pressman & Lance Karesh. Late July at Barney's, NYC; Bonnie White, Atlanta; Mark Keller, Birmingham MI; Fosters, Minneapolis; Fred Segal, Hollywood CA. . . . A look assembled effortlessly with snakeskin appliquéd boots by Joan & David Couture. Details, stores, see next to last pages.

Andrea Blanch

Andrea Blanch

The difference continues, *opposite page*, with a cashmere coat, about $680, that's as cozy as a favorite robe—to slip on over nothing, over trousers, or, here, over a pyjama-style silk shirt, about $230. By Donna Karan and Louis Dell'Olio for Anne Klein & Co. September at Bergdorf Goodman; Lillie Rubin-South & West; Marshall Field's; Balliet's; Jona, Studio City CA. The patent leather ballet flats by Joan & David. . . . *Inset, top:* A suit at its most relaxed—raciest: Norma Kamali's cotton/acrylic snap-front shirt, about $46, matching side-snap skirt, about $30, and acrylic/Lycra knit unitard—a wonderful new base for dressing. September at Bloomingdale's; Marshall Field's; Bullock's. . . . *Inset, bottom:* From Beenebag—more of the pulled-together feeling . . . as easy as a wool jersey T-shirt, about $100, wool jersey skirt, about $130, and a cotton sateen vest lined with sherpa, about $100; in a color play associated with Geoffrey Beene. August at Bonwit Teller; Garfinckel's; Gidding-Jenny; Marshall Field's; Harzfelds; Sakowitz. . . .

## A NEW KIND OF CASUAL

*Left:* Unmistakable ease for a narrow line—Joan Vass's lamb's-wool skirt, slit on the selvage, about $170, with her wool pullover, about $240, and matching cardigan, about $300. Fabric, Amron Textiles. August at Saks Fifth Avenue; John Wanamaker; The Twenty-Four Collection, Miami; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Neiman-Marcus; Julius, Sacramento CA. Joan & David boots. Details, stores, last pages.

# Off Broadway is on

Switched on, hot, booming—that's Off Broadway where theater is all magic again. The throbbing life, once so abundant on Broadway, is now, with few exceptions, an enhancing elixir in erstwhile garages, lofts, nightclubs, cellars, and even theaters. And audiences can't get enough of what's gloriously going on: everything from the classics—Shakespeare, the Greeks, the *fin de siècle* Scandinavians—to smart Manhattan/London experimenters—Pinter, Mamet, Durang, Gurney, Shepard, Guare, Ludlam, Fuller (1982 Pulitzer Prize for his Off Broadway *A Soldier's Play*), and Harvey Fierstein *(above and right)*. You even get international stars: come to play what they want to play to audiences who come because they're hungry for miracles.—L.L.

***GREAT NEW MAN OF THE THEATER, HARVEY FIERSTEIN, DOUBLE THREATS WITH HIS FOUR-HOUR-LONG "TORCH SONG TRILOGY" WHICH HE WROTE AND STARS IN. AFTER ALMOST A YEAR OFF, "TORCH SONG" IS ON BROADWAY... ON THESE AND THE NEXT PAGES, AN OFF-BROADWAY SAMPLING***



Avedon

OFF BROADWAY IS ON

*From the left:*

Chloé Webb
"Forbidden
Broadway"

Charles Ludlam
"Secret Lives
of the Sexists"
Ridiculous
Theatrical Company

Adolph Caesar
"A Soldier's Play"
Negro Ensemble
Company

Bob Gunton
with Don Scardino
"How I Got
That Story"

Harvey Fierstein
"Torch Song
Trilogy"

Elizabeth Franz
"Sister Mary
Ignatius Explains
It All for You"
Playwrights
Horizons

Avedon

*From the left:*

Carol Woods
"One Mo' Time"

Noble Shropshire
"Ghost Sonata"
CSC Repertory

Charles Ludlam
"Secret Lives
of the Sexists"
Ridiculous
Theatrical
Company

Harvey Fierstein
"Torch Song
Trilogy"

Robert Stattel
"King Lear"
CSC Repertory

Jeffrey Jones,
E. Katherine
Kerr
"Cloud 9"

Avedon

Croissant by Bonté Patisserie

# FROM OUR FRENCH AGENT: HENRI GAULT

## Now, all is revealed: how that Gallic classic the croissant became the darling of America's fast-food world. French food critic Henri Gault private-eyes this development; NYC food consultant Barbara Kafka sleuths the best croissants in America, how to enjoy them most

# THE GREAT ROISSANT CONSPIRACY

Despite the enormous worldwide prestige enjoyed by its cuisine, France has somehow never really been able to command the respect for its gastronomical glory that Coca-Cola has gained for the United States of America.

Until now. But it seems that only a proper weapon was lacking, and one has been found: with a mere nothing, a seemingly insignificant little object in the shape of a crescent moon, France has won its place in the sun. Croissants are currently unfurling to the four corners of the earth. They can be had in Minnesota or New Delhi, as well as in the cafés along the Champs Elysées.

I have even eaten—or attempted to eat—them at a hotel in the People's Republic of China. But then again, can it honestly be said that that greasy old shoe was in any way related to the remarkable concoction one can buy in the right pastry shops in Paris—crisp, springy and soft, all at the same time, and with an aroma of fresh butter?

Unfortunately, the answer is yes. For unlike the Coca-Cola Company's, whose secret brew is everywhere distributed all ready to be bottled, there is no law governing production of a good and genuine croissant, and certainly there is no punishment for making a bad one.

If the truth be told, the best croissants are the ones you dream about in the early morning leaning against the counter in a *bistrot,* or upon awaking in your hotel room, or simply when in the throes of a sudden fit of hunger. They give off the light, heady perfume of generously applied butter, are crispy on the ends, and fall into countless fluffy layers beneath your fingers; they still have the warmth of your bed, swell up in your coffee, melt in your mouth, and banish in a most delightful way all the many problems confronting you at the dawn of a new day. In other words, they have nothing in common with those crescent-shaped products commonly inflicted upon us by mediocre bakers which are stretchy, sticky, dense, and doughy in the center—tired leftovers languishing on a saucer in the corner café, and which drop with a thud into your empty stomach, there to remain in a hateful lump for the rest of the day.

Not just anyone can make a good croissant. Even the best pastry chefs approach the task with fear and trembling. More than a few have lost their reputations in the effort; only a handful have triumphed. The sour-grapes theory of croissant production holds that it's an ambiguous affair at best, maybe even a booby trap, and something which is still more needlessly complicated by a semantic peculiarity of the French word which means both "crescent" and "growing." Not to mention the countless secondary meanings, associations and implications, ranging from libidinous through mythological and heraldic to botanical and esoteric. And most *(Continued on page 250)*



Penn

# FROM OUR AMERICAN AGENT: BARBARA KAFKA

## THE HOW-TO AND WHERE-TO OF THE CROISSANT

Sometime in the sixteenth century, the technique was created for folding dough in intricate patterns to form paper-thin layers encapsulating veils of butter whose water content expands in the oven's heat to separate the dough into crisp layers. Three major variations have been developed: puff pastry, croissant dough, and Danish pastry. Puff pastry is made with only flour, butter, and water. Croissants add yeast and use milk in place of water; Danish pastry adds eggs to the croissant formula.

The technique is primarily the domain of professional bakers; but audacious Americans have felt that along with pâté, French bread, and all the other goods usually bought from specialists, they could make these delights themselves.

The interest in croissants has been refueled by the development, first in France and recently all across this country, of croissant shops that take the croissant from its secure niche as king of the breakfast breads to daylong stardom as the bread for an ever-expanding array of sandwiches.

Frankly, I still like croissant best for breakfast even though, for years, I have found the crisp, miniature croissants that The Four Seasons in New York City provides for dinner almost irresistible. They are vaguely like coming out of a dark movie into the bright light of a summer noon—illicit.

I never make croissants at home. By preference, I wait until I am on a sunny balcony in the South of France with pots of *reine-claude* and mirabelle jams and crocks of cool, waxy butter to indulge in with my breakfast croissant.

In some cities across the country, it is perfectly possible to buy a croissant as good as any made in France. For those courageous souls who do want to make their own, there are numerous books with fairly complete recipes. In my own experience, it is only practice that masters the knack; however, we have compiled a list of tips to reduce your number of practice-makes-perfect sessions. Unfortunately, there really isn't a fabulous mass-produced product available. Of all those tested and tasted, only Pepperidge Farms' crescent rolls were made with only butter and were mildly acceptable.

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***THE FOLLOWING ARE BOOKS YOU MIGHT WANT TO LOOK AT FOR CROISSANT RECIPES:***

- ***"THE ART OF FINE BAKING" BY PAULA PECK (FIRESIDE BOOKS)***
- ***"THE FOUR SEASONS" BY TOM MARGITTAI AND PAUL KOVI (SIMON AND SCHUSTER)***
- ***"WOLFGANG PUCK'S MODERN FRENCH COOKING" (HOUGHTON MIFFLIN)***
- ***"MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING, VOLUME TWO" BY JULIA CHILD AND SIMONE BECK (KNOPF)***

## The perfect croissant and how to treat it

It should be buttery and flaky—so crisp, buttery pieces break off on your finger. The inside should be moist but not doughy or wet. It should have the fresh smell of good, sweet butter with a gentle aroma of yeast. There should be a golden brown glaze and the dough should stretch slightly when you break off a piece. Above all, it should be very fresh.

If you've made croissants more than an hour or two before you plan to eat them or if you've bought them ahead, wrap them in aluminum foil and freeze. To serve them, reheat, still frozen, in a 350°F. oven for 15 minutes. Do not leave them in the freezer for more than a month.

To warm and crisp room-temperature croissants, we found a toaster oven is ideal. Heat it for 4 minutes at 350°F., then turn the oven off. Put the croissants on the baking tray, place in the oven and cook at the lowest toast setting for 30 to 40 seconds.

You can also freeze your shaped croissants before baking. When they are shaped, do not let them rise, but freeze on a baking sheet. Once they are firm, wrap well. When you wish to bake them, unwrap and place on a baking sheet to defrost and rise before baking.

# CROISSANT TIPS FOR MAKING YOUR OWN

Penn

*IF YOU MUST FILL A CROISSANT . . . I REALLY LIKE CROISSANTS PLAIN FOR BREAKFAST, BUT FILL THEM IF YOU MUST BE SWEPT ALONG BY THE TIDE OF THE TIMES; HERE ARE A FEW SUGGESTIONS.*

*CROISSANTS ARE THE NEW BREAD FOR HOT SANDWICHES. SPLIT THEM LENGTHWISE AND FILL WITH SLICES OF HAM AND CHEESE, THEN WARM IN THE OVEN (OR MICROWAVE) TILL CHEESE MELTS. SERVE THEM AS A FIRST COURSE WITH SHRIMP IN A BÉCHAMEL SAUCE. THE CROISSANT REPLACES THE "VOL AU VENT" OF YORE.*

*IF YOU DON'T WANT THEM HOT, TRY FILLINGS OF CHICKEN SALAD, OR TUNA, OR SHRIMP.*

*IF YOU'RE MAKING YOUR OWN, WRAP THE DOUGH AROUND A CHUNK OF EXCELLENT BITTER OR SEMISWEET CHOCOLATE. THE CHOCOLATE SOFTENS AS IT BAKES.*

*REMEMBER THAT CROISSANTS RESEMBLE DANISH PASTRY AND LOOK TO THE DANES FOR SWEET FILLINGS—PRUNE JAM, ALMOND PASTE, APRICOT PRESERVES, NUTS AND RAISINS.*

**● The dough must be well kneaded. Use an electric mixer with a dough hook to begin, then finish by hand, if you wish.**
**● When dough rises first time, grease well with butter.**
**● Always let dough rise in draft-free place. The cooler the place, the longer the rising time.**
**● After initial rising, punch dough down, but leave it in bowl. Cover dough with a cloth, wrap bowl in plastic and let rest 4 hours in refrigerator.**
**● Do not let dough rise twice before rolling it out and adding butter. Dough will rise again after it's shaped.**
**● Use fine unsalted butter.**
**● To shape commercial butter, place sticks between two sheets of plastic wrap. Beat sticks with rolling pin so they join into one square about ⅓ inch thick. This breaks down butter and brings it to correct consistency.**
**● Prepare butter and shape it a few hours before you intend to use it. Keep in refrigerator.**
**● Butter and dough must have same consistency before combining or they will not roll together.**
**● Cool marble slab is the best surface for rolling dough.**
**● Clean marble with salt and vinegar so it is grease free, then rub it with ice cubes to get it cool. Wipe dry, lightly flour. Repeat whole procedure between turns.**
**● When you are ready to add butter, put ball of dough on floured marble. With scissors, cut a cross in top. Spread dough out to form a square cross. Roll out 4 sides, leaving dough thicker in middle.**
**● Always brush off loose flour as you make folds.**
**● Let dough rest in refrigerator 2 to 3 hours between turns.**
**● Make sure dough is wrapped airtight so it does not dry out.**
**● To cut dough, use very sharp knife and cut straight down so layers do not seal together.**
**● Cut dough into isosceles triangles, then roll them up tightly from base, pulling base to elongate triangle as you roll. Bring ends toward each other to make crescent shape.**
**● Let rise, covered, for half hour in warm place before baking.**
**● Brush croissants with egg glaze before baking.**
**● When rolling dough, keep edges straight and don't go all the way to end. Do not rush. Croissants take patience.**

## Where to find the best croissants

Bonté Pâtisserie, *1316 Third Avenue, New York, New York 10021, (212) 535-2360.* Maurice Bonté, a French baker who learned his trade in his homeland, makes beautiful all-butter croissants, about four and a half inches long for 75 cents; his pains au chocolat are 80 cents.

Proof of the Pudding, *980 Piedmont Avenue, Atlanta, Georgia 30309, (404) 892-2359.* The plain croissant, five to six inches long, is 65 cents. Owner Kay Goldstein said they use a combination of butter and margarine because margarine makes dough flaky, butter gives a good flavor. They have pain au chocolat for 80 cents, cheese filled for 80 cents and ham and cheese filled for $1.50. Puffed pie for eight is filled with anything from smoked chicken and fresh tomatoes to ham and cheese.

Delices de France, *320 Mason Street, San Francisco, California 94401, (415) 433-7560.* They use all butter here for their 70-cent croissants, about six inches long and four inches high. Daniel Gelle, the owner, said they fill them with almonds and chocolate and will offer other fillings.

Delice de France, *6200 Madison Court, Morton Grove, Illinois 60053, (312) 966-8191.* Constantine Caparos makes excellent croissants, using pure butter and fresh milk, that he sells to restaurants, hotels, and food stores in the area. Customers can buy them at the Treasure Island stores for 45 to 60 cents each. They are four to five inches long and may be plain or filled. He also distributes his unbaked croissants to hotels and restaurants around the country.

C. Steele & Co., *7303 East Indian School Road, Scottsdale, Arizona 85251, (602) 994-4180.* The croissants Carole Steele sells in her store are made in her bakery at 1628 West Camelback Road, Phoenix, where they are also sold. Made with pure butter, they are 59 cents each. They also make a pain au chocolat.

Avignone Freres, *1777 Columbia Road NW, Washington, DC 20009, (202) 265-0332.* This old European bakery/restaurant caterer sells all-butter croissants, about eight inches long, for 75 cents each. They also have sweet ones.

La Baguette, *10250 Santa Monica Boulevard, Century City, California 90067, (213) 553-8996.* La Baguette's five-inch croissants made with all butter come plain for 75 cents each, with cheese, almonds for 85 cents and custard for 90 cents, and with chocolate for 95 cents. The same quality croissants are available at their stores in Palo Alto, California, and in Bellevue, Washington. The latter is called La Batelle. ▽

Yoshi Takata

FASHION'S MARCO POLO: PIERRE CARDIN BRINGS HIS CLOTHES TO CHINESE WOMEN; BEIJING, 1981

# BY DESIGN: A WORLD CALLED CARDIN

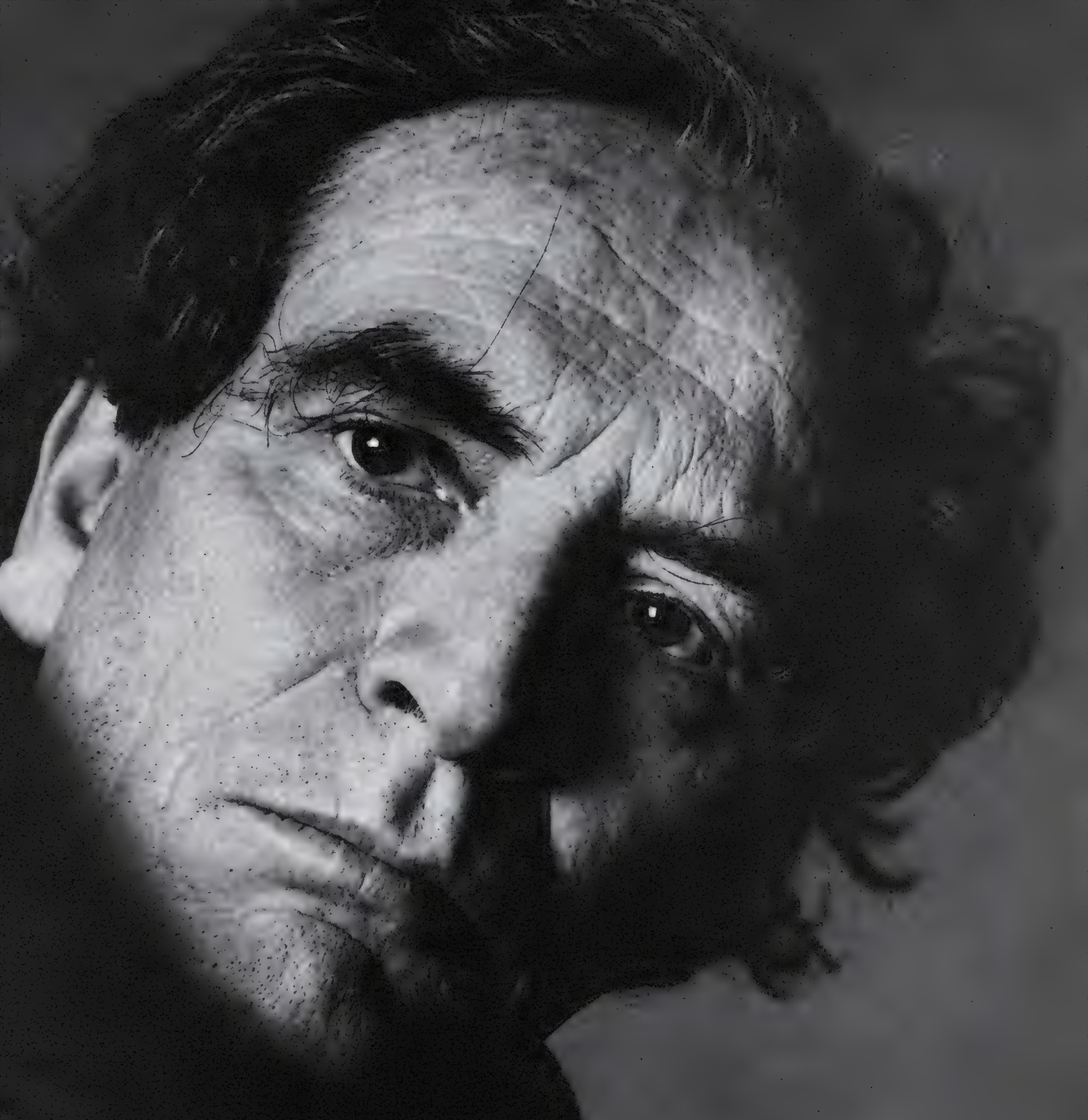
BY G.Y. DRYANSKY

**Pierre Cardin began, over twenty years ago, to refashion our lives in his image; today, everything from dresses to address books, cars to key rings—some 540 licensees—bear the Pierre Cardin name. Buy generic? Mon Dieu! Cardin now has found new lands to conquer....**

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Each day each one of us exists in a designed world . . . and behind every dress or digital clock we respond to is an eye, an individual. A designer. On these four pages, Pierre Cardin: one in a series of Vogue profiles of the men and women influencing the look of our modern lives.*



Penn



remember the first time I met Pierre Cardin. "I want to undress you," he insisted, shoving me into a corridor opposite his salon. He meant it figuratively. He had just shown his 1965 summer couture collection, and he was anxious to denude me of my opinion. It was the first fashion show I had ever covered; I was very young and unaware of the unwritten rule that says that when you fail to appreciate a collection, you kiss the creator backstage, tell him he's a genius, and play Judas later, at the typewriter. I thought I could give him some constructive criticism. "The evening clothes were beautiful," I said, "but the day things were, well, a bit crazy."

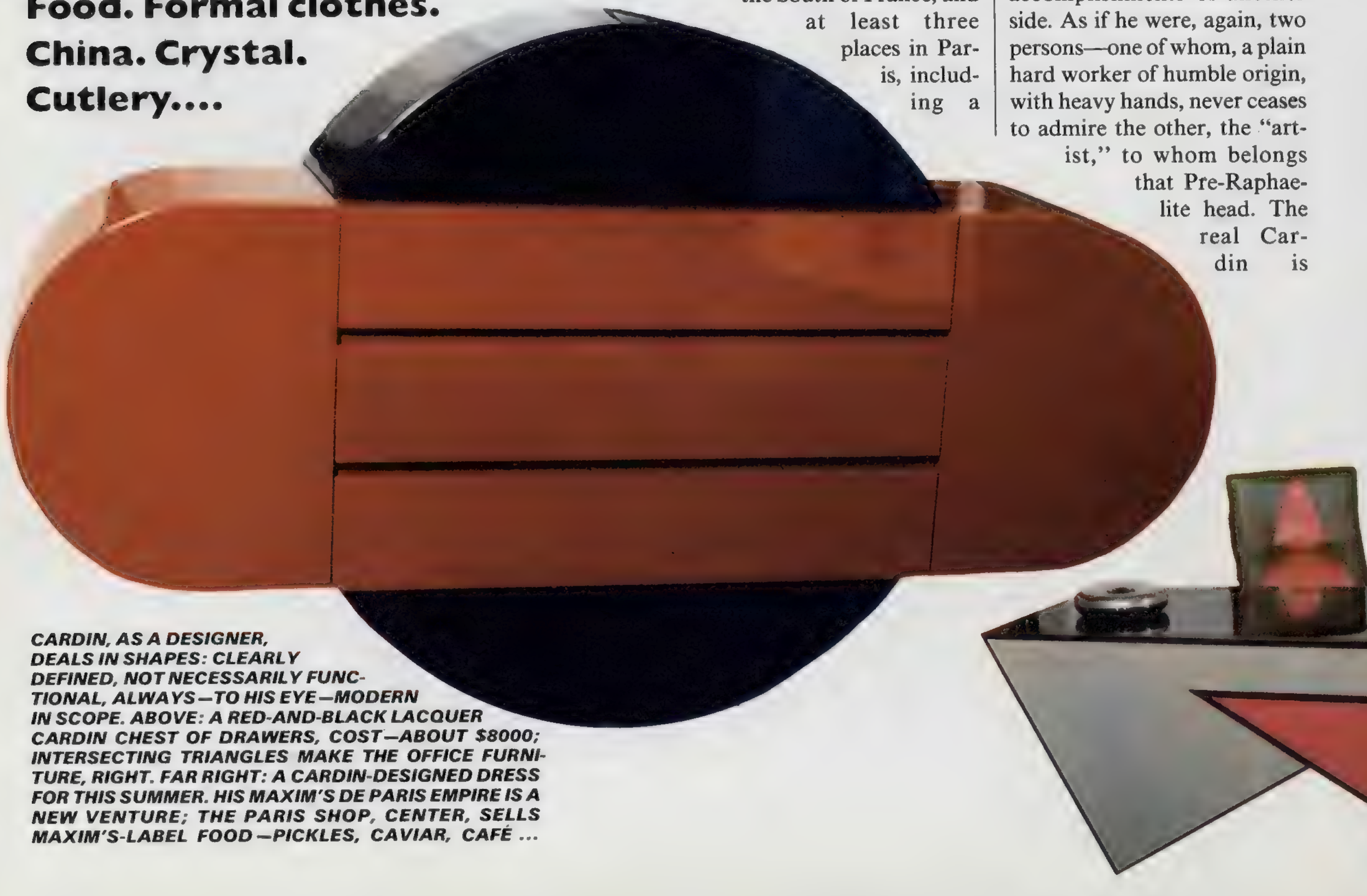
James Brady, who was with me, always ends up his telling of the story with André Oliver, Cardin's assistant, calling the fire department. I didn't see any hoses arrive to quell me as I hurried toward the street, but it seemed to me that the creator was about to undergo spontaneous combustion, a favorite form of death in nineteenth-century mystery novels.

Cardin and I have both outlived that terrible moment. And over the years, though many of the thousands of models he has turned out at the rate of two to three hundred per collection still seem a bit crazy to me, I have come to appreciate a method in his madness. And also to appreciate how, in the throng, he often flashes true fashion prophesies at us.

My opinion of his dresses, in any case, is of no urgency to him now. By the latest count, he has 540 contracts licensing the use of his name on a kaleidoscope of products from socks to airplanes, with a wholesale turnover of about $400 million. His net revenues in United States royalties alone, by André Oliver's account, come to $6 million a year. He has taken a controlling interest in Maxim's Ltd., which owns the Paris restaurant, and is intent on making Maxim's a name to reckon with in food products, clothing, and hotels. He runs the L'Espace Cardin theater in Paris. He owns an apartment in New York City, a showroom in Milan, a palazzo in Venice, a whole little port in the South of France, and at least three places in Paris, including a townhouse opposite the President's Palace where, when he is not eating airplane food, he prepares himself a solitary dinner by peeling open a can of Maxim's sardines or smearing a slice of bread with garlic. Success has become Cardin's shadow, but success has not withered a certain simplicity at the heart of his character—there, like some stubborn root, giving life to a complicated and lavish foliation: his public presence.

He still talks to me. The last time we met, he had recently signed a deal to open a multiproduct Pierre Cardin boutique in the Temple of Heaven in Beijing's Forbidden City. He waved the contract written in Chinese characters and recited the exotic names of the co-signers with excitement, pleasure, and that old sense of awe in his voice. People who say that Cardin likes to boast, has a tendency to megalomania, don't listen right, it seems to me. He doesn't brag. What you get is one side of his nature ingenuously marveling at the accomplishments of another side. As if he were, again, two persons—one of whom, a plain hard worker of humble origin, with heavy hands, never ceases to admire the other, the "artist," to whom belongs that Pre-Raphaelite head. The real Cardin is

**As Pierre Cardin, he's made cars and calculators, Cardin couture and backgammon boards. Now, add the Maxim's name—for a way of living: Maxim's hotels. Restaurants. Food. Formal clothes. China. Crystal. Cutlery....**



*CARDIN, AS A DESIGNER, DEALS IN SHAPES: CLEARLY DEFINED, NOT NECESSARILY FUNCTIONAL, ALWAYS—TO HIS EYE—MODERN IN SCOPE. ABOVE: A RED-AND-BLACK LACQUER CARDIN CHEST OF DRAWERS, COST—ABOUT $8000; INTERSECTING TRIANGLES MAKE THE OFFICE FURNITURE, RIGHT. FAR RIGHT: A CARDIN-DESIGNED DRESS FOR THIS SUMMER. HIS MAXIM'S DE PARIS EMPIRE IS A NEW VENTURE; THE PARIS SHOP, CENTER, SELLS MAXIM'S-LABEL FOOD—PICKLES, CAVIAR, CAFÉ ...*

# A WORLD CALLED CARDIN

both fellows or, more accurately, a handful of matched persons: showman and spectator, workman and prince, *artiste* and hard-nosed negotiator, the father figure who calls his workers "children" and who bought studios for some of them to live in so they need not commute from far and the redoubtable ingrown boss who sees every taxi receipt, pays charily, and makes sure the space heaters are turned off after 4:00 P.M. in the winter.

When Cardin is not traveling, his twelve-hour workday is spent walking up and down the five floors of his Paris headquarters, deciding what must be decided in every department: negotiating contracts, organizing publicity, signing checks (there is only one valid signature in the house of Pierre Cardin), and, of course, Creating.

"I am someone who works for someone called Pierre Cardin," is the way he replies when asked to define himself. To define his work: "First of all, finance. I've always loved finance, and then creating, which is rather the essential thing. Commerce, which I love. . . ."

"Monsieur Cardin is a sculptor of environments," says Hugues-Alexandre Tartaut, one of the recent arrivals among the young *(Continued on page 251)*

**Man of theater, patron of the avant-garde, Cardin knew before anyone else that presenting a collection could be showmanship. He made news....**

*AMERICAN ABSTRACT EXPRESSIONIST WILLEM DE KOONING RETURNS TO DRAWING IN AN UNTITLED 1981 OIL PAINTING, "III," 88" × 77"; XAVIER FOURCADE GALLERY, NEW YORK CITY*

# De Kooning and Hockney
# NEW APPROACHES TO DRAWING

**BY BARBARA ROSE**

Veteran Abstract Expressionist Willem de Kooning and English artist David Hockney, a pioneer in the revival of popular imagery, are renowned as two of the greatest living draftsmen. In their latest work, each has undertaken to redefine the role of drawing with stunning results.

The absence of drawing in the conventional sense became a major characteristic of American art in the 'sixties. Even De Kooning, one of the masters of "action painting," a style based on enlarging drawing to a monumental physical scale, was not immune to the reaction against separating line from color. He suppressed the linear element in his work after 1960; his art became increasingly a matter of the charged brushstroke. In his latest paintings, however, the seventy-eight-year-old New York School master returns to his roots, once more using the fine contouring that was the hallmark of his art in the 'thirties and 'forties.

If De Kooning has come full circle, feeling free now to display if not to flaunt his superiority as a draftsman, David Hockney has in a sense done the opposite by "drawing with the camera," as he puts it, rather than with the hand. Hockney's new works are by no means Photo Realist paintings, but they are definitely involved with photography. Oddly, the result is the contrary of what one might expect: The outlines bounding his figures have disappeared and forms are separated from one another by color rather than line. Polaroid SX-70 photographs, taken from different angles, constitute a crazy-quilt portrait image, dizzying in its mobility.

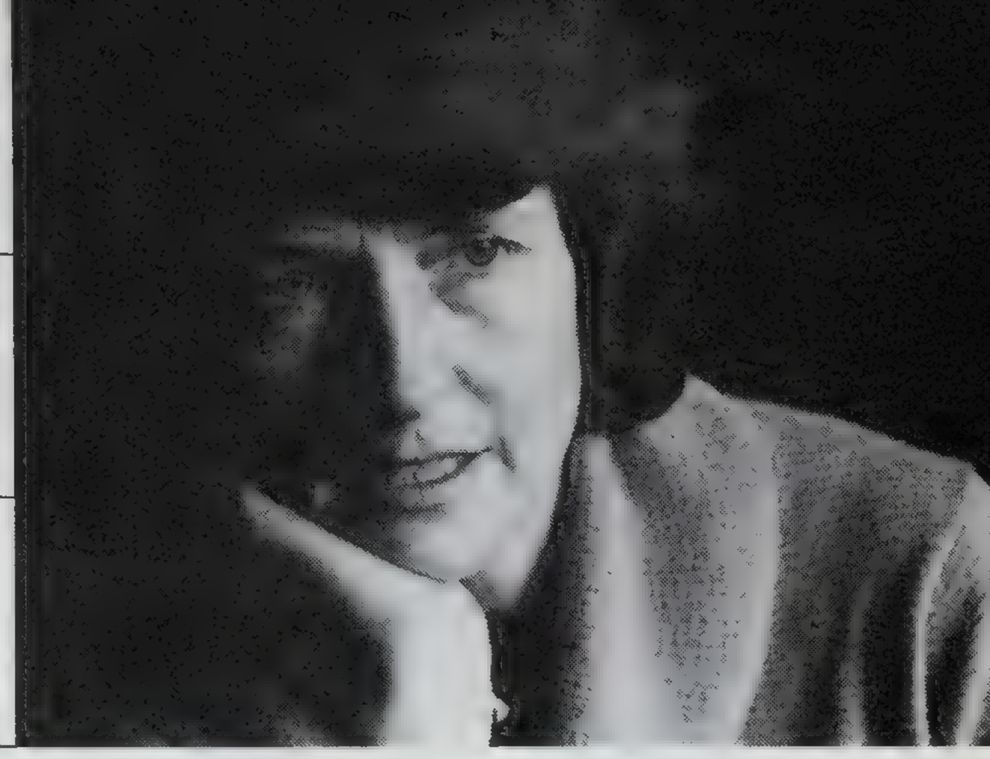
De Kooning's reasons for beginning to use drawing again in painting are

*(Continued on page 250)*

***ABOVE: DRAWN "WITH THE CAMERA," DETAIL OF 1982 PORTRAIT, "NICHOLAS WILDER," BY ENGLISH PAINTER DAVID HOCKNEY, COMPRISED OF POLAROID PHOTOGRAPHS. TOTAL SIZE, 49" × 28"; ANDRÉ EMMERICH GALLERY, NEW YORK CITY***

Copyright © 1982 David Hockney

# THE DOCTORS' CASE AGAINST THE BOMB



AN INTERVIEW WITH HELEN CALDICOTT, M.D., BY AMY GROSS

## Her fear, her grief, outrage are contagious. Her courage, too; her conviction that there is a chance to save the world, and you must try...

This movement is an amazement. It seems to have mushroomed overnight. It has engaged the minds and fervor of the people you'd think would be the last to take on the Establishment—people of the Establishment. People like Robert McNamara and McGeorge Bundy. Dr. Spock, Admiral Rickover, and Billy Graham. Members of Congress. The AMA!

The other Establishment, the sprawling mass formerly known as Middle America—who watched as the Peace Movement paraded by—is, this time around, going to town meetings, signing petitions, and, in general, corroborating the observation of McNamara, Bundy, George Kennan, and Gerard Smith that, "The day is long past when public awe and governmental secrecy made nuclear policy a matter for only the most private executive determination." A recent Yankelovich poll found that 71 percent of Americans prefer to work toward disarmament than toward building up our nuclear stores. An Associated Press poll found that a phenomenal 74 percent of Americans are in favor of the bilateral freeze on the testing, production, and deployment of nuclear weapons as a first step toward disarmament.

So it is not a fringe movement, and it is not a political movement. As Dr. Howard Hiatt, professor of medicine at Harvard Medical School, has commented: "Physicians of all political persuasions have joined the effort. It is clearly not a conservative vs. liberal, nor a hawk vs. dove issue. Rather, I ascribe the unusual involvement of the medical community to great concern about the survival of our country and of our civilization."

The most urgent voice in the movement is that of a physician, Helen Caldicott, a forty-three-year-old Boston pediatrician who emigrated from her native Australia in 1975. There she had led a successful fight to stop the French from exploding hydrogen bombs over the South Pacific. She learned from this experience that you can fight City Hall and pretty much anything else you want to fight. "It's easy," she told a journalist, "because everybody else does nothing."

In 1977, Caldicott helped revive Physicians for Social Responsibility, a group started in 1961 to warn of the medical hazards of atmospheric nuclear testing. Greatly encouraged by current events, and with Caldicott as its president, PSR is now something of a sensation, acquiring about five hundred new members a week. A year ago, Caldicott stopped her medical work to devote herself full-time to what she calls the ultimate issue. "You must take the world on your shoulders like Atlas, you must make a total commitment," she tells her fellow physicians.

Dr. Caldicott is an attractive woman with riveting blue eyes and an absorbing quickness, both

## THE LIFE AND

physical and intellectual. In an interview with Vogue one afternoon in late March, she was fierce; her presence was searing. Certain things are clear to her. The danger. The lunacy. It must be hard to talk with patience and reason about the imminently threatening and absurd. Caldicott has looked into the future and seen time running out. For her, it is all very simple. Nuclear weapons must never be used because they would destroy the earth. Yet we persist in increasing the chances of their being used by plan, human error, or computer accident. Therefore—it is so simple—we must proceed with all speed and goodwill to disarm, dismantle, to make the world safe for our children and our children's children.

It is not so simple for everyone. People want to know first whether we have enough bombs to protect ourselves from the Russians. We have enough bombs, Caldicott responds, to overkill every Russian person forty times. They have



Dominique Nabokov

enough bombs to overkill us twenty times. According to one projection, she says, there would be a shortage of worthwhile targets, not of bombs.

People want to know if a nuclear war would really destroy the earth or only part of it. Would it really mean extinction of humans as a species? Only one hundred and forty million Americans would be killed, one government scenario predicts. Only one hundred and forty million. The Federal Emergency Management Agency, formerly the Civil Defense Board, is coming up with such measures as post-bomb change-of-address postcards to be carried, I suppose, by postmen who are willing to add radiation to snow, sleet, hail, and rain.

FEMA lodges most of its hopes in "crisis relocation" plans to evacuate people from high-risk areas. True, a missile can zoom from Russia to the U.S. in only thirty minutes, but given a few days' notice, FEMA guesses, evacuation could cut losses to only eighty million. Only eighty million. Of course, Caldicott reminds, the Russians have satellites "that can practically read license plates." They would notice a crowd leaving town.

But this is the least of the problems with FEMA's plans. Caldicott's message—the PSR message—to the Federal Emergency Management Agency is: There can be no management. Certainly no medical management. Caldicott cites a projection from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology: Within thirty days, up to 90 percent of Americans could be dead. That would leave 10 percent, a number that would dwindle in response to radiation sickness, injuries, lack of uncontaminated water, infections of all kinds spread to epidemic proportions because radiation will have knocked out the body's immune system.

These are the most tolerable of the facts PSR wants you to know.

Helen Caldicott is an unusual leader. Most leaders are paternalistic. Their message may be inflammatory (strike! war!) but subliminally they are saying: follow me, you'll be in good hands—I'll take care of everything. People appreciate such comfort, preferring it to alarm. The sweetest words are: It will be all right. Caldicott, on the other hand, is like a shock in the dark. The last thing she wants to do is comfort. Her first purpose is to crack *(Continued on page 248)*

# AT WHAT PRICE PEACE?

**A DIFFERENT VIEW OF THE NUCLEAR ISSUE, BY MAX LERNER**

It is a good feeling when the generation of your sons challenges your own generation and compels you to rethink the prime issue of our time. That has happened to many of us as a result of Jonathan Schell's *The Fate of the Earth* (Knopf), which has already stirred a storm of controversy because it has shifted the debate over nuclear energy to a new philosophical level—that of first and last things.

Jonathan Schell has a passion for personal privacy. He doesn't give interviews, he won't be photographed, won't appear on TV, won't answer his critics. In a culture of media hype, it is a refreshing personal code. What he says in effect is

"Judge me by my book itself, not by my TV personality or media image."

I honor this in him. Yet given his remarkable book I trust some memories of him will not be amiss.

I knew Jonathan Schell best when he was growing up. As it happens, Jonathan and my son Michael were schoolmates and close friends at The Dalton School in Manhattan, from the late '40s to the late '50s. It was an extraordinary school, progressive in its aims and methods but not permissive in its values. It stressed excellence and individuality. It gave the students breathing space but it also set high standards for what they could make of their energies and talents.

I remember a parcel of little boys—Michael and Jonathan among them, and Wally Shawn and Chevy Chase—who played and roughhoused and studied together. The parents all knew and visited with each other. They tended to be liberals, professionals, involved in community affairs, with *(Continued on page 245)*

**DEATH ISSUE**

**The strength of Jonathan Schell's book, *The Fate of the Earth*, is that it will startle the nuclear establishment out of its accustomed thinking...**

For health crusader, city beautifier
Mary Lasker, a new country place—
the pinnacle of her very personal style—
lavished inside and out with her favorite
roses, rimmed by an inlet of sea

Horst

The charm of this summer place: its open, airy feeling, indoors as well as out. The living room, *this page,* with its pale, monotone walls, rugs, furnishings allows Kenzo Okada's "Grass," over the couch, and Thomas Stokes' "London Pink, 1971," over the commode, to star. More subtle brushstrokes of color: the small silk pillows, pale-pink roses from Mrs. Lasker's voluminous rose garden, the eighteenth-century English plates on the coffee table. *Opposite page, top:* Mrs. Lasker on the terrace, a favorite gathering place for late-afternoon tea or drinks with friends, family; *below:* the view from the terrace, framed by a prized Japanese maple.

# *Mary Lasker:* GIVING NATURE

1

2

3

In the bright, spacious entrance hall (1), an arrangement of Mrs. Lasker's favorite pink-and-white flowers complements Kenzo Okada's painting, "A Row." (2) Detail of fresh flower "painting." (3) Eighty-foot swimming pool looks out over Long Island Sound. In foreground, huge mixed bed of roses, from white, to pinks, to crimson. (4) In Mrs. Lasker's bedroom, a flowered pink-and-white bower, mirrored desk holds a Sévres pitcher and dish, small Spode vase, eighteenth-century French silver candlesticks. Interior designer Gay Hackett helped find fabric for this and other rooms. (5) Russell Page's grey-and-white hillside "tapestry"—a play of colors and textures—flowers and subshrubs.

*Mary Lasker:*

## GIVING NATURE

*Mary Lasker's style: uniquely personal, welcoming, wherever she lives. And it has never looked better than in this, her new house in the country. The elements: a profusion of flowers and trees, pale, serene colors that allow modern paintings to lift spirits, mirrored surfaces and see-through tables that give an abundantly furnished room an uncluttered, open feeling. Here, a new element is added: water—a vast blue-on-blue horizon dotted with islands, stretching from the edge of the evergreen-bordered, rolling emerald lawn. In summer, there are flotillas of butterfly-bright sailboats to watch. "I'm an avid boat watcher," says Mrs. Lasker, "in the city I watch the traffic on the East River from my window." The basic garden structure of the six acres surrounding this house was planned by landscape architect Russell Page ("I call myself a garden designer"). Twelve hundred rose bushes, fifteen hundred white and pink azaleas, a whole flock of topiary trees in bird shapes were added. It is only fitting that Mrs. Lasker, who has given so many gifts of trees and flowers to beautify New York and other American cities, should live surrounded by her own favorite flowers, shrubs, and luxuriant trees.*

# "REPLACING COUCHES WITH LITTLE BLACK BAGS..."

# MIND/HEALTH

The '80s have brought us what some experts call "the fourth revolution in psychiatry." The first occurred when society recognized that certain bizarre behavior was a sign of illness, not possession by the devil, and we stopped incarcerating or burning as witches those afflicted with severe mental problems. The second revolution was initiated by Sigmund Freud, who used "the talking cure," psychoanalysis, to probe deeply into the unconscious, attempting to find clues to emotional aberrations that would help the patient to find the way to mental health. The third revolution began as recently as the 1950s, when a number of drugs were introduced to calm anxiety, lift depression, normalize manic states, and allow even some profoundly disturbed schizophrenic individuals to leave hospitals and make their way in the outside world.

We passed the fourth, and probably the most important, turning point when, because of advanced technology, we began to see that many of the illnesses we had assumed to originate in past experiences, i.e., the environment, were actually, at least in part, biological and could be treated with *medical* rather than psychological techniques. With the invention of positron emission tranverse tomography (PETT), a highly sophisticated technique that shows the chemical activity in the brain on a TV screen, we now can measure brain metabolism accurately. Scientists have found they could track such subtle phenomena as the brain's interpretations of sound and smell, the possible origins of hallucinations, and, most importantly, the exact effects of certain drugs and chemicals on brain activity.

For the first time, scientists were able to understand what actually was happening to the cells and the chemistry of the brain under the influence of the many tranquilizers, antidepressants, and antipsychotic medications on the market. They have also learned the cause of some of the most undesirable side effects of these drugs, a first step in modifying and, perhaps, eventually eliminating these problems altogether.

Joseph J. Schildkraut, M.D., professor of psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School, summed up the current state of his specialty. "Psychiatry is entering the era of psychiatric chemistry, although we are not giving up psychotherapy," he said. Or, as another psychiatrist put it a little more picturesquely: "Soon we may be able to turn in our couches for little black bags. Psychiatry has rejoined medical science."

Actually, Sigmund Freud foresaw this development, although some of his more orthodox followers denigrate it, arguing against the use of drugs in the treatment of mental illness by stating that these chemicals only treat symptoms, not causes. (But then, so does insulin in the treatment of diabetes or nitroglycerin in the treatment of angina.)

Freud maintained that in the future sophisticated biochemistry would provide answers that psychoanalysis could not. "So long as the organic factors remain inaccessible, analysis leaves much to be desired," he wrote. Psychoanalysis was for him primarily a research tool, helping him to understand the patient, rather than to cure him. Psychoanalysis, even when successful, could promise little more than "to convert hysterical misery into common unhappiness," he said.

Analyses, and even many speedier forms of talking therapy, are time-consuming and often prohibitively expensive; there was little psychiatrists could do for the poor, those of limited intelligence, and those who were afflicted with the most severe kinds of mental illness.

The advent of psycho-pharmaceuticals, of course, made a drastic difference. For the first time in centuries, the number of patients hospitalized in state mental institutions declined rapidly; outpatient clinics took care of those released into the community. Even private hospitals began to see fewer patients. Many with anxiety, depression, or manic-depressive episodes were treated in physicians' offices. But many patients had to remain on their medications for years, if not for life—unless they experienced a complete remission, which their physicians often could neither predict nor explain. And, since many of the drugs used in the treatment of mental and emotional problems had side effects to which the patients objected, some of the patients refused to continue taking the drugs once they were no longer under medical supervision—their old symptoms returned.

One of the serious problems around drug therapy was, of course, that scientists knew certain medications worked to control specific symptoms, but they often did not really understand exactly what kind of action these medications had on brain chemistry. With PETT and other delicate and sophisticated techniques in blood and brain chemistry, they are now learning what works best and why. They are also finding genetic causes for many of the severe types of mental and emotional illnesses that formerly were ascribed mainly to early childhood trauma by the analysts.

### *Depression: Drugs and the Genetic Connection*

Depression afflicts more people than all other psychiatric disabilities combined.

BY ELLEN SWITZER AND JOAN KLEIN

# REVOLUTION

## New biochemical agents ...sophisticated electronic monitors ...today's advanced medical technologies are turning the practice of psychiatry around by searching out the physical bases of mental illness

Scientists have long distinguished between two kinds of depression: the blue and unhappy feeling that afflicts all of us at times, usually for a very good reason like the death of a loved one or the loss of a job, and another kind of depression that seems to have no special reason and does not lift, no matter what changes for the better may occur in environment and life style. Again, Freud had recognized that this second kind of depression would not respond to the talking cure; in 1905, he wrote: "Psychoses, states of confusion and deeply rooted (I might say toxic) depressions . . . are not suitable for psychoanalysis."

Physicians, realizing that for many of their severely depressed patients psychotherapy was useless, started using physiological treatments for this condition in the 1930s. Since then, shock or electroconvulsive therapy has been an almost standard and often life-saving treatment for the kinds of depression which are so deep and so immovable that they often lead to suicide; but most patients hated and feared shock treatments. However, having realized that this illness could be treated effectively with only biological techniques, scientists began a serious search for effective drug therapy.

The first of these was discovered through serendipity. For many years TB patients had been receiving a medication called, generically, isoniazid. Not only did it tend to cure their lungs, it also made them unaccountably cheerful. In looking at the chemical properties of these substances, scientists discovered that they tended to inhibit the brain substance monoamine oxidase (MAO) and increased levels of norepinephrine, dopamine, and serotonin. The changed brain chemistry seemed to lift even deep, black depressions. So, MAO inhibitors were prescribed for patients who suffered from this form of mental illness, as well as those with TB. The drug worked well, but it interacted with certain foods and drinks to produce a dangerous rise in blood pressure in some patients. Those who took MAO inhibitors had to live on a somewhat restricted diet.

A few years later, a second family of antidepressants, which did not inhibit MAO production and did not interact with common food substances, came on the market. The best known of these drugs is Elavil, now among the most frequently prescribed medications in the United States. It too had problems, but scientists are beginning to understand more about its exact nature and effects every day.

"The antidepressant tricyclics came out around 1957; now in 1982 we are mastering them," said Steven P. Roose, M.D., a research psychiatrist and assistant professor of clinical psychiatry at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. According to Dr. Roose, a record 85 percent of depressives are now being treated successfully at his institution with tricyclic drugs. He attributes this high rate of success to greater understanding of two factors: what dosage is required for effective results, and which patients will respond to medication and which will not. Doctors now know that depressed patients who are delusional (have morbid fantasies) will not respond well to medication. And doctors have improved their ability to avoid unwanted side effects by more knowledgeable monitoring of patients on drugs, though Dr. Roose calls for better comparison tests between the various antidepressives. He said, "We don't always know what dose to use to be effective with the newer medications, and consequently may be comparing an effective dose of one drug with an ineffective dose of another."

In 1981, still another new family of antidepressants, which are expected to have even fewer side effects than those used previously, has been approved by the FDA. The best known of these is Trazodone, claimed by its manufacturer to be the most side-effect-free antidepressant to date.

Another chemical, lithium, has been found to be highly effective in controlling the wild mood swings of what we used to call "manic-depressive psychosis" and what now is known as "bipolar depression." Ten years ago, many of the patients afflicted with this condition were sent to a hospital during their manic as well as their depressive phases, since at both ends of the emotional spectrum they could be a danger to themselves and/or others. Only during periods when their moods were relatively normal (either on the way up or on the way down) were they able to live relatively normal lives. With the use of lithium, mood swings have been eliminated almost entirely in the majority of these patients, and very few have to spend time in hospitals as long as they remain on their medication.

Because all these serious forms of depressive illness respond to biological, rather than psychological, forms of therapy, researchers are more interested now than ever before in a potential genetic cause. A significant study of families with a history of *(Continued on page 246)*

Hair, makeup these pages: Rick Gillette. Manicures: Cecilia Chan, Connie Lee. Makeup here: Lancôme's Mat Sand dual finish foundation and grey eye shadow. Details, see last pages.

Denis Piel

*What makes shoes so important this season?* When clothes change shape, length, and proportion—shoes change. Add the current focus on pulled-together "total-look" dressing and—shoes become a key element . . . the quickest way to set up a look, balance a line, add decoration. *What to watch for*: a new sophistication in color and shape; a different ornamentation. The shoe of the year: a pump. Newest on high, slender heels. More news: low and flat-heeled tuxedo/"smoking" pumps. Boots: for every hour; every length from ankle to just below the knee. Best shape: pure, straight, narrow. Luxe leathers: polished calfskin, patent, and suède. With embroidery, jewels, tassels, feathers. And color as ornamentation—deep, rich Renaissance shades. Most important: a strong malachite green. Purple. Burgundy. And black! Leg colors: toned to the shoes; patterned and sheer. . . . This picture symbolizes how the details come together for a "total look." Close-to-the-head hair. Lighter, matte-finish makeup for evening; grey smudged eyes; a paler, blotted lip. Geoffrey Beene's flowered wool-challis blouse. Barry Kieselstein-Cord's amethyst ring. And . . . Charles Jourdan's irresistible green suède pumps. About $155. Sakowitz; all Charles Jourdan stores. More about the season's best shoes on next ten pages.

**SHOES ARE BIG NEWS**

*Pumps are big news and better than ever—sleek shapes, slim high heels—and always something extra . . . in decoration, in color.* The color of the year: a deep malachite green, completely neutral—to wear as you would black or navy. The pump, *opposite,* in luxe suède, with a slender stacked heel is the one you saw on the opening page of this section. By Charles Jourdan. About $155. Saks Fifth Avenue; Bonwit Teller, Philadelphia; Nordstrom, Costa Mesa CA. The same green goes on the leg in sheer panty stockings by Hanes Hosiery. . . . At night, a perfect black moiré pump *this page*—for its finish, for the charm of its spirited black tassel. By Charles Jourdan. About $170. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Neiman-Marcus.

Details, next to last pages.

Denis Piel

## SHOES ARE BIG NEWS

*Go for a new, flat-heeled suède boot. It goes day and night . . . could be your best investment!* One of the most tempting looks this—any—season: Andrea Pfister's straight black suède boot, *above*, embroidered and appliquéd . . . and just the right unexpected touch with Geoffrey Beene's evening dress. To keep the look, the line going, black lace panty stockings. Pierre Mantoux for Ilcat. Boots about $590. Mid-July at Lord & Taylor; Marshall Field's. . . . *Opposite:* The new "drama" in a boot—a wonderful deep purple (it works with everything) in suède; a spare line; and, more news, a stacked heel with an unusual shape. By Vittorio Ricci. About $295. Saks Fifth Avenue; Joseph, Chicago and Beverly Hills; I. Magnin. The matching panty stockings by Andrea Pfister. More dramatic accessories: Chloé's leather gauntlet and, over it, Jerry Kott's stitched leather bracelet with blue "jewels" and a snap closing. For fashion details, see next to last pages.

SHOES ARE BIG NEWS

*Little low-heeled pumps at night—fetching, ornamental—with wonderful new shapes.*

This season's "can't do without": a tuxedo pump. *Opposite, top:* Bruno Magli's flat-heeled black suède with shiny satin bows. About $125. Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's; I. Magnin. . . . *Bottom:* The surprise of red suède pompons on Andrew Geller's black patent low-heeled pumps. About $94. Mid-August at Bloomingdale's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin, San Francisco and Beverly Hills.

And from Yves Saint Laurent, *right,* the romantic look of antique bronze silk moiré pumps, with extravagant, jeweled bows and low, shapely heels. About $150. Saks Fifth Avenue; Barton Sligh's; Saint Laurent Rive Gauche, Scottsdale AZ.



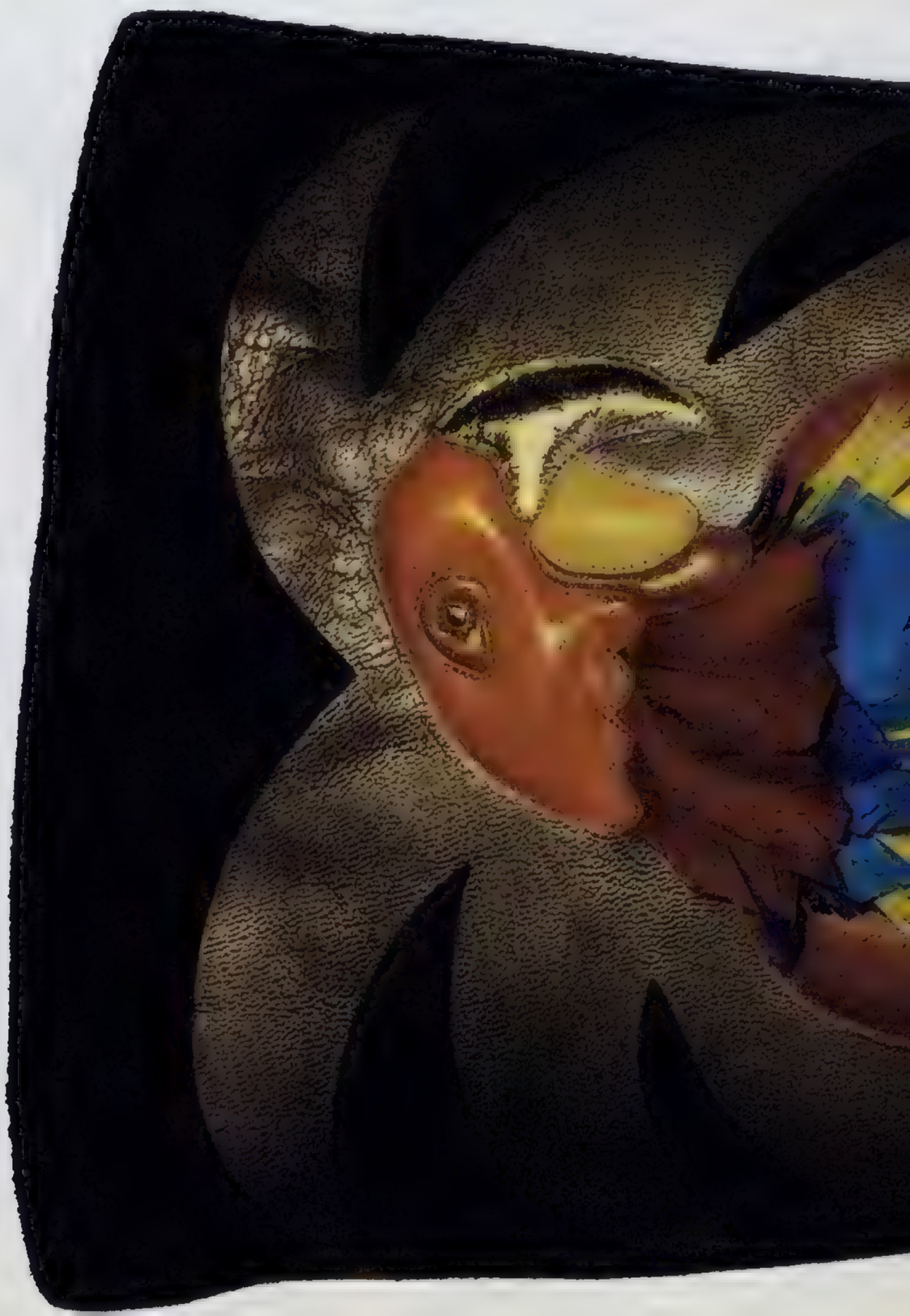
Penn

What catches you—every time—the color,

To stand up to this season's tweeds, corduroys, flannels . . . to anything, including the weather: Golo's ridged-sole Burgundy vinyl boots, *left*. About $98. Bergdorf Goodman, Marshall Field's; Joseph Magnin. . . . The newest bicolor pump, *above*: dark green with a black patent gently curved back and straight, medium heel . . . Geoffrey Beene's strong but low-key style. About $138. Mid-July at I. Miller, NYC; I. Magnin. . . . And, *opposite*, the pure, classic pump updated by this year's green, this year's higher, narrower heel. Stuart Weitzman for Mr. Seymour. About $106. I. Miller, NYC; Joseph, Chicago and Beverly Hills; Sakowitz . . . Another Burgundy boot, *opposite*, this time in suede, with the option of a leather cuff to wear up or down. Palmroth of Finland. About $220. Delman at Bergdorf Goodman; Garfinckel's.

the clean silhouettes, the impeccable crafting

The new ornamentation: whimsy, wit, feathers. Hot news: the tuxedo/"smoking" pump



What works best with the suit and dress versions of tuxedo dressing everywhere: a tuxedo pump—low-heeled, racy, decorative. Givenchy's, for example, *left*, in black patent . . . with flirty feathers. About $177. August at Bloomingdale's, Montaldo's; I. Magnin. . . . What matters about boots this season: not the length . . . but the look: And you couldn't find a look more offbeat, more appealing than this bright-feathered parrot perched on a black suède boot, *below*, Andrea Pfister. About $425. Mid-July at Lord & Taylor; Joseph, Chicago; Beverly Hills.

We're seeing hair in a different way today. What's attractive now—what makes the first, fast impression—is less the style than the quality: the vibrant, shining health of your hair. Terrific hair in peak condition is what sets up considerations of cut, shape, style...and it's what these ten pages turn on

*Hair at its healthiest!—polished, moving, versatile—magnified to show flat, unbroken cuticles, moisturized regularly with a deep conditioner such as Clairol's Condition. Hair, John Sahag. Makeup, Way Bandy.*

Hiro

# THE STATE OF HAIR HEALTH

**BY ALLISON LEOPOLD**

Forty years ago, the experts advised women to shampoo their hair once every two weeks to keep it in optimum condition. Need for more frequent cleansing, women were warned, was cause for medical concern. Today, obviously, our thinking about hair care has changed; we've moved to a more flexible, more care-oriented approach. There's new recognition of the fact that the shape and the cut and the quality of our hair are dependent on one single basic: *good hair health.*

The first thing to understand about hair care is keeping expectations in check. Hair, except for a very small portion of it—3 to 4 millimeters below the scalp surface—is dead. Which means that, once damaged, hair will *not* repair itself, no matter what you do, eat, or take. And even though there are more excellent remedial products than ever to help you achieve the visible state you want, they offer superficial, not structural, benefits—so it pays to be as judicious as you can about not damaging hair in the first place.

The second "rule" about sensible care: that all treatments (shampooing, conditioning and the like) are variable, subject to change throughout one's lifetime as the character of the hair itself changes and subject to change in different climates. And, of course, ideal care also differs as to hair type.

## BASIC BRUSHING INFO

Common-sense hair care starts with the most basic "treatment"—simple brushing and combing on a regular basis to remove snarls and tangles, to give hair a well-cared-for look. A *moderate* amount of brushing improves the hair's general appearance because it moves the oil (sebum) away from the scalp, distributing it evenly, adding luster, smoothness, flexibility; but, according to Alan Moshell, M.D., skin diseases program director, National Institutes of Health, for some people brushing may become "potentially disruptive," pulling out the hair from too much friction. "The longer the hair, the greater the tendency for it to become knotted, and for the 'pull' of brushing to result in hair loss. Fine hair and brittle hair are also more prone to fracture."

Doctors agree that the best all-around brush to reduce that kind of stress on the hair is one with soft bristles, whether natural or synthetic, "soft" meaning that if the bristles meet resistance, they *bend* rather than pull at the hair. Least stressful shape: a straight brush. (Those that roll the hair around maximize the "yank.")

"Wet hair, of course, should never be brushed," said Gary Brauner, M.D., associate clinical professor of medicine, Albert Einstein College of Medicine-Montefiore Division. "Wet hair is the weakest hair. Using a wide-tooth comb will be less traumatic than a fine-tooth one. And combing wet hair is much easier if it is done with a cream rinse in the hair, which produces less cling."

## SHAMPOOING

Before the mid-1930s, most people washed their hair with ordinary bar soap and water. Early shampoos were based on mixtures of the same. But while soap was and is excellent for the cleansing of skin, it exhibited certain drawbacks when it came to washing hair. In addition to not "working" in hard water, soap formed a sticky, gummy, hard-to-rinse-off film on the hair. Today's shampoos are synthetic detergents called surfactants which dissolve the dirt- and bacteria-laden sebum layer on each hair strand and "hold" the soil particles in the wash water until they're rinsed away.

In the absence of dandruff, seborrhea, or serious scalp conditions, shampooing should be done only as often as is necessary to get the hair clean, eliminate surface buildup of hair sprays, gels, pomades, etc., and as often as is necessary for styling. Generally, it can be done as little as once or twice a week without any problems. Obviously, however, there are common-sense dictates: oily hair should be shampooed more often; dry hair less frequently and with a gentler shampoo.

But what about overdoing it? Is it harmful, in fact, to shampoo the hair too much? Absolutely. "If you're talking about shorter hair, it's not that big a deal. But if the hair is long, frequent shampooing is not only time-consuming but actually can be injurious to the hair," Dr. Brauner said. "Every time you shampoo, you're abusing the hair, using a chemical on it, traumatizing it. If a woman finds she is developing problems with split ends or her hair is losing luster or she is getting a lot of knotting, then shampooing less frequently and using a conditioner so the hair combs out without a lot of trauma, may help, particularly for longer hair."

In addition to damage caused by overmanipulation during frequent shampooing, the excessive oil-stripping that occurs may also contribute to the hair's lackluster appearance. "The more you wash the hair, the more you decrease its natural oil content. Unnecessary shampooing may then result in over-dry hair, or hair that is rough in appearance (oil is what smooths down the hair cuticle, making it lie flat enough to resist friction from brushing and combing); but that is assuming all you do is shampoo and not use any kind of conditioner."

**There's a lot of news—there's a lot happening . . . there are more changes than ever when it comes to the look of hair this fall. But through it all, two real, put-your-money-on constants emerge: that the basis for good-looking hair is more than ever (1) optimum health through knowledgeable care (explored *opposite*), followed by (2) a really good, solid haircut. . . . Whether your hair is long or short (and on the whole, we're moving shorter, neater,**

Does healthy hair become immune to sham-

*(Continued on page 248)*

lighter), an excellent haircut is what sets up the style of your hair—how it falls, how it handles. The kind of cut we mean, where you can see the difference: John Sahag's way (half-finished, *above*). "I believe in haircutting for shape," he says. "And with a good cut, the cut *is* the shape." . . . The lift of red lipstick: Halston's Highshine Lip Gloss in Wildfire. Makeup by Way Bandy; manicure by Josephine Allen of Il Makiage. Napier earrings; details, see last pages.

INSTANT IMPACT HAIR

Hiro

*Ponchos, Lloyd Allen; bracelets, Bill Schiffer for Artist Product Gallery; diamond stud earrings, Fortunoff. Details, see last pages.*

**INSTANT IMPACT HAIR**

Hiro

**Sign of (good) times for hair: the increasing use of beneficial "hair masks" formulated by hairdressers who know that with care, hair can be helped to look and behave well. Imo of Giardino, NYC, works with colorist Graziella to "custom-make" masks of natural ingredients—to enhance color, solve problems (see *right*). On wet, clean hair, the masks set for thirty minutes so hair receives full benefit of the ingredients. *Top left:* the rosemary, walnut-hull, and saponaria (with natural silicone) mask for brunettes; *below left*, marigold, camomile, and mullen flowers to restore brightness to faded fair hair. *Below right*: the quassia-chip, rosemary, and sage mask for overly dry conditions. Scalp masks now, too, at La Coupe in New York City and Montreal, where masks with antibacterial healing agents help scalps. Makeup, Rick Gillette. Manicure, Cecelia Chan.**

# THE ART OF HAIR MANAGEMENT

**BY SHIRLEY LORD**

Hair you can depend on—that's what you've always wanted and that's what you can obtain now . . . so says the hairdressing industry with one voice, a confident attitude backed up with a barrage of hair-treating products that say what they mean and mean what they say. "Cosmetically incompetent" is the term the industry has long given to hair that doesn't behave, that's flyaway, drops out of shape fast, is limp or the reverse, unruly and wiry. Now there is a multitude of ways to tackle each condition, the result of vastly improved technology and intensive research on the part of a few dedicated companies acting on regular feedback from the most reliable "focus groups" of all—hair-salon customers.

Why are perms now the fastest growing area—with 55 percent of all American women perming their hair? Because just as women are using haircolor to "enhance" but not change natural color, so they are using perms to *enhance* hair texture/body to give increased *manageability,* a pressing necessity. There are now 270 perms on the market in many formulations to produce any number of effects from precise curl to soft, loose wave to simply more "body."

The latest—and most newsworthy—perm comes from Redken (which spends two million dollars annually in research and sells its products *only* to hair salons—nearly forty thousand in twenty countries). Ammonia-free and using a neutral pH for the first time, Controlled Volume penetrates hair fibers to achieve the desired result in only twenty-five minutes from start to finish.

As David Cannell, Ph.D., Redken's vice president for research and development, explains, "To achieve lasting results, perming, like other services involving chemicals, has to change hair-shaft structure. The key to success is to be able to *control* that alteration without hair damage. Because there is no excess alkalinity or acidity, the Controlled Volume process does not continue to break down hair bonds, stretching and weakening hair unnaturally. By using a neutral pH, the rate of bond restoration is as fast as the rate of bond breakage, so hair is left in excellent condition." He adds, "This chemistry has great potential for the ethnic hair market, minimizing much of the *(Continued)*

INSTANT IMPACT HAIR

Hiro

*Makeup,*
*Way Bandy.*
*Nails here and next page,*
*Josephine Allen of Il Makiage.*
*Santos watch, Les Must de Cartier.*

damage to black hair, making a shorter process for the black client who often spends two or three hours in a salon straightening her hair, then rolling and reperming, which obviously can cause a great deal of hair breakage and damage."

The consumer's lack of time and self-inflicted hair abuse are two of the main reasons many manufacturers of hair products have turned their attention to precluding damage and/or maintaining or restoring hair's condition.

The most common self-inflicted injury—the overuse of chemicals and in particular allowing too short a time span between the two major chemical steps of coloring and perming—has now been tackled effectively by the Realistic Division of Revlon. With their MP 200 Hair Treatment, they say, hairdressers can now perform haircoloring and perming on *the same day,* if that is what a customer wants, unless hair is obviously breaking, extremely porous, or there is obvious evidence of an abnormal scalp condition. For those in a hurry to receive color and perm the same day (we still would caution against it), the haircolor procedure must come *first,* followed by the Sensor Hair Treatment perm. Probes from the MP Sensor Hair Computer are attached to enable the operator to receive the correct information to program and then control electronically precise perming and conditioning. The Sensor Hair Treatment is particularly effective in treating porous hair, more prevalent today not only because of haircoloring but because of increased sun exposure and/or use of heat in styling with hot rollers, tongs, blow-dryers.

Care is the perm criterion for those who like to "do-it-themselves," too . . . L'Oréal's Premiere Perm for home use, for instance, is formulated with a moisture protection barrier to help stabilize/improve body.

To prolong the end result of products that alter hair's structure, there's also a step-up in the number of synergistic products to be used together on a regular basis . . . like the duo shampoo and conditioner, Texture Care for Permed Hair, introduced by Zotos, a leading maker of professional salon perms, with an acidic pH of five to flatten the hair's cuticle and a special compound to add body, protecting both perm and hair through wet and dry combing/brushing. Clairol's Kind To Color perm, as the name suggests, uses a special chemical method to deliver curl safely to hair previously colored (except double-processed or frosted hair), while their Condition Shampoo (now in an economical twenty-four-ounce size) comes in five versions to deal with hair as different as dry is from oily, as perm/color-treated is from extra fine and limp.

If you like to wash your hair every day, one of the gentlest shampoos comes from Neutrogena. "Formulated to be to hair what Neutrogena soap is to skin—cleansing thoroughly, rinsed off easily to leave nothing behind to irritate the skin—this shampoo is mild enough to be used every day," says Mitch Wortzman, the company's director of *(Continued on page 247)*

**"Black hair, when wet, frizzes up and out; unlike Caucasian hair, which smooths and flattens," says John Sahag. One solution? Johnson's Baby Oil used as a conditioner. Another, L'Oréal's salon-only Olive L. Benson line to relax and make excessively curly hair manageable. James Harris, director for black hair at Glemby International, suggests the Infusium treatment, "far better than a setting gel because it doesn't create a sticky feel or look, so hair has movement!" Hair, John Sahag; Max Factor waterproof makeup.**

# THE GLORIOUS 4 CCESSORY

For a woman today, on the go, moving from an office to an evening life . . . dashing from an exercise class to a business lunch, the question that comes up—frequently—is: how do I handle my hair . . . have it look good—neat, clean, attractive—at every turn? Hairstylists Kenneth and John Sahag agree: the answer lies in the cut of your hair.

"Long or short," says Sahag, "I believe in a cut to start with, then very good care." Beyond that, adds Kenneth, "know your hair . . . but more importantly know its limitations, its texture . . . what it *will* and *won't* do. For example, to have coarse, wavy hair and want it to lie smooth and close to the head is a fantasy."

After that, most experts agree, it becomes a question of time . . . how much you want to—or can—spend on your hair. And also on how you want to *live* with your hair, too. "If you have straight hair, for instance," says Kenneth, "and want a lot of body or fullness, you're not going to get it quickly. That kind of styling—for that kind of hair—takes time *and* manipulation.

"An easy look for an active woman," says Kenneth, "is shoulder- or shorter-length hair, with some layering if it works better on her particular hair type. She can wash her hair herself—every day or every other day—blow it dry to add bulk or body . . . use hot curlers when she wants some wave. It all depends on the *effect* she's after."

Which brings us to length. A lot of length considerations, especially for working women who have to present a certain image, have to do—in the end—with keeping hair out of the face. Long hair tends to get pulled back . . . to be held away with bands. You look (and can be) inefficient if your *(Continued on page 246)*

**Today, hair's style is in its cut . . *and* in its condition, says John Sahag, who did the hair here. Care is paramount—and that includes protection against everything from sun—"the harshest bleach"—to acidy lemon rinses—"we have better ways of obtaining color." Beyond hair's shape, there's texture. "I recommend playing with textures, using the dryer to straighten hair, to blow-dry sides back, to 'alter' texture. "Lanolin is another 'tool,' helping to add body, giving a wet/dry look . . . a more carefree feeling. If you have long hair, you can do lovely twists, pulling hair back with combs, braids, ties. When it all comes together—the cut, the shape, the condition—you hardly ever need a hairbrush; you can smooth hair in place with your fingers." . . . Finishing touches: kohl-rimmed Black Vellura eyes, Scarlatto lips by Borghese. Makeup, Way Bandy.**

*Jewelry,*
*Carimati Jewelers.*
*Calvin Klein clothes.*
*Details, last pages.*

INSTANT IMPACT HAIR

Hiro

*Right:* A great, gutsy coat: Norma Kamali's long, narrow, snapped black "sweatshirt" coat. $112.

A coat classic in black, *above:* Burberry's wrapped-and-belted wool gabardine trenchcoat. $595.

A terrific big coat from Alfred Sung—straight, hooded, in navy wool, with a dropped shoulder. $370.

# THE BEST F

Starting here, the looks, that are the best quality/style—at a price. Here, the news of

Hair, all these pages, John Killebrew of Xavier, N.Y.; makeup, Wesley Dunn for Garren and Angelica Novaes of Xavier, N.Y.
Manicures, Cecelia Chan. Stores, details, last pages. All prices approximate.

The coat to grab, from Geoffrey Beene for Gallant: a black wool reefer—narrow, modern, perfect. $300.

A standout top —Jack Mulqueen's black/white silk tuxedo blouse with a pleated bib. $78.

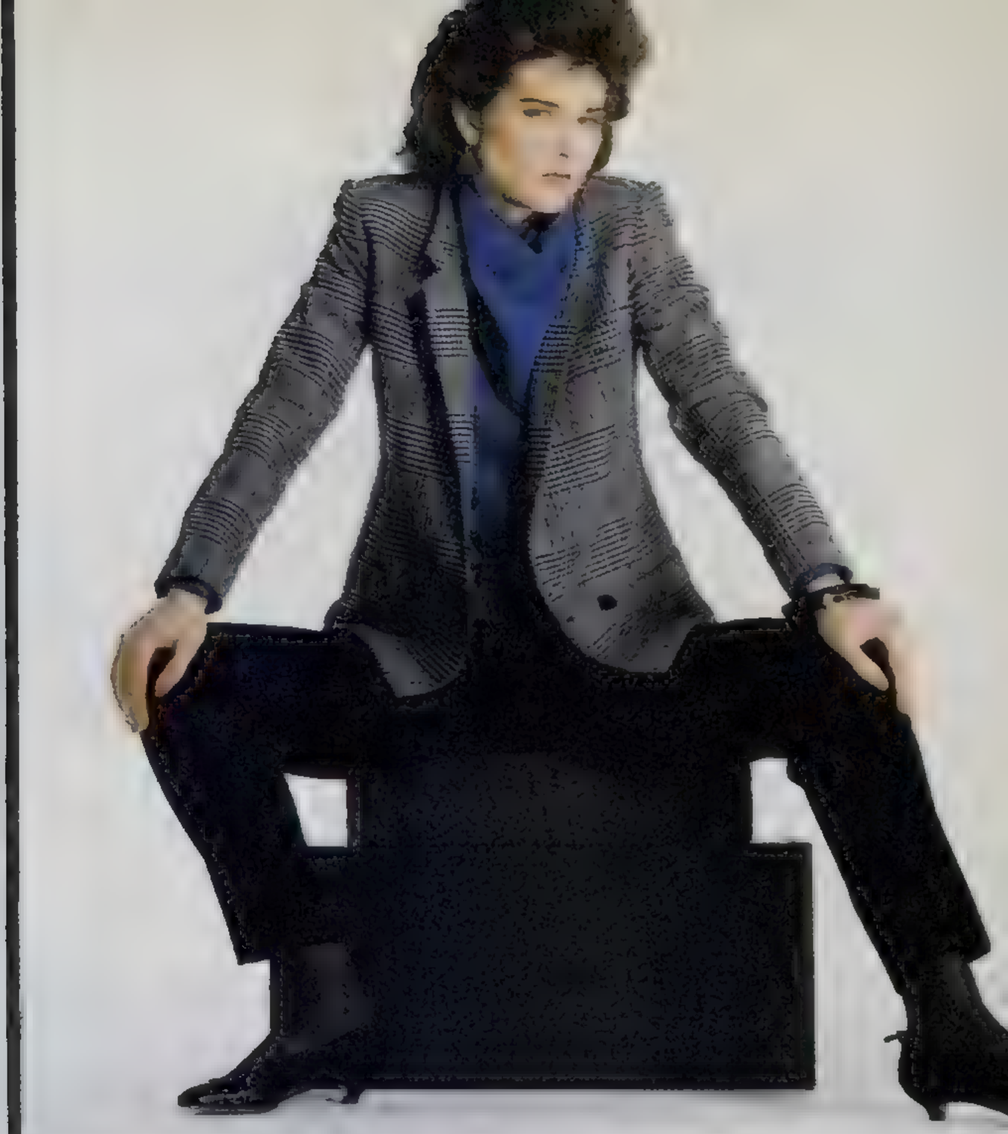
In a season of black and white, Ralph Lauren's wool cardigan, $136; cords, $80; bibbed shirt, $98.

From Christian Dior Separates: a black tux jacket, $145; pleated trousers, $92; tucked shirt, $70.

Knockout dinner dress—a charming white silk jacquard from Pierre Cardin Dresses for Taipan. $232.

# NDS

buys from the best designers—finds that give you coat dressing, key dark colorings, "black tie" effects...



From Liz Claiborne and Evelyn Sini for Liz Claiborne: glen plaid jacket, $150; pants, $70; sweater, $40.

A finished look: Adrienne Vittadini's black and brown knit velvet top, $150, knitted cropped pants, $120.

Real style: brown/olive blouson, $360; jersey top, $130; suede skirt, $250. Christian Dior Sportswear.

From Sonia Rykiel Knits, a charming, ruffled, knit pullover, $140, perfect "sleeve-like" knitted pants, $100.

Classics—with a twist. Alfred Sung's navy wool gabardine jacket, $266; pants, $164; pleated shirt, $164.

The suit in black worsted wool gabardine jacket, $172; slim skirt, $82. Both, Christian Dior Separates.

Perfect pants, pleated in navy, $92. Ribbed cardigan, $80, and wing-collared shirt, $55. All, J.G. Hook.

A real find in a dress—Stephen Burrows' silver studded black wool jersey. For Marjer Enterprises, $180.

All prices approximate. Details, stores, last pages.

THE BEST FINDS

... /n the kinds of clothes you live in by day:
all with a sharp, pulled-together quality—
and always, a narrow, narrow line

# More finds, in clothes with an easy, casual attitude. What's different: even in this kind of relaxed dressing— for weekends, for the country—there's still a finish, a racier edge...

Polished: shirt-jacket, $258; sweater, $100; pants, $80. All Ralph Lauren Roughwear. Les Must de Cartier watch.

To count on: Jaeger's Lurex-spiked sweater, $95; hip length wool jacket, $260; wool culottes, $120.

Total dressing from Schrader Sport: moss wool crêpe trousers, $94; pullover, $90; Paisley blouse, $80.

A dress that looks—feels—easy on: a "vested" grey corduroy. Beenebag by Geoffrey Beene. $175.

Pivotal tunic-y suede pullover in a new neutral green. Evan-Picone, $200. Leather skirt, agnes b., $157.

A terrific casual duffel jacket, in slickery Burgundy nylon ciré. From Hyperbole by Courreges, $380.

Frank Schramm

From Knockabouts by Pendleton, a grey/white wool "country" plaid jacket, $120. Pants, Zoran, $210.

Classics: a mushroom wool cardigan, $130; and pants, $150; silk/wool blouse, $160. Pierre Cardin Sportif.

A "live-in" top: Ralph Lauren's blue cotton sweatshirt, $64. "New classic" leather skirt, agnes b., $157.

All prices approximate. Details, stores, last pages.

VOGUE
PATTERN
#2873

Frank Schramm

*Opposite:* To sew—a coat that starts a "total" look, with bright, strong color, clean-lined proportion: Geoffrey Beene's "collarless" red wool melton in a 3/4 almost-jacket length . . . versatile enough to slide over anything. Vogue American Designer Geoffrey Beene Pattern #2873; wool melton, Anglo Fabrics.

*Right:* Another coat option to sew—for evening, a "dressier" coat, soft as a cape: a kimono in black silk velvet, with a gently tapering sleeve. Worn over a black silk satin top and black wool flannel skirt. Vogue Paris Original YSL Pattern #2990; silk velvet, Mayer & Fisher. Silk satin and wool flannel, Maxine Fabrics, NYC. Sewing tips and fashion details, stores, last pages.

VOGUE
PATTERN
#2990

THE BEST FINDS

A strong polish coming from coat look, a sense in coats like these, both with part of the season's dressing. Always, a total of finish, presence... both to sew, a certain dash...

VOGUE'S

# Last Word

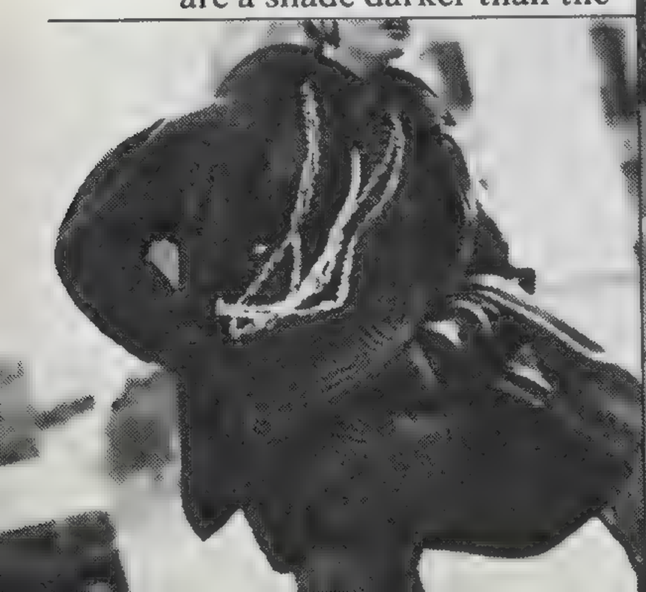
## ON FASHION IN THIS ISSUE

What works and what doesn't: when you're talking about long skirts, short skirts, or something between . . . if you want a top that looks narrow, a dress with ease, or a hat that makes sense

What works? Clearly, there's not just one length—or shape—or handling of proportion in clothes now; but in dressing with the kind of options that are available for fall you'll find, fairly often, one key. It has to do with line. **Most of the clothes in this issue have the appearance of some length—either from an elongated top or bottom or both; when you put them on, they skim your body** rather than hug it. In effect, what you get is a lean, narrow line. You can get it in a variety of ways.

**If someone says to you, "It's all a matter of proportion," this season, she's probably talking about one of two proportions:** a short skirt and long top that stops at the top of your leg (a proportion like Saint Laurent's, *below left*) . . . or a slim below-calf-length skirt (Karl Lagerfeld's, *below,* is considerably below-calf)—again, with a long jacket that falls straight.

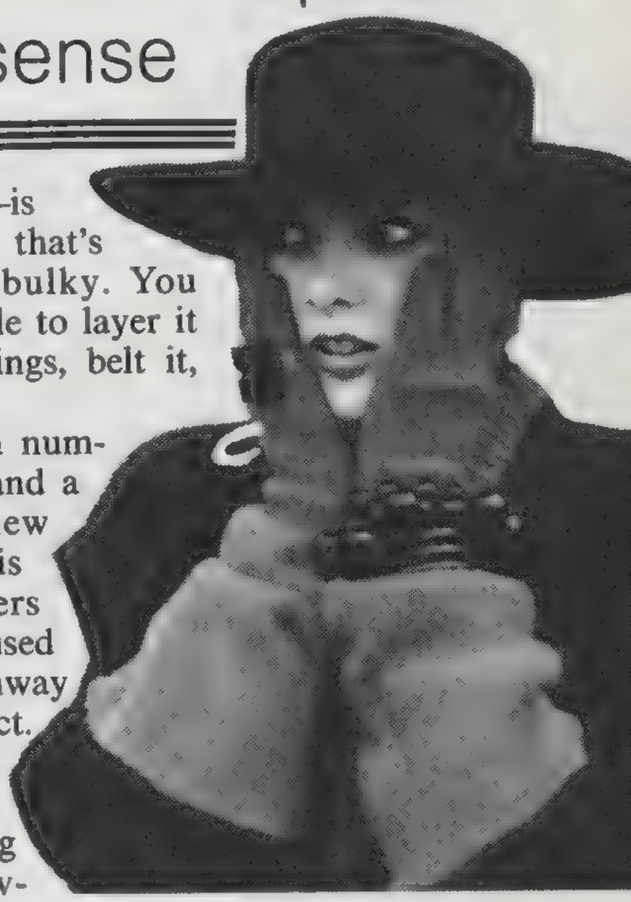
**When you wear long or short, now, there are some things to look for:** Skirts seem narrow, but the best have some ease so you can move in them. They're not meant to mold to your leg or to your fanny; if a skirt's long, it will have some room at the hem—either from softness that starts at the waist, from a deep pleat or, like Lagerfeld's, from a cut that overwraps. Tops are long but lean; **a long sweater, this season, has more control than a man's oversized crewneck.** Your legs will seem longer in tall boots or in shoes and stockings that are a shade darker than the skirt above them. You'll like both lengths—long and short—best with shoes that have some degree of a heel.



There are tricks in tailoring this season—watch for them; **designers have built a longer line into clothes in ingenious ways.** Some trousers and skirts come with waistbands that sit a bit below the waist—they give you the look of more length through your torso; a jacket like the Lagerfeld *below* appears to fall straight from the shoulder . . . but, in reality, it narrows slightly at the hem. The illusion: a certain leanness, when it's on your body . . . the same sort of narrowness that a somewhat padded shoulder gives. But there's a difference now: Shoulder pads are generally rounder, softer this season; they're there, but there's less of them. These aren't football-shoulder pads.

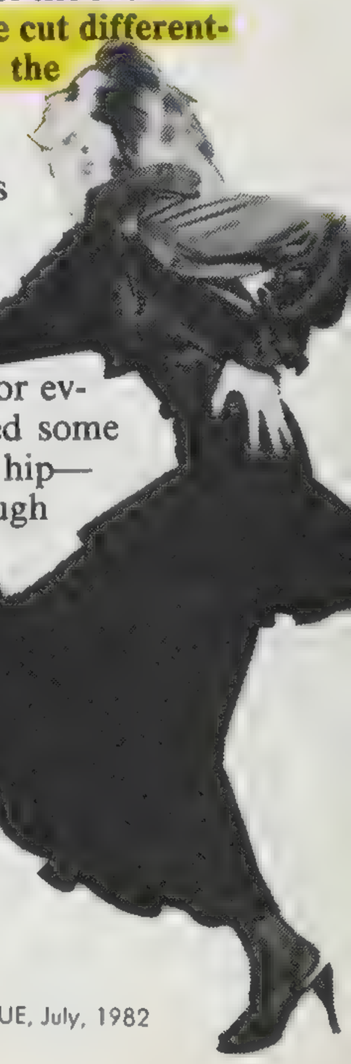
Don't be fooled by all the fashion conversation: **"long and short" doesn't mean there are no lengths in between.** Look at the Anne Klein, *above:* it's an interesting piece, in terms of what it can do in your wardrobe . . . and it's a length—two inches or so below-knee—that a lot of women seem to understand. With nude stockings, it can look somewhat awkward: you'll like this best with dark stockings, or over trousers, or worn with boots that rise into your hem. One option: Some of the newest boots this fall are tall and surprisingly streamlined. They're soft and have the refinement of a pump; but they *are* narrow—and hard to wear if you've any real heaviness in your legs.

**This fall, a "bathrobe" isn't always meant to go over pyjamas . . .** and you'll find pyjama-top shapes—sometimes with piping—made as short dresses and shirts. They're comfortable pieces to wear in a variety of guises; if you put them together—take them too literally—you'll feel like you're ready for sleeping. That Anne Klein cashmere wrap "robe" *above* could go over matching cashmere pants at home, for a dinner; you can wear it like a cardigan over tailored trousers and a beautiful stock-tie blouse. We wrapped and belted it as a dress *(above)* . . . but the secret to this—and to pieces like it—is its fabric: one that's soft and not bulky. You want to be able to layer it over other things, belt it, travel with it.



There are a number of hats—and a variety of new gloves—in this issue; designers for fall have used them on a runway with great effect. Their purpose? Not to be the finishing element to everything you're wearing: they're a way to occasionally have fun with some color (the Lagerfeld gloves, *above,* are bright red) . . . or, when the spirit moves you, to have the pleasure of plunking a man's fedora on your head. **Most of the gloves you'll find this winter come in dark—slate grey, wine, deep green—muted colors and soft buttery leathers.** If they're decorated, it's done subtly; they're not Fashion Statements.

Which leads, somehow, to a few last words: about the shape of some of the clothes we're seeing now. Clearly, there are some changes happening in fashion; and one of the most obvious of these is **clothes that are cut differently—leaner at the rear and at the hips.** The Saint Laurent, *right,* is a good example of this: a skirt that's black velvet, that's ruffled, and is cut very close from waist to thigh. Attractive, yes . . . and, realistically, not for every body. To wear it, you need some degree of height—very little hip—and not much softness through the middle of your body. To wear it—and to wear any number of other clothes this fall—you need a rearview mirror—and you need a highly critical eye when you're looking at it. ▽



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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# HEALTH *style*

Building strong bones, good habits… diet: a better balance, less fat…health by mail…the latest on sleep…

**Diet can influence sleep. New studies reveal that caffeine can affect the quality of hours slept as well as quantity, cause less restful, as well as less sleep. A heavy meal makes some women drowsy, keeps others awake. Studies indicating that tryptophan—an amino acid in milk, tuna, nuts, cheese—encourages sleep are hotly debated, but cigarette smokers, heavy alcohol drinkers do seem to have greater sleep difficulty.**

WAKING UP WITH A STIFF NECK, BACK PAIN CAN BE A SIGN THAT YOU ARE SLEEPING IN THE WRONG POSITION—ON YOUR STOMACH, A TOO-FAT PILLOW—OR IN THE WRONG BED. A MATTRESS SHOULD GENTLY SUPPORT YOUR BODY AT ALL POINTS, WITH MINIMAL BENDING OF THE SPINE. SPACE, TOO, IS IMPORTANT. HALF OF A FULL-SIZE BED EQUALS THE WIDTH OF A CRIB; A COUPLE SHOULD SHARE A QUEEN- OR KING-SIZE SPACE.

## REPLENISH

The amount of sleep each of us needs to refuel our energy for the next day is determined by an interior biological clock, "a self-timing mechanism, present from infancy, that not only controls how much and when each of us needs to sleep, but when our energy highs and lows occur," says Charles P. Pollak, M.D., director, Sleep-Wake Disorders Center, Cornell University Medical Center.

Disturbances of this clock, however, do occur. "Some people think that feeling tired during the day means that they have insomnia. They are confusing sleepiness with fatigue," Dr. Pollak notes. "A woman who runs a race, for example, feels tired; but what she needs is muscle recovery time, not sleep. It is also possible to be physically exhausted but mentally alert, still worrying about the affairs of the day. The opposite notion has led some people to believe that physically active women sleep better than non-active women, but there is no scientific proof of this. Strenuous exercise, though, should never be done right before bed, as it acts as a stimulant."

A change in schedule can also upset the clock (for example, jet lag) as can a change in environment, from noisy to quiet as well as the opposite. "The nervous system responds to change, not constancy, so any difference in noise level, up or down, can disturb sleep."

Is there any way to make up for lost sleep? "Only to a limited degree. Trying to catch up with a nap can backfire, making it harder to fall asleep that night."

Hormone shifts during pregnancy often cause sleepiness during the first trimester, insomnia during the last

**New for video/computer terminal workers: trifocal eyeglass lenses that cut down eye, neck strain; from Optical Radiation Corporation; through opticians**

NIGHT MOVES Tossing and turning is only normal: a healthy sleeper moves forty to sixty times a night with a dozen full body turns.

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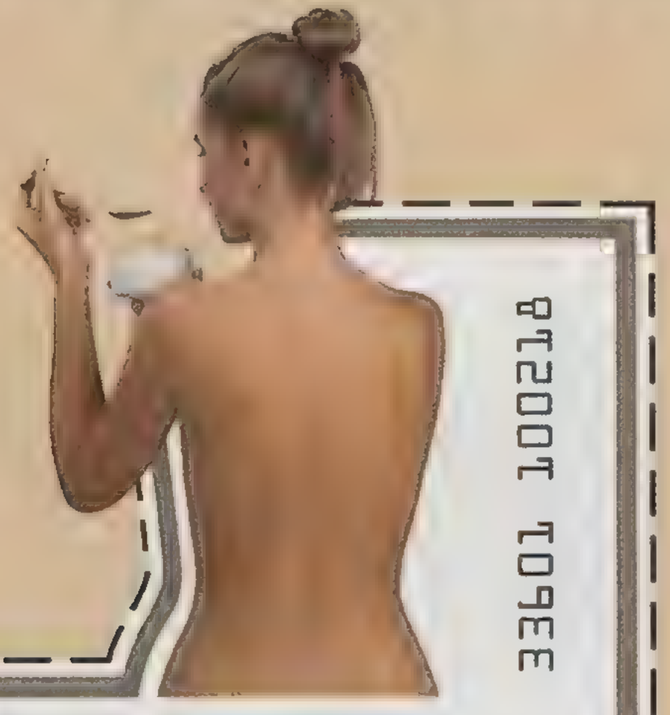


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# HEALTH style

## FOR YOUR HEALTH: EAT LIGHT

The average American's diet is 40 percent fat, much more than is needed to supply the body with essential fatty acids and energy. What's more, fat is literally fattening, with nine calories per gram of fat, compared to four per gram of carbohydrate. "Fat has also been associated with increasing occurrences of breast and colon cancer as well as heart disease," says Richard S. Rivlin, M.D., chief of nutrition, NYC's Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center and professor of medicine, The New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Center.

Reducing the fat in your diet does not have to mean cutting out your favorite foods. What it does require, though, is attention to their preparation. "Removing the skin and underlying fat from poultry, trimming away fat from meats, and broiling, steaming, or poaching foods rather than frying them can help cut down fat content substantially," says Dr. Rivlin. Drinking skim instead of whole milk, substituting low-fat yogurt for cream in cooking, limiting your intake of butter and margarine, both high in fat, are also wise. Eating skim-milk cheeses instead of whole-milk ones, having fresh fruit for dessert rather than high-fat cakes or ice cream also reduce your fat quotient and increase chances of health.

*Strawberries: perfect snack, high in fiber and vitamin C, barely a trace of fat*

Unexpected source of dietary fat: non-dairy creamers, sometimes even higher in fat than the real thing

**IN THE MAIL** *The Nutrition Kit—eight booklets filled with the latest scientific advice on eating right, losing weight, including a nutrition expert's chart that "rates" foods on sodium, sugar, fat levels; $4.50 from American Health Foundation, Dept. HPS, 320 East 43 Street, New York 10017. . . . A computerized nutritional assessment of your daily eating habits, how they mesh with your activity level, developed by Sarah Short, Ph.D., professor of nutrition, Syracuse University. Completed print-out, $30; for instructions, write: The Short Report, Nutrition Services, 1165 West Third Avenue, Columbus OH 43212. . . . To get you moving: Jane Fonda leads you through her famous Workout routines, helps raise money for husband Tom Hayden's campaign for the California State Assembly at the same time; $11.98 tapes, $12.98 records, in California add 6 percent tax. From Workout, Inc., Box 2957, Beverly Hills CA 90213.*

*Reminder: Face, ears, chest may be sun-sensitive, need greater protection than other parts of the body. . .*

**A FAST** ***is never a smart way to lose weight, can be particularly dangerous during pregnancy, as lack of food, poor nutrition can affect a developing baby's health, birth weight***

*A prime factor in a woman's health: her own habits, says Gershon M. Lesser, M.D., University of Southern California, who warns against becoming a "malpatient" by smoking, overeating, neglecting to get regular exercise*

*Photo:*Teddy, Shu-ba by Holly Lueders. Hair, Howard Fugler; makeup, Paul Gobel. Details, stores, last pages. Photo: MICHEL COMTE

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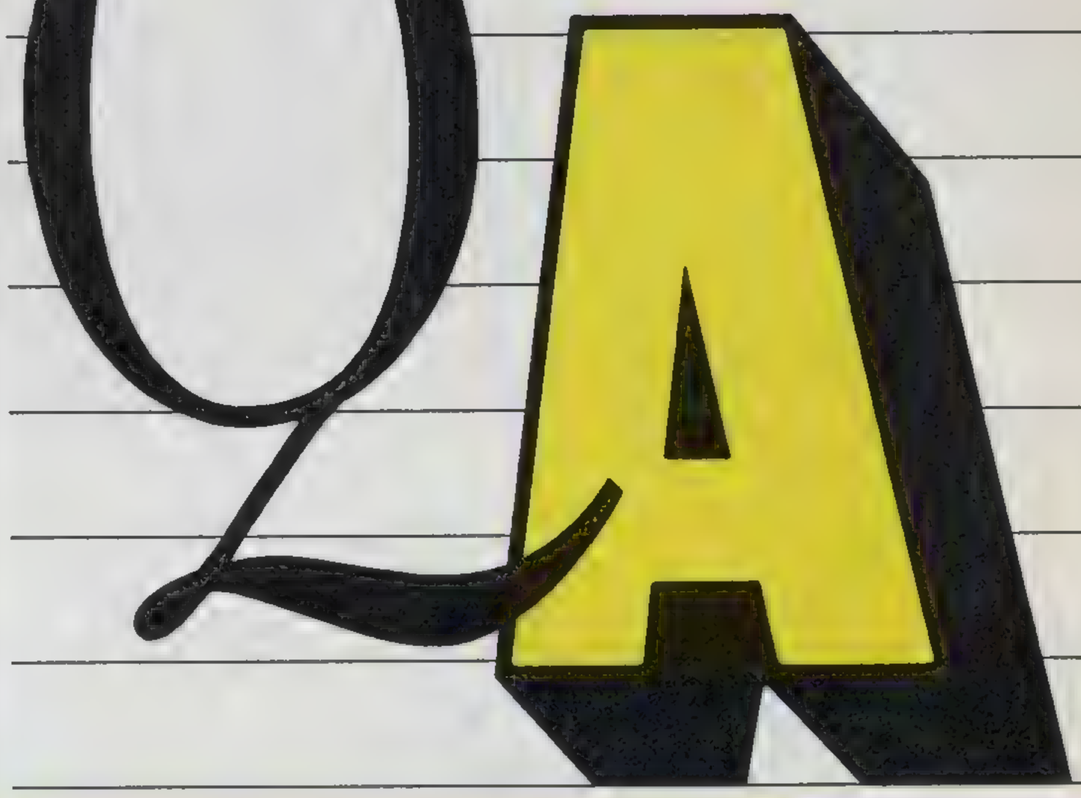


**I have heard about the increasing importance of trace minerals. What are they and how do I know if I am getting enough of them?**

"Those minerals that are only needed in amounts of a few milligrams a day are referred to as 'trace' minerals. While all of their functions are not yet understood, most of them serve as activators of the body's enzyme systems, helping the body to maintain its daily functions and to repair itself," says Sarah Short, Ph.D., professor of nutrition, Syracuse University.

The importance of the trace minerals magnesium, iron, zinc, and iodine to general health has been established for quite some time. Recently, however, researchers have discovered six "new" trace minerals—copper, manganese, fluoride, chromium, selenium, and molybdenum—that, while needed in even smaller amounts, also contribute to continued health.

How to be sure that you are getting enough of all these minerals? "Eating a well-balanced diet is the best nutritional insurance," says Dr. Short, who cited the following sources. Magnesium: seafood, whole grains, dark green vegetables, nuts. Iron: liver, shellfish, lean meats (more on iron, below). Zinc: seafood, organ meats, sunflower seeds, mushrooms. Iodine: seafood, iodized salt (although nutritionists do not recommend increasing your salt intake). Copper: liver, seafood, lean meats, whole grains, legumes, nuts (you will also absorb copper from your drinking water if you have copper pipes). Manganese: wheat germ, seeds, nuts, instant coffee and tea. Fluoride: seafood, meat (it is also added to many cities' drinking water). Chromium: brewer's yeast, black pepper, liver, whole-wheat bread. Selenium: seafood, meat. Sources for molybdenum: liver, meat, cereals.

If you are unsure about your intake of these minerals, you might want to discuss your diet with your doctor, who may recommend mineral supplements. Nutritionists caution against self-supplementation, as too much of some minerals can cause problems (overuse of fluoride rinses, for example, can cause mottled teeth).

**I recently purchased a bottle of vitamin and mineral supplements that was labeled "all-natural chelated minerals." Are these any different from other supplements?**

"The word *chelated* literally means bound to another substance," explains Victor Herbert, M.D., J.D., professor of medicine, Downstate Medical Center and chief, hematology and nutrition department, Bronx Veterans Administration Medical Center. "In the case of mineral supplements, this usually means that the minerals have been bound to simple proteins or amino acids. Although health-food advocates claim that this makes the minerals more readily available to the body,

# Essential nutrients: making sure that your body gets what it needs

there is no scientific proof that this is true."

According to Glen Shue, chemist-nutritionist at Bureau of Foods, FDA: "The minerals being sold by health-food marketers are not even a true chelation, but appear to be a mixture of mineral salts and amino acids. It is questionable whether or not this enhances the body's mineral absorption. I do not think that they are worth paying a higher price for than a standard mineral supplement."

**I've read that women rarely get enough iron. What should we do about it?**

"While the recommended dietary allowance of iron for women of childbearing age is 18 milligrams daily, the average American woman may get less than ten milligrams in the sixteen hundred calories she eats every day," says Dr. Short.

"To compound this problem, research is revealing that not all iron sources are absorbed evenly by the body. The iron in vegetable sources in particular is not utilized as readily as iron from meat sources.

"Meat, liver, and shellfish remain the best sources of dietary iron. Leafy green vegetables, dried fruits, and whole grains will also provide some iron. Eating vitamin C-rich foods such as oranges, grapefruits, and green peppers at the same meal as iron-rich foods can double iron's bioavailability, or usefulness to the body. Cooking in iron pots and pans can also dramatically increase the iron in foods. However, drinking tea at the same meal as an iron source halves absorption."

Because iron's function is to carry oxygen around the bloodstream, fatigue can be the first sign of an iron deficiency. Too much iron can also be dangerous, so any woman who is concerned about her iron intake should consult her doctor, who can determine if iron supplements are necessary; pregnant women need more iron than usual, should discuss this with their physicians. ▽

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# MAKE YOUR BONES LAST A LIFETIME

## Exercise and diet are key

**Osteoporosis, or the softening and brittling of bone, is largely responsible for the many hip and wrist fractures older women suffer, as well as for "dowager's hump"—a curvature of the back caused by the collapse of one or more spinal vertabrae. A problem common to as many as one in four women over age sixty, osteoporosis can be greatly reduced by early—preventive—treatment, stresses Valery F. Lanyi, M.D., clinical associate professor of rehabilitation medicine, New York University Medical Center.**

**Most women continue to add bone mass until age thirty-five. After that, bone mass declines gradually until menopause when bone is lost at a markedly faster rate for five or six years. Once bone is lost, it is extremely difficult, often impossible, to replace—which is why fractures suffered in old age are so serious.**

**While there is no cure for osteoporosis, early treatment can slow its progress and help to prevent later fractures. One way: be sure to get enough calcium in your daily diet. Until**

Object lesson: the fact that a tennis pro's playing arm has up to 30 percent more bone mass than the other

**recently, nutritionists thought that dietary calcium requirements decreased with age. New studies indicate that the reverse is true because many people, after the age of thirty-five or forty, do not absorb calcium as well as when they were younger. More is needed for the same benefit.**

**A young adult woman needs about 800 milligrams of calcium a day (the equivalent of 21 oz. of milk). From middle age onward, however, many doctors now recommend 1500 mg. daily. Dairy products and green vegetables—such as broccoli, cabbage, kale, watercress—are good calcium sources but it is often difficult to consume enough to meet the 1500 mg. requirement. If you are small-boned (a size 8 or smaller), if your mother had osteoporosis, or if you are allergic to dairy products, ask your doctor about calcium supplementation.**

**The second factor—exercise—is absolutely essential for strong bones. Dr. Lanyi says, "Before thirty-five, exercise adds to and strengthens bone mass. During middle age and after menopause, it can help to slow down bone-loss rate. Everybody, every day, should do some kind of weight-bearing exercise—walking, dancing, cross-country skiing—and some back exercises. You can't 'weight-bear' on your back so you must get down on a mat and put some action into those muscles." ▽**

# AT WHAT PRICE PEACE

*(Continued from page 197)*

strong political convictions. The nucleus was a cohesive one. When the boys and girls moved from house to house for weekends and holidays, they moved in the same atmosphere. When they wrote essays for a fabulous literature teacher whom we knew as "Miss Rothschild," it was out of a shared-values cluster. But they wrote and spoke and played in an intensely individual style.

I have warm memories of a gaggle of six or seven youngsters at our place at North Sea on weekends, as they romped through pastures and woods and across the dunes, and as they crowded into a station wagon for the noisy trip home, and were received sleepy-eyed by their parents on Sunday night. Jonathan was a towheaded, absent-minded boy who seemed to live in a personal world of his own. He misplaced all his possessions. If you went looking for the youngsters in a field, you could find Jonathan's sweater on a tree branch, his shoes under a boulder, his socks by a stream. The lore of his friends about him was that he never went home in the same garments he came with.

By what alchemy was that forgetful, bemused boy transformed into the young man who writes with such power about humanity's fate? The outward facts of education—from Dalton to Putney to Harvard—don't tell enough. More shaping was the impact of William Shawn, the editor of *The New Yorker* on whose staff Schell worked, who became not only friend but mentor. Schell was especially taken with the more political and reflective "Talk of the Town" subjects. *The New Yorker* discipline, of relating concrete detail to the larger frame of idea and mood, shows itself on every page of *The Fate of the Earth.*

On one level, the book is the product of the sensibility of a whole generation. Like his classmates, Schell began to come of age intellectually at the turn of the '50s into the '60s, with the election of John Kennedy and the hopes raised by him, and the dashing of those hopes in the killings of the '60s. He somehow escaped the darker ravages of the counterculture but he was touched by its affirmations of naturalism and simplicity of life style.

He responded intensely to the moral crisis of the Vietnam War, which evoked his first two books. The Watergate crisis evoked his third, *The Time of Illusion* (Knopf), whose theme was the ways in which Richard Nixon sought to wrap his actions in the garment of "national security." This led naturally to his absorption, for five years, with the nuclear theme. Thus, Schell has given a reflective and philosophical response to the great political crises of our time—the Vietnam War, Watergate, the weapons debate.

There are occasions when the dark stirrings of the time speak through an author so that he becomes their vessel and vehicle. He does not so much write the book as the book writes him. This was true of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and Emile Zola's *J'Accuse,* each of which played a role in history.

It sheds light on how Schell's book linked up with the nuclear freeze and Ground Zero movements, with the New England town meetings and the Joint Congressional resolution, and with the mass "peace rallies." It linked up also with the "extinctionist" anti-nuclear movement in Western Europe, and with a fervor in the churches including the Quakers, Methodists, and even some of the Catholic bishops and cardinals.

The strength of Schell's book lies, thus, not so much in being original as in expressing the mounting nuclear fears of our time. Once before, in the '50s, when Schell was still in his teens, there was a wave of nuclear fear that led many to build shelters in their backyards and stow food away in their cellars. During the Cuban missile crisis in 1962, there was another burst of fear. Now, twenty years later, the fear is great again. Schell's book will prove the most powerful single intellectual force in marshalling the nuclear fears and anxieties in the Western democracies.

"The fox knows many things," wrote an ancient Greek poet, "but the hedgehog knows one big thing"—which led Isaiah Berlin to divide writers into the foxes who see life as made up of many partial truths and the hedgehogs who have a single central truth. Schell is a hedgehog. He has a central vision of the extinction of human life, not only of the existing generations but of all future ones.

It is a blinding vision. Schell asks us to confront the Medusa-head of our time—the coil of wild serpents (in the Greek myth) which turned the beholder to stone. He does it in two ways—by spelling out in gruesome detail the devastation that a nuclear war would wreak, and by tracing what the extinction of all human life would mean for the very idea of humanity.

***Has Schell been blinded by his dazzling vision of atomic holocaust?***

The book has raised a firestorm of controversy. It has been adopted as a new "bible" by the anti-nuclear movement, and helped to create a new political atmosphere whose intensity has exceeded every expectation. It has also been attacked and derided by a number of reviewers and commentators who accuse Schell of verbal overkill, intellectual amateurishness, and political innocence.

I must say that I have taken the book seriously from the start. From the time that it appeared in the three *New Yorker* installments, building up suspense from one week to the next, I felt it would have an extraordinary impact on history. Its vividness in depicting the nuclear apocalypse, its expository skill, its sheer passion, formed a formidable mix. I opened myself to it because I believe in being tough-minded enough to face the Medusa head, however repulsive the coiled serpents. And I welcomed Schell's imaginative intensity, even while I had to differ with him.

The differences reach deep. Freud wrote of the two great human drives in the form of Greek gods—*Eros* for the life force, *Thanatos* for the reality of death. Each is part of the other. The fact and possibility of death are always present in life, and life in turn flings an affirmation in the face of death.

There is a revealing passage in Schell's book: "The specter of extinction hovers over our world and shapes our lives with invisible but terrible pressure. It now accompanies us through life, from birth to death. Wherever we go, it goes too; in whatever we do, it is present. It gets up with us in the morning, it stays at our side throughout the day, and it gets into bed with us at night. It is with us in the delivery room, at the marriage ceremony, and on our deathbeds."

Better than any other single passage, this one suggests both the power and vulnerability of Schell's dazzling vision. The passion in it is unmistakable. But the guilt and anxiety and fear in it will not heal our world, nor will they form the atmosphere in which we must do our best collective thinking to prevent the disaster all of us shrink from.

The strength of the book is that it will startle the nuclear establishment out of its accustomed thinking, and compel it to reexamine its basic premises. The problem of the book is that it is death-obsessed and fear-drenched, and that it will spread both the obsession and the fear throughout an America that may not know how to cope with them. The fact is that the mass marches and demonstrations the book will encourage will not take place in the Soviet Union but in the West, where free institutions allow them. In the necessary negotiations between the two nuclear camps—whether for a freeze or for SALT or for nuclear-arms reductions—this will give the advantage to the Soviets. In Europe, where the better-Red-than-dead movement flourished in the '50s, it will give it new strength.

As one who recognizes the power of the book, I have to say sadly that Schell has been blinded by his own dazzling vision of an enveloping holocaust, a mass *Thanatos,* a wiping out of present, past, and future, an end of history. He has allowed the specter of *Thanatos* to make everything else—our institutions, values, coping, struggling—seem irrelevant. He has made survival the be-all and end-all, allowing *Thanatos* to usurp the place of *Eros* (as life affirmation) in his thinking.

The weakest of the three sections of the book is the last, on the political means for preventing nuclear war. Schell's original manuscript, before *The New Yorker* pieces, had a lengthier discussion but he cut the chapter short. Understandably. Political inventiveness is hard-won, and takes a whole community of minds over a period of time.

Schell was mistaken to rule deterrence out as brusquely as he did. It has inevitable dangers but both camps must continue to use it until, together, they contrive something better. I fear that the universal disarmament and the world government that Schell champions are wishes rather than possibility. If the West is forced into disarming unilaterally, there could be a single world empire hostile to all our values, which is very different from a world government. A nuclear freeze has a fine simplicity to it, but it will be hard to negotiate, inspect, verify. SALT agreements must continue because they heal the cold-war atmosphere. Nuclear-arms reduction by both camps will be best of all. Once they start, each reduction can trigger the next.

But all this can happen only within a climate of hard, realistic, impassioned thinking, not a fear-drenched, death-obsessed atmosphere. Life, always beset by death, must always persist in its transcendence of death. This is true in collective as in individual living. ▽

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## MIND/HEALTH REVOLUTION

*(Continued from page 203)*

depression and with an unusually high incidence of a *particular gene* appeared in the November 1981 issue of *The New England Journal of Medicine;* it suggests the strong possibility of a genetic link.

Scientists at the University of Rochester and the University of Toronto studied families in which two siblings were found to be suffering from either manic depression or depression. Blood samples taken from sibling pairs showed that pairs with two identical genes outnumbered pairs with dissimilar genes by five to one. The gene itself is located near a particular area of the sixth chromosome known to be related to the body's immune system, suggesting that certain types of depression may be related to a defect in the immune system.

Many experts in psychiatry and genetics have long believed that there is a genetic component in a number of mental illnesses. However, evidence has been empirical, coming from family studies rather than prospective clinical studies. The significance of the Rochester study is that it goes further toward explaining the nature of the genetic link by tying the disease to a specific chromosome region.

*Schizophrenia*

Until the discovery of potent anti-psychotic drugs, the treatment of schizophrenia was haphazard at best. The illness did not respond to analysis nor to any other form of psychotherapy in any consistent fashion.

A group of potent drugs, principally chlorpromazine, was found to suppress the most disturbing symptoms over long periods of time; but, for some patients, chlorpromazine causes really severe side effects: tremors and involuntary movements, similar to those experienced by persons afflicted with Parkinson's disease. In many cases, this condition turned out to be progressive and irreversible even after the medication was stopped.

No one was sure why this happened; but recently, with the help of PETT scanning, physicians have found that the anti-psychotic drugs apparently interfere with the brain's dopamine production, a condition that is known to be one of the reasons for the symptoms of Parkinson's disease. Now some scientists combine L-dopa, the drug employed to treat Parkinsonian patients, with the anti-psychotic drugs.

Meanwhile, scientists are continuing the search for the cause of this baffling mental illness; more and more they have come to believe that it is of genetic origin. "In schizophrenia there are as yet no specific and pathogenic genetic markers," says Seymour S. Kety, M.D., professor of psychiatry at the Harvard Medical School. He adds, however, that "compelling evidence" for a genetic component has come from the studies of identical and fraternal twins. The incidence of schizophrenia in *both* twins is two to six times as high if they are identical than if they are simply fraternal. Another study, conducted in Denmark by the National Institute of Mental Health, of twins separated at birth and adopted into different families tended to show that, regardless of family placement, if one of the twins was schizophrenic, the other had a statistically significant chance of schizophrenia as well.

What's more, researchers have found substances in the blood and urine of schizophren-


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## GLORIOUS ACCESSORY

*(Continued from page 224)*

always getting in your eyes.

"Too often," adds Kenneth, "women are looking for magical solutions. They think, 'if I do this, I will have beautiful hair.' Women with difficult hair will always have difficult hair . . . but that doesn't mean they are stuck. The best idea, if you've got fine, straight hair—one of the most 'difficult' problems—and want it wash-and-wear, or easy to care for, is to keep it no longer than chin length.

"And keep the cut basic (it takes a lot of time to grow out a tricky haircut). With the right cut, hair dries into shape because it's angled that way. If you're not satisfied, if you feel it's too straight, you still have options: a soft body perm gives more wave, more bulk. (Keep in mind that blond hair always looks curlier than dark hair, so needs less waving.) Setting hair wet or dry adds other options—it changes the *quality* of the curl.

"Too often, women make the mistake of *complicating.* They don't *simplify.* A woman, if she's to be able to handle her own hair, must get past fashion for a minute, get past fantasy, and get back to basics. You must understand your own hair and learn to deal with it, then you can take on 'more,' can add that extra bit."

Communicate, adds Kenneth. Ask questions. Learn the language. A lot of woman say "curl" when they mean "bend." The meanings of those words make all the difference. "In the end, how you handle your hair depends as much upon understanding as on ability." ▽

ics that are not present in normal people; and certain chemicals can produce symptoms of schizophrenia in healthy individuals.

Earlier in this century, analysts tried to pinpoint certain environmental factors as the causes of schizophrenia, some even talked about "types of mothers who created schizophrenia in their children." Today, although some research into the uses of psychotherapy for schizophrenia is still going on, the emphasis has shifted toward both biological origins and biological cures.

*Autism*

One of the most tragic forms of mental illness is childhood autism. Often such children cannot respond to other human beings, including their parents; from early babyhood on, they seem totally preoccupied with some terrifying or fascinating feelings inside themselves.

Until very recently, there were very few voices who did not insist that this condition was somehow caused by parental coldness or neglect, "a rejecting mother." One of the few organizations that, for more than twenty-five years, has insisted that autism was either a form of genetic disease or a birth defect, has been the Gesell Institute of Human Development in New Haven, Connecticut.

"Over the years we have seen parents driven to desperation by analytically oriented psychiatrists who told them that *they* were responsible for this child's illness," says Louise Bates Ames, Ph.D., associate director of the Institute. "We tried to reassure them that autism was probably a physiological problem similar to retardation . . . but often we were a lone voice in the wilderness."

Now many scientists are coming around to that point of view. One study, at the Institute of Psychiatry in London, found that inherited cognitive abnormalities can cause some cases of autism and brain damage at birth can cause others.

*Anxiety*

Perhaps ironically, anxiety is the one form of mental and emotional disorder that has for decades been treated with medication but may be most amenable to psychotherapy; and the drugs that have been used are either physically addictive or psychologically habit-forming.

Before the discovery of Librium and its chemical cousin, Valium, patients with acute anxiety were often sedated with barbiturates, and later with a tranquilizer called Miltown. Since these drugs are highly addictive (and, in overdose or in combination with alcohol can be lethal), physicians rarely used them for long-term therapy.

Valium and Librium, on the other hand, initially were considered to be almost completely safe and frequently prescribed over months or years. But, when these drugs are used for long periods of time, doses usually have to be increased to maintain effectiveness; and patients may reach for a pill rather than dealing with the problem causing them to be anxious.

Valium is still the most frequently prescribed drug in the United States; and some physicians feel that too many women (who tend to be at the receiving end of most of those tranquilizer prescriptions) are being conditioned to deal chemically, rather than rationally, with life problems.

In 1981, a promising new class of anti-anxiety medication was studied in clinical trials. The drug, with the generic name of buspirone, does not appear to interact with barbiturates or alcohol, or to be as sedating as drugs currently prescribed for anxiety. However, it has not yet been approved by the FDA for general use and, like Valium and Librium, is probably not suitable for long-term use.

*Ongoing research*

Here are just a few areas of brain chemistry still under investigation:

*Anorexia Nervosa* (refusal to eat leading to extreme weight loss and sometimes, death) and *bulimia* (binge eating, followed by induced vomiting or purging) are two eating disorders that have been the focus of much attention in recent years. At present, studies are underway in which patients are treated with tricyclic anti-depressants. Some good results have been obtained, leading to the hypothesis that these two disorders may be an unusual form of depression.

Adding force to this theory are several studies which seem to indicate that patients with eating disorders frequently come from families with various other types of depressive illness.

*Addiction*—Researchers have been asking for decades why some people can be social drinkers while others become alcoholics, or why some individuals become addicted to morphine or heroin rather quickly, while others do not. Studies into the production of endorphins, the body's natural opiates, now going on at several medical centers, might provide some answers to these questions.

*Obsessive-Compulsive Behavior*—Clomipramine, an investigational tricyclic anti-depressant, has been used with great success in treating obsessive-compulsive disorder. The drug, which is available in Canada and Europe but not yet in the U.S., had a 50 percent success rate in two recent studies, according to Michael R. Liebowitz, M.D., a research psychiatrist and assistant professor of clinical psychiatry at Columbia University's College of Physicians and Surgeons. Another larger study is underway at several medical centers, according to Dr. Liebowitz, who is also the director of the Anxiety Clinic at the New York State Psychiatric Institute. He notes that *agoraphobia,* a severe form of anxiety, has been helped in many cases by anti-depressants.

Where should a patient who is seeking drug therapy go? "It is very important to find a physician who has had extensive experience with these agents," says Timothy Walsh, M.D., another research psychiatrist at Columbia. "Get a referral from an internist or general practitioner," he advises; or check with the department of psychiatry at the nearest medical center.

Will the listening psychiatrist go the way of the medical doctor who makes house calls? One day soon we may hear a patient complain, "My psychiatrist won't listen to me." ▽

## HAIR MANAGEMENT

*(Continued from page 223)*

pharmaceutical sciences. This asset prompts physicians to recommend it.

Until recently it was fair to say you learned most about your hair from your salon stylist. As Vidal Sassoon puts it, "In our salons around the world we daily see, feel, talk about, and attend to hair problems. The input of twenty-five years of dealing with dry and damaged hair went into the data for the Vidal Sassoon line for Sensitive Hair . . ." Next off the Sassoon drawing board onto the shelf? A new problem solver for limp, lifeless hair—Protein Enriched Hairspray using a resin newly discovered in Japan.

In common with thousands of hairdressers, Jim Hooker of The Hair Care Centers in Alabama has attended the Sebastian seminars for licensed cosmetologists in California, teaching styling, perming, and coloring techniques as well as business management. In Sebastian's product-development area, one of the most praised is Cellophane, a heat-activated color system without peroxide. Jim Hooker says, "Many women have found with Crystal Cellophane their hair has a sparkle and look of life, even when hair is over 50 percent grey."

Now, as well as at the salon, increasingly you will be able to obtain valuable guidance at your favorite beauty counter.

Clinique, for example, always an educator, is in the hair-care business with allergy-tested, fragrance-free products; and it is the job of the highly trained Clinique beauty consultants to see that you use the correct formula.

Where else can you learn about your hair? At the twenty-seven hundred Merle Norman Beauty Shops around the country where, again, specific information comes along with Merle Norman's Hair Glossary of five caring products. . . . At the René Furterer counters in stores, salons, and tricological institutes. . . . At Saks Fifth Avenue, where the Philip Kingsley Interactive Haircare System is available to treat all conditions of the scalp and hair cohesively.

Pantene, subsidiary of the giant pharmaceutical house Hoffmann-La Roche, will soon hold in-store seminars to teach consumers how to care for their hair—their new PTP Oil Controlling Shampoo, according to laboratory tests, reduces up to 65 percent of scalp oiliness. ▽


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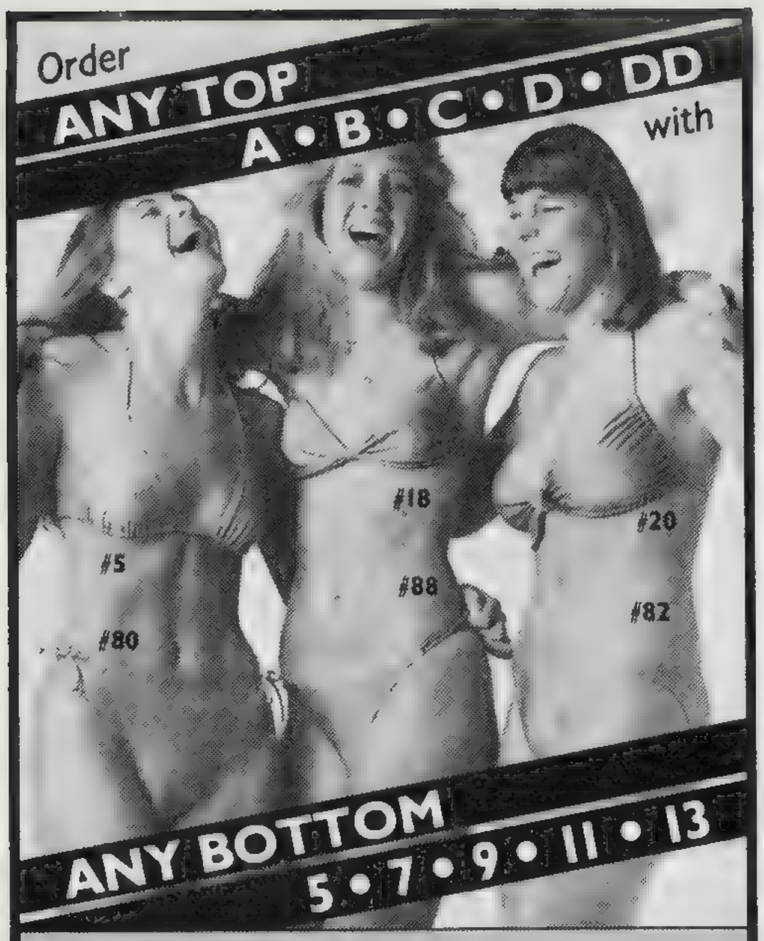


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# HAIR HEALTH

*(Continued from page 218)*

poo's cleansing effects after frequent use?

Not at all. "A detergent is a detergent. It removes scale and it removes oil. However, switching shampoos may be valid if a person has seborrheic dermatitis or dandruff. Certain therapeutic shampoos may become less effective in time and have to be changed, although we don't know why this happens."

In addition to cleansing the hair, today we also expect shampoos to leave it in reasonably "better" condition. So what counts, and is key to the effectiveness of modern shampoos, is the very thin deposit left on the hair after rinsing. This beneficial coating is what influences the hair's "feel" and "manageability." A shampoo that is very alkaline, for example, may leave hair dulled, electrostatically charged, hard to comb. An overly harsh shampoo may strip hair of surface oils, leaving it fluffy and flyaway . . . and open to damage.

## CONDITIONING

A conditioner is not a miracle worker. Its benefits are limited to modifying the surface characteristics of the hair (affecting sheen, texture, body)—but it cannot repair hair that has been chemically or mechanically damaged.

In addition, many people tend to confuse the properties of a cream rinse with those of a conditioner. Explained Dr. Moshell: "The difference between the two is more a matter of degree than anything else; both are essentially oily or oil-based products. Cream rinses are not designed to adhere to the hair for any length of time but are just there to assist with the combing out (detanglers, in effect). A conditioner, on the other hand, depending on type, is normally designed to remain on the hair surface for a longer period of time, therefore holding the cuticle in place."

Conditioners with a mild acidic effect (a simplified version would be a vinegar or lemon-juice rinse) counterbalance the effects of over-alkaline shampoos and are generally suitable for normal and flyaway hair.

Conditioners of another popular type are the emollients—oily liquids containing lanolin or silicone oils. These essentially replace the oils removed by vigorous shampooing. Since the hair's natural oils are slightly acidic, use of this kind of conditioner will bring the hair back to what is termed "normal pH." In addition, emollient conditioners work by duplicating the effect of natural sebum, oil-coating the hair. This protects the hair by keeping the surface smooth, which can help to prevent scales' catching on one another, causing hair to break. Some emollient conditioners will also help to control the escape of moisture from the hair, keeping hair from becoming brittle, as well as guarding it from excessive heat, wind, temperature changes, and manipulation.

For hair that has been abused in various ways, there are conditioners that function as remedial treatments. Protein-enriched conditioners, containing natural or synthesized protein, coat and "repair" damaged hair, forming a sheath around thin or broken fibers, making them stronger, thicker, helping to hold splintered ends together. The amount of protein that adheres to the hair depends, of course, on hair's prior condition; but, keep in mind, you cannot "fix" damaged hair, only improve its visible condition. ▽

# HELEN CALDICOTT, M.D.

*(Continued from page 197)*

through the "psychic numbing"—the phrase comes from Yale psychiatrist Robert Jay Lifton—that insulates us from awareness of the danger. The thrust of a PSR symposium is to bring the danger "back to the individual," as Caldicott says. This is just where the individual would rather not have it.

When Caldicott speaks, she does so as though she has come freshly from peering into the abyss. She is afraid. She is outraged at the fact that our lives and life itself are in the hands of a "few men" who remind her, she says, of "little boys arguing in the sandbox about who has the biggest whatever it is."

This last sounds flippant, not respectful: is she a responsible person? Your mind leaps at the opportunity to discount her, to distance her from *you*: her fear, her grief, her outrage are all there at the surface, contagious and discomforting. But her courage is there too, her conviction that as grave as the situation is, there is also a chance to rescue it and *you* must try. *You* must take responsibility. It is *your* planet. Those are *your* bombs—you pay taxes, don't you? Do something, she grins. It's therapeutic. It will make you feel terribly joyous.

"I stand up before an audience and describe the medical effects of nuclear war and make people cry," Caldicott says. "I make them understand that we live on borrowed time and we're lucky we wake up every morning. I describe how people die when a bomb drops on a city, how people turn into steam . . ."

Q. *You're not afraid of so horrifying people that they walk out? You never think: I'd better go slow?*

A. "No. I go fast. And people say, you've made me feel awful. As if it's not American to feel awful. Well I say it's inappropriate to feel psychologically comfortable today. And then they say, well, tell me what to do. And I say, no. You work that out for yourself. You live in a democracy. You can vote. . . ."

She does go fast. At a town meeting in a Boston suburb, there is a screening of *Eight Minutes to Midnight*, a documentary about Caldicott that was nominated for an Academy Award this past year. The movie opens in 1978 on Helen moving fast through hospital corridors. A thin, swift woman looking softer than she does now, when talking to one of her young patients. She specializes in cystic fibrosis, the most common genetic disease of childhood, usually fatal before the age of eighteen.

The film follows her for the next two years. Now she's at home in Newton, making dinner with her husband Bill, a pediatrics radiologist, and three teenage children. Now she's packing—ironing nervously, admitting she hates to fly—for a month's tour to publicize her book, *Nuclear Madness: What You Can Do*, and to try to halt uranium mining in Australia. In Australia, she talks—fast—to miners, union leaders. To Aborigines, who must approve government mining of uranium in their land, she brings photos of Navajo land destroyed by such mining. She argues nuclear-waste storage on a radio show and paces like a maddened spirit when the moderator doesn't let her refute "lies." At a party in her home town, Ad-

elaide, her laughter is as complete as her anger.

Back in the U.S., she speaks at an anti-nuclear demonstration in Rocky Flats, near Denver, where "plutonium triggers for hydrogen bombs are made." "That water is contaminated!" she shouts to the crowd. "Testicular cancer here is 141 percent higher than normal. . . . What are we doing? We're killing ourselves to make bombs to kill ourselves better!"

In Grants, New Mexico, she reports back to the Navajos on her visit to the Aborigines. "Their leader said that it hurts his heart to see what they've done to the land." Her voice breaks. "I don't know what we can do, folks," she says to the scraggly group gathered in the dry sun, "but we've got to stop it."

Filmmaker Mary Benjamin: "Before we started filming in '77, '78, it was just a small-time, grass-roots movement. Helen would talk to high-school kids, to radio shows, to coffee klatsches—the turnout would be. . . ." Mary shrugs. "I'd be discouraged. I was amazed at her willingness to do it."

Caldicott: "When I came here in '75, I just went flat-out, the same way I did about the French tests."

What motivates her, she says, is fear. "I read *On the Beach* [Nevil Shute's novel about nuclear destruction] when I was fourteen, and I've been frightened ever since. Being very curious, I read every article on nuclear weapons."

In *Eight Minutes*, a journalist at Rocky Flats challenges Caldicott: "Why aren't the other doctors who live around here as upset as you? They have the same information."

Caldicott: "No, they don't. . . . It's not in our textbooks, it's in books written by health physicists from the Atomic Energy Commission. . . ."

That knowledge, once obscure, is getting out. At Harvard Medical School, for instance, a course has been introduced on "The Health Aspects of Nuclear Weapons and War." This morning, Caldicott counseled over one hundred students in the course who were going to Washington to speak to their Congressmen.

Q. *What did you tell them?*

A. "I said you must speak as physicians and medical students. And sink down into your own feelings. Convey how you feel—that you are frightened and anxious, and this is the most important issue there can be medically. And make sure that they all see *The Last Epidemic*. It has fact after awful clinical fact and it actually does shatter the psychic numbing."

*The Last Epidemic* is a record of one PSR symposium. In one segment, Dr. H. Jack Geiger, Logan professor of community medicine at The City College of New York, takes his San Francisco audience through a hypothetical bombing of their city. The numbers dead immediately. The numbers wounded. Shelters turned into crematoria as blast sucks up oxygen. If every surviving physician saw every wounded person for only ten minutes it would take fourteen days to get to everyone. If everyone could be found. Medical supplies, uncontaminated water, transportation . . . how to even measure the difficulties? Unlike Hiroshima, Geiger reminds, where the outside world could rush in with help and services, in the event of a nuclear war there'd be no "outside." Today's bombs have at least seventy times the power of Hiroshima's bomb.

Geiger's information is based on U.S. government figures, projections, atomic testing, facts learned from Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Counterpointing Geiger's talk is footage of the victims of those bombings in 1945: silent, in grainy black and white; gauze being wafted around burned limbs; the wounded steeped in pain; a child's mouth open in a cry. I keep my eyes open because it is the least I can do.

"What we've done, I think, as physicians," Caldicott says, "is to give people permission to feel the grief and fear they've been repressing for so many years.

"The numbing is the most strange sort of mechanism. It's certainly passively suicidal if not actively. The American Psychiatric Association did a study of a thousand adolescents in Boston, and to their horror they found that almost all these kids believed that they were not going to grow up. And psychiatrists think one of the main reasons for kids smoking pot and drinking is the fear of there being no future.

"What we have to do as physicians is to diagnose the etiology of this sickness and then we may be able to prescribe the therapy. I think the therapy is actually to get into people's souls and make them start grieving for the world—I mean, we are all in love with it, aren't we?" She smiles and moves, sensually, the late March sun falling on her arm. "How we wait for the spring, you know . . . your body sort of revving up for it? And people feel less frightened when they face their fear, and swim the river of grief."

She tracks the stages of grief from "shock and disbelief," to "profound depression, and then anger—and it's during that stage that the adrenalin starts pumping, your brain starts turning, and you work out how to survive.

"And people find, when they start working, it's joyous. First of all, things become precious—even the things you dislike most about your life. And then to see your work be effective is just terribly exciting. You meet wonderful people—this is the real issue that unifies everyone. We are truly, for the first time, brothers and sisters on the planet. Unless we see that, we are not going to survive. We are all, everyone of us, sons and daughters of God and we can't have enemies anymore."

We can imagine how this notion would go over in Washington as the basis of our foreign policy. We can imagine how the Sermon on the Mount, which Helen Caldicott reads to me, would be hooted off the Senate floor. And this is ironic, isn't it, considering the government is so in favor of religion that it intends to establish prayer in school? We can only wonder what the role of religion is, to those who take it so seriously, if not to guide their conduct.

Another irony: the disarmament movement is said to be putting an unfair burden on the administration in its negotiations with the USSR. Only in a free country could such a movement arise. To be patriotic, they should act as though they didn't live in a free country.

Q. *What about the Russians?*

A. "We had a meeting last year in Washington of the International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War, and doctors from eleven countries came. The largest delegation outside of America was from the Soviet Union, led by Dr. Evgeni Chazov, Brezhnev's personal cardiologist. Afterward, Chazov, to our surprise, got on Soviet TV and did a Jack Geiger-type talk and told them what's going to happen to them. And forty major articles in the Soviet press reported that conference. And the other day, I got a call from the Soviet Embassy—they think they'd like to play *The Last Epidemic* on Soviet television."

In her opinion—and the opinion of many Soviet specialists—the Russians are defending what they see as a precarious situation. They are acting from fear, as we are. To Caldicott's mind, Americans—out of repressed fear—have dehumanized the Russians. What's necessary is for both sides to reassure one another, to defuse the fear. "All Reagan has to do is get in his plane, and go over and talk to Brezhnev. It's simple."

"Listen: the model is China. I can remember the Yellow Peril, the Domino Theory . . . and one day America said, we are going to be friends, and they stepped over a psychological line from enemy to friend. It's simple."

Q. *What do you say when people say it's unrealistic to eliminate nuclear weapons?*

A. "I say, that's how we practice medicine—we never compromise . . . We should have a 50 percent bilateral reduction within two and a half years, complete disarmament within five years. I'm sick of living under the shadow of death! I'm sick of it, and a lot of people are."

It is not Caldicott's role to come up with the procedure for negotiations; each does his or her bit. Caldicott's bit is to hold out for an extreme of justice and humanity, to pass on her potent fusion of alarm and courage and the conviction that the superpowers are not too big to take on.

"I've never felt impotent," she says, "I guess I had a sort of tough childhood and I found out that I could usually work things out. I am very proud that I'm an Australian and live in a democracy; and, if I don't like what's going on in my country, I can change it, and with the French tests, I did. I never thought it wouldn't work. And I guess I don't think that this won't work either.

"There is a revolution in thought going on," Helen Caldicott is telling the crowd. "There really is, all around the country. And that makes people excited. Not frightened: excited. And even if we all die, we know we are doing the right thing and that's a good feeling too."

She is speaking from the podium of Eliot Church in Newton Corner. New England. Americana. The church is red-bricked and white-steepled, on a grassy corner. Inside is a soaring immaculate space, pale grey and white. Plain. Rationality is embedded in the architecture. The people are of all ages, from children to their grandparents. Their faces are defined by intelligence, health. They give Helen Caldicott a standing ovation. With an almost incredulous hope, I think: the peace tribe reconvenes.

I have lived in fear, sometimes conscious, of a nuclear end. From the urgency of childhood take-cover drills and warnings of the ever-present possibility of Russian planes overhead, I figured it was unlikely I would live to see forty. I'm not yet forty. A lot of people are recalling those drills now—there's a new nostalgia that reduces The Bomb to yet another artifact of the 'forties and 'fifties. I'm not offering my fear for nostalgia's sake nor as a special plea; only to explain the relief of having the subject out in the open, of seeing so many people making a case for sanity. This afternoon, I'd said that for the first time I really feel some hope. "*Me too,*" Caldicott said emphatically.

At a Washington anti-nuclear rally two years ago, Caldicott addressed a bright big crowd, speaking of the "brilliance" that had created the weapons that now threaten us. "We can turn that brilliance to life, love, creativity," she shouted, "and we will save the world. This is the embryo movement. In two years, there will be millions of us." It's two years later, and there are millions. ▽

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## DE KOONING AND HOCKNEY

*(Continued from page 194)*

mysterious, although it is not uncommon for an artist to reexamine his own sources late in life. The finesse, the sureness, and the energy of De Kooning's line are remarkable, demonstrating that the years have not diminished his gifts as a draftsman. His drawing also reminds us that the New York School really can be divided into two camps: those who could draw, who had a solid academic training behind them—such as De Kooning, Pollock, Gorky, Krasner, Kline, and Tomlin—and those who did not have such a grounding in the art of the Old Masters. The latter necessarily led the attack on drawing, perhaps because they could never compete with traditional art. It now seems clear that the profound and lasting art of the New York School will be the art that subsumed and incorporated tradition, not the art that sought rupture for its own sake, banishing drawing as the enemy of purity of color.

In many ways, David Hockney stands out from his generation because he has always been a partisan of academic art, both as a teacher and as an artist who refused to reject representational art even during the heyday of minimal art. For years, Hockney's art looked old-fashioned. In the long run, it has held up better than that of the painters who rejected drawing and any referents to the real world in their art. Hockney's latest works, like those of the Cubists, fragment the image. However, unlike Cubism's, these splintered portraits—an expression perhaps of psychological dissociation—are meticulously detailed.

Hockney was inspired to work in this new way by studying photographs taken of his works; he became fascinated with the way the eye focuses images, fusing different viewpoints. His series of works exploring the manner the eye registers complex visual information will be seen July 1 to September 12, at the Musée National d'Art Moderne, Center Georges Pompidou (Beaubourg) in Paris, as part of a retrospective show, *David Hockney; Photographies, 1962–1982.*

His own phrase, "drawing with a camera," expresses Hockney's conviction that the photographs that make up the entire image are assembled as one draws, seeing the sitter from different points of view, studying the image and recording it. Hockney says, "you have a great number of choices as you take each picture of what you can emphasize; line, color, texture, what's in focus, what's out of focus, and so on. It is like drawing in that many choices must be made since the finished portrait is made up of hundreds of pictures."

What Hockney achieves in these remarkable works is a new sense of space—a space unknown to photography and informed by his experience as a painter. Oddly, this shifting space, of a sudden discontinuity, almost an abyss from plane to plane, was achieved by De Kooning earlier in paintings that began as drawings ripped up and pasted back together so that part of the body was in one plane, and another in another.

From very different points of view and esthetic orientations, De Kooning and Hockney deal with drawing today in a way that redefines its meaning in a fresh context. Their energy and imaginativeness, as well as the element of surprise, jolt the eye, causing us to reexamine many of the received ideas of the past. ▽

## CROISSANT FRANÇAIS

*(Continued from page 187)*

particularly historical. Indeed, the origins of the croissant are shrouded in mystery. Budapest or Vienna? 1683 or 1686? I've read some extraordinarily imaginative versions of the story, and declare myself henceforth satisfied with any one of them so long as it mentions the Austro-Hungarian Empire during the 1680s and the Christian cross triumphant over the Moslem crescent.

What had begun as a Turkish invention was soon elevated to a status deemed more fitting; it was made Viennese. Maybe "soon" isn't quite the right word, since the croissant vogue dates really from a rather recent date, somewhere around 1830.

That more primitive era knew only one sort of croissant. Ours, on the other hand, has developed a distinction between the *ordinary croissant* and the *croissant made with butter,* otherwise defined as the poor man's and rich man's croissant. Experience has shown, however, that the latter is not necessarily any better, since certain issues remain unresolved. What kind of butter? And how much? So that we can more easily tell the two types apart, we are currently being offered croissants in two distinct shapes: that made with unspecified shortening has retained its original curve, while the other (made with butter) has been straightened out, thereby giving it a form which is both aberrant and conceited, not to mention diametrically opposed to its name. There was, of course, another possible solution. They could have bent the second type of croissant in the other direction.

Thank heavens, a good many pastry chefs have scorned such fakery and have let the croissant keep its traditional shape, nature, and grace. Note, by the way, that I insist upon the term "pastry chef," *pâtissier,* since there's a rumor circulating in certain bakeries that only the *boulangers,* or bread bakers, know how to make a good croissant. Rubbish. Not only is this Viennese delicacy a pastry in the strictest sense of the term, it is also one of the most difficult, risky, and exalting exercises of the *pâtissier*'s profession.

Remember that croissants are made from a dough that has first risen—but not too much—and which has then been layered with butter—again not too much. Let the dough rise too far, and out of your oven will come a wretched object, all limp and flattened. While you're at it, be sure to serve them nice and hot, just as in the chain restaurants which have promoted croissants to the rank of Gallic fast food, submitting them to the ultimate indignity of accompaniment by ketchup, grilled cheese, or ham soaked in *sauce béchamel.* Said preparations are not necessarily inedible, by the way. They are, on occasion, and if one is hungry, rather pleasant. But can we still call them croissants?

Personally, I couldn't possibly confuse such foodstuffs with the delectable little pastries (so vulnerable, so light, so refined) being turned out by the current crop of virtuoso French *touriers,* whose names I can mention only in the strictest confidence—Carette, Christian Constant, Ladurée and Gaston Lenôtre. ▽

*Translated from the French by Susan M. Stout*

# PIERRE CARDIN

*(Continued from page 193)*

men who form Cardin's *état-major.*

"Monsieur Cardin is constantly designing," says Bernard Danillon, his press attaché.

"On an airplane, on horseback, wherever you're with him," says André Oliver, "Pierre is always coming up with ideas."

But his ideas, his shapes—how much are they the instruments of his success? How close does their influence on our lives come to the magnitude of his fame? After the press coverage is over, we see Cardin's signature more often than the sign of his hand. The couturier whose licensee sells one out of every ten neckties bought in France, whose name appears on half of all the French shirts selling for more than $25 has never strongly imposed his identity on the way women look.

I asked him why. Before he answered, he took out a book of photographs from the 'fifties and 'sixties. Then we ticked off the things he had done before other designers did. Who did tights first? Cardin. Who did tailored jersey with bulky sweaters before other people thought of that? Cardin did. Cardin used geometric patterns in furs in the 'fifties. Cardin was heading toward a cool space-age look before André Courrèges.

Henri Berghauer, president of Hanae Mori, who worked for two other couture houses after leaving Cardin in 1966, considers Cardin the greatest tailor in Paris, "probably the greatest in the world." And if now and then a hem has fallen in a Cardin couture presentation or a button is missing, it is not for want of technique. It is because something there is inside Pierre Cardin that doesn't like finished things.

The French have an expression for it: *la fuite en avant.* Forward escape is the earmark of Cardin's career. François-Marie Banier, the novelist who was once Cardin's press attaché, points out that Cardin has made a career of associating his name with Modernity. But when you ask Cardin to define modernity, he answers, "It's what becomes outmoded."

"The one thing that interests me," Cardin says, "is doing something new."

He has always had a keen intuition for knowing when a new thing would give off great sparks. When Cardin first did ready-to-wear in 1959, he created such a shock among designers of haute couture (who would follow him ten years later) that his reputation as a "revolutionary" was made. In 1960, Cardin sensed that men were ready for high fashion.

Cardin was the first designer to sense that the general press could be more interested in a sensational picture of what was New In Fashion than in a lengthy report on what women were likely to wear. He helped the big dailies all over the world sell newspapers, and they helped sell Cardin. And the masses got their money's worth: they could ease their envy of the rich by believing that rich people's dress was wacky, and they could, with no evident contradiction, partake of a certain communion with luxury by buying, at a price they could occasionally afford, some simple item labeled "Pierre Cardin."

Cardin knew before everyone else that presenting a collection could be showmanship. Because dressing people meant less to him than being up to being Pierre Cardin, he gave us generous shows of ideas uncompromised by wearability. I once listened to Coco Chanel explode over the stage clothes Cecil Beaton did for the musical *Coco;* she was revolted by the exaggerations of her style. Chanel didn't realize that stage clothes had to be exaggerated. Cardin did.

Cardin found Chanel a bore. "I have no admiration for Chanel as a creator," he still maintains. "Imagine doing the same suit all your life." And then he insists: "I don't want to be a dresser. At my age? Frankly? Do you see me dropping dead selling dresses? I'd rather commit suicide."

* * *

Pierre Cardin, Paco Rabanne, André Courrèges: These were the famous "avant-garde" French couturiers of the 'sixties. By 1970, Pierre Cardin could sense that the fashion excitement was flagging. The mood in fashion was becoming retrospective, and people's attention was turning from fashion to more serious things. Cardin made the by then credible bridge into fine art. He had always been a man of the theater. He took over the Théâtre des Ambassades, a neglected playhouse off the Champs-Elysées, and turned it into L'Espace Cardin. He assumed the role of avant-garde theater and art patron.

And at L'Espace, Cardin would begin, with timing synchronized to our growing interest in interiors, to show the furniture that would lead to his design boutique in 1975.

> ***What I am never existed before***

L'Espace Cardin cost him a few million dollars to redo and it still is greatly unprofitable, but Cardin has never looked at being someplace in terms of revenue per square foot. Except for his men's shops, the other shops Cardin leases on the Faubourg Saint Honoré—for his furniture and gifts—have a return on the rent paid that would frighten other storekeepers. The huge space he has rented for Maxim's products in, opposite, and behind the former Galerie Charpentier on the Faubourg and the big new Maxim's flower shop beside the restaurant on the rue Royale have nowhere near the customer traffic they require to justify the cost. The space is Cardin's investment in being conspicuous.

* * *

These days, André Oliver admits to being "a bit lost" over Cardin's takeover of Maxim's, his decision to "build an empire, including clothing, under a name other than his own." Cardin has an irrefutable reply: "I prefer to pay for my own errors than for someone else's. It's my money."

With few other exceptions, Cardin's story has been a one-man adventure. It began on July 2, 1922, in a poor, rocky end of Treviso province, not far from Venice. His family sold wine in the village of San Biagio di Callalta and went up into the mountains to cut ice. When the wine and the ice business went bad, his father moved to Saint-Étienne in the heart of France. Cardin was two years old.

Cardin's memories of his father, a spoiled eldest son who had trouble making a living in France, are rather concise. "The only things I recollect his saying to me were, 'Go shine your shoes,' and 'Is there a hanky in your pocket?' I suppose that's why I've always been organized."

His memories of his childhood are not pleasant enough for him to expand on them. "I have neither a dog nor a family," he says abruptly. But he has a sister, aged eighty, who lives with him in that big townhouse sparsely furnished with Cardin Design, Napoleon III, and boulle. Just the two of them, alone. She irons his shirts and gets a square meal into him whenever they are both home.

Intellectually French, by his own definition, "and more Italian, more refined than the French in my way of feeling, of seeing things," Cardin has an Italian reverence for family. Once, when Cardin was told a man was a crook, he snapped back, astonished, "What? The man is the father of a family."

Long after his much publicized affair with Jeanne Moreau, Cardin maintained he would have married her if they had been able to have children together. "It's useless to give up your independence," he told an interviewer, "if you are not founding a family." The side of Cardin that could fall in love with a woman, that respects a family, is his down-to-earth side—the side that can understand an audience of consumers less exotic than his overall self.

But at the age of seventeen, Cardin was alone; his father was dead, and he was earning a wartime living doing simple accounting for the Red Cross in Vichy. Over a skimpy canteen lunch, a woman who read palms told him his name would be famous the world over and his success would be unending until his death. Yet as Cardin headed for Paris at the end of the war, after having worked for a Vichy clothier, he had no faith in becoming what he would become. "How could I?" he says now, with ease. "What I am now never existed before."

Cardin found a place in the studio of Paquin, a celebrated couture house, where he took part in making the costumes for Jean Cocteau's film *Beauty and the Beast,* met Cocteau, Jean Marais, Christian Bérard.

Not long afterward, Cardin experienced the one prominent failure in his life. He tried three times to work for Cristobal Balenciaga—the couturier he still calls "gigantic, the greatest creator"—but failed to get hired.

Instead, in 1946, he became a workman in the newly opened house of Christian Dior. Fate, the palm reader would have said, had set Cardin's foot onto the right branch in the road. At Balenciaga, he would have been steeped in the reverence for subtle art that made the house what *Women's Wear Daily* called "a monastery." At Dior, Cardin witnessed the blitz celebrity the New Look brought to its creator. In 1950, Cardin went into business on his own. Nine years later, when Cardin moved into the prestigious Faubourg Saint Honoré from the rue Richepance, he was still working hard to keep the business going. "We didn't have a bean but the energy was fantastic," Henri Berghauer recalls. The great breakthrough came in 1961, when Cardin's name went on widely distributed French menswear.

At sixty, he shows no sign of stopping. Nor of even taking time out to spend his money. He has no salary—"Why do I need a salary? I live off Pierre Cardin."

Who is the real Pierre Cardin? The workman in wrinkled clothes? The exalted creator? The deal maker? The lover or the loner? They all are. What makes them run? Always something new, perpetual motion, fame—to be sure. And grit.

"Cardin," says the Princess de Croy, now Mme Möltzer, "could win the Tour de France bike race pedaling backwards if he had to."

But no one has ever see Pierre Cardin pedaling backwards. Nor coasting either. ▽

# FASHION INFORMATION

**Page 55:** Dress at OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Earrings at Bergdorf Goodman. **81:** Necklaces, Aug. at Bloomingdale's Cul-de-Sac. **134:** *Large photo, right:* Belt, Yves Saint Laurent. **136:** *Center, photo:* Earrings, Ellen Designs for Robert Originals. Necklace, Daphne De La Grandiere. Gloves, LaCrasia Creations. *Center, below:* Earrings, see above. Gloves, see above. **138:** *Center, left:* "Merry Widow", Glydons. **142:** *Photo above right:* Bustier and skirt, Fiorucci. Earrings, Arpad. *Middle photo left:* Blouse, Laura Ashley. Skirt, Sermoneta. Earrings, Eve Kaplin. Necklace, David Navarro. Belt, Alice & Ingrid. *Middle photo right:* Petticoat, Aileen West for Queen Anne's Lace. **149:** Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **150:** Accessories, Emanuel Ungaro. **151:** Sunglasses, Riviera. At all fine stores. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. **152:** Accessories, Chloé. Gloves, see information pages 154-155. Boots, Walter Steiger. Walter Steiger at Henri Bendel. **153:** Acrylic/mohair/wool poncho and dress. Accessories, Chloé. Gloves at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Ultimo, Chicago; Robbie Casey's, Odessa TX; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Shoes, Walter Steiger. **154-155:** Jacket at Creeds, Canada. Accessories, Chloé. Gloves, Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Barton Sligh's; Ultimo, Chicago; Robbie Casey's, Odessa TX; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Shoes, Walter Steiger. Walter Steiger at Henri Bendel. **156:** Silk charmeuse fabric by Corisia/Besson. Accessories Yves Saint Laurent. Dim hosiery. Henri Bendel. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. Bloomingdale's. **157:** Dress also at Saint Laurent Rive Gauche Boutique, Short Hills, NJ. Accessories, Yves Saint Laurent. Dim hosiery. Henri Bendel. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. Bloomingdale's. **158:** *Left:* Wool/acrylic/silk/rabbit hair sweater. Sweater also at I. Magnin; Frederick & Nelson, Seattle. Shoes, René Caovilla. Carina Nucci, NYC. *Right:* Angora/wool/nylon sweater. Viscose/silk skirt. 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At OMO Norma Kamali, NYC. Shoes, Julianelli. **227:** *Inset above, left to right:* Coat at Lord & Taylor; Woodward & Lothrop; Rich's; Ivey's, Carolinas; Marshall Field's; Frost Bros.; The Denver, Denver. Nordstrom, Seattle and Portland. Sweater, Jaeger. Zoran skirt. Cuff, Patricia von Musulin. Shoes, Vittorio Ricci, NYC. . . . Jack Mulqueen blouse at Bloomingdale's; Raleighs, Washington DC; I. Magnin, San Francisco & Beverly Hills; Nordstrom, Portland. Trousers, Christian Dior Separates. Belt, Alex & Lee, NYC. Shoes, Halston for Garolini. . . . Ralph Lauren cardigan, cotton shirt and cotton pants. Late August at Bonwit Teller; Colony Shop, Jonesboro & Conway AR. Polo/Ralph Lauren, Palo Alto CA. Frederick & Nelson. Cardigan and pant, Neiman-Marcus. Earrings, Isaac Manevitz for Ben-Amun. Bergdorf Goodman. Shoes, Santini & Dominici, NYC. . . .*Inset below, left to right:* Christian Dior Separates wool gabardine jacket and pants, cotton shirt. Bloomingdale's; Woodward & Lothrop. Cuff, Cec LePage at Accentury '80. Henri Bendel; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. . . . Pierre Cardin at Saks Fifth Avenue; Rich's; Chas. A. Stevens, Chicago; Neiman-Marcus; Bullock's, Century City; Nordstrom, Portland. Shoes, Halston for Garolini. Bloomingdale's. **228:** *Large photo:* Cotton poplin jacket. Wool jersey top. Late August at Bloomingdale's; Gidding-Jenny; Harzfelds; Lou Lattimore; Frost Bros. Earrings, Kristin Moore. Tights, Perry Ellis for Trimfit. August at Saks Fifth Avenue. Shoes, Andrew Geller. *Inset above:* Wool/polyester jacket. Lambs-wool/acrylic sweater. Worsted wool gabardine pants. Turnout late July at Saks Fifth Avenue; Hudson's; The Broadway, Los Angeles. Earrings, Esther Gallant Jewelry. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. *Inset below:* Wool jersey pants. Turnout late August at Bonwit Teller; Montaldo's; Lou Lattimore; Bullock's, Beverly Center; Macy's, San Francisco. Earrings, Terry Felper. Shoes, Colette Couture. **229:** *Insets above left to right:* Lambswool/angora/nylon top and pant, late July at Saks Fifth Avenue (top, NYC only); Garfinckel's; Pogue's, Cincinnati; Hudson's; Harzfelds; Balliet's; Bullock's. Earrings, Cec LePage at Accentury '80. Shoes, Colette Couture. . . . Turnout at Saks Fifth Avenue; M.M. Cohn, Little Rock AR; Jacobson's; Joseph Magnin. Earrings, Stephen Dweck. Shoes, Stuart Weitzman for Martinique. . . . Turnout at Bergdorf Goodman; J.P. Allen, Atlanta; Neiman-Marcus. Sweater, Marcasiano. Earrings, Judith Frey. Bracelets, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. . . . *Insets below left to right:* Sweater, wool. Blouse fabric, pima cotton by Threadtex. Pants fabric, Stoneham flannel-wool blend by J.P. Stevens. Turnout at Lord & Taylor; Patty Michaels, New Hartford NY; Higbee's; Hudson's; St. John's, Dallas; Penelope, Manhattan Beach CA. Earrings, Esther Gallant Jewelry. Belt, Morris Moskowitz. Shoes, Colette Couture. . . . Late July at Henri Bendel; Charles Sumner, Boston; Snooty Hooty, Atlanta; Cartouche, Cleveland OH; Neiman-Marcus. To order at I. Magnin, San Francisco. Earrings, Cathy and Marsha for Catherine Stein. Bracelet, Susan Tamulevich. Saks-Jandel. Shoes, Colette Couture. **230:** *Insets above, left to right:* Suède jacket, wool sweater and cotton corduroy riding pants. Late Sept. at Macy's, Herald Square; The Avenue, Omaha NE; Alan's Apparel, Albuquerque NM, Polo/Ralph Lauren Shop, Honolulu. Earrings, Cara Croninger at Artwear, NYC. Boots, Ralph Lauren. . . . Lamb's-wool sweater. Turnout, Jaeger International Shops. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Bergdorf Goodman; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Cuffs, Robert Lee Morris at Artwear. Shoes, Andrew Geller. . . . Wool Shetland sweater, acrylic blouse. Turnout, Aug. at Bergdorf Goodman; Robinson's, California. Earrings, Twin-Fish. Bloomingdale's; Dayton's. Bracelets, Patricia Locke. . . . *Insets below, left to right:* Cotton dress, late July at Altman's; Nan Duskin; Montaldo's; Hudson's; Balliet's; Frost Bros. Earrings, Jill Slaughter. Robert Lee Morris at Artwear, NYC. . . . Pullover at Lazarus, Columbus OH. Skirt at agnes b., NYC. Earrings, Ann Peerce. Bracelet, Patricia von Musulin. Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC. Shoes, Colette Couture Capriccio, Scottsdale AZ; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. . . . Raincoat, Sept. at all Courrèges Boutiques. Cashmere sweater, Paul Stuart, NYC. Corduroy jeans by Sasson Jeans. Muffler, Agnona. Henri Bendel; Nan Duskin. Rolex watch. **231:** *Large photo:* Pants, wool gabardine. Turnout, mid-July at Saks Fifth Avenue, NYC; Kaufmann's; Ms., Houston; May D&F I. Magnin. Earrings, Ted Muehling. Bergdorf Goodman; Ultimo, Chicago; Maxfield, Los Angeles. Belt, Alex & Lee, NYC; Hattie. Shoes, Yves Saint Laurent. *Inset above:* Jacket, late July at Jay Cobb Fashions, Brooklyn; Woodward & Lothrop; May Co., Cleveland OH; Joslins, Denver CO; Campbell's, Santa Monica CA; Frederick & Nelson. Wool gabardine pants at Bergdorf Goodman; The Front Room, New Orleans; Linda Dresner, Troy MI; Jackson Graves, Minneapolis; Cartouche, Cleveland OH; Wilkes Bashford, San Francisco. Scarf, Echo Scarfs. Shoes, Julianelli. *Inset below:* Sweatshirt, Aug. at Bloomingdale's; Brittany, Chicago; Higbee's; Polo/Ralph Lauren, Vail & Aspen; Garys & Co., Marina Del Rey CA. Skirt at agnes b.; NYC. Earrings, Terry Felper. Bracelet, Karen Harris. Henri Bendel; Jeanne-Marc, San Francisco. Shoes, Colette Couture. **232:** Anglo fabrics, September at Marshall Field's. Wool turtleneck, Jaeger. All International Jaeger Shops. Pants, American Designer Geoffrey Beene Pattern #2981. Wool flannel fabric from Arthur Zeiler Woolens. Earrings, BRZ at Whodunnit. Bloomingdale's. Bracelet, Mikal-Jon. Quadrum Gallery, Chestnut Hill, MA. **233:** Silk velvet at Weller Fabrics, NYC. Silk satin and wool flannel, to order at Maxine Fabrics, 417 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10016. Earrings, Gordon Stevenson for Detail. Available at Detail, NYC. Belt, Alex & Lee, NYC. Hosiery, Gerbe. Shoes, Halston for Garolini. Bloomingdale's. **247:** Silk charmeuse teddy, $112. Aug. at Saks Fifth Avenue NYC.

ALL PRICES APPROXIMATE.

# VOGUE PATTERNS

*Back views, yardages, details of pp. 232-3*

Red melton coat. Vogue American Designer Geoffrey Beene Pattern #2873. Sizes S,M,L. Size S: 3 ¼ yards of 57/58" fabric. $7.50. Canada, $9.00. Velvet coat, top and skirt. Vogue YSL Paris Original Pattern #2990. Sizes 8-16. Size 8: Coat, 4 yards of 36" fabric; top, 1 ½ yards of 45" fabric; skirt, 2 yards of 54/55" fabric. $9.50. Canada, $11.50.

2873

2990

**Sewing Tips** Red melton coat. Finish edges with a tight zig-zag stitch. Velvet coat. Omit neck tie. Finish all edges by turning fabric ¼ inch and edge stitching. Finish side seams, omitting side slit. Taper sleeves to narrow at the wrist by 2 inches. Top. Edge and top-stitch all final seams. Skirt. Narrow skirt by tapering from hip to hem (hip width should equal final hem width).

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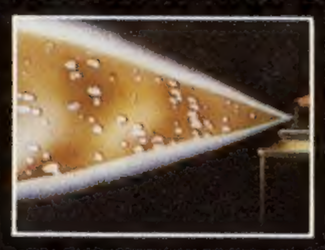

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